The Lucky Bag

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The Lucky Bag

The United States
Naval Academy
1994

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1994

The Academy

" 'It's out of time.' he said... 'It's changing,' I said. 'It's trying to catch up.'... It suffers the pains of an institution built on tradition yet whose goal is to inspire the young... to enable them to cope with a changing Navy."

1969 Lucky Bag

The Midshipmen

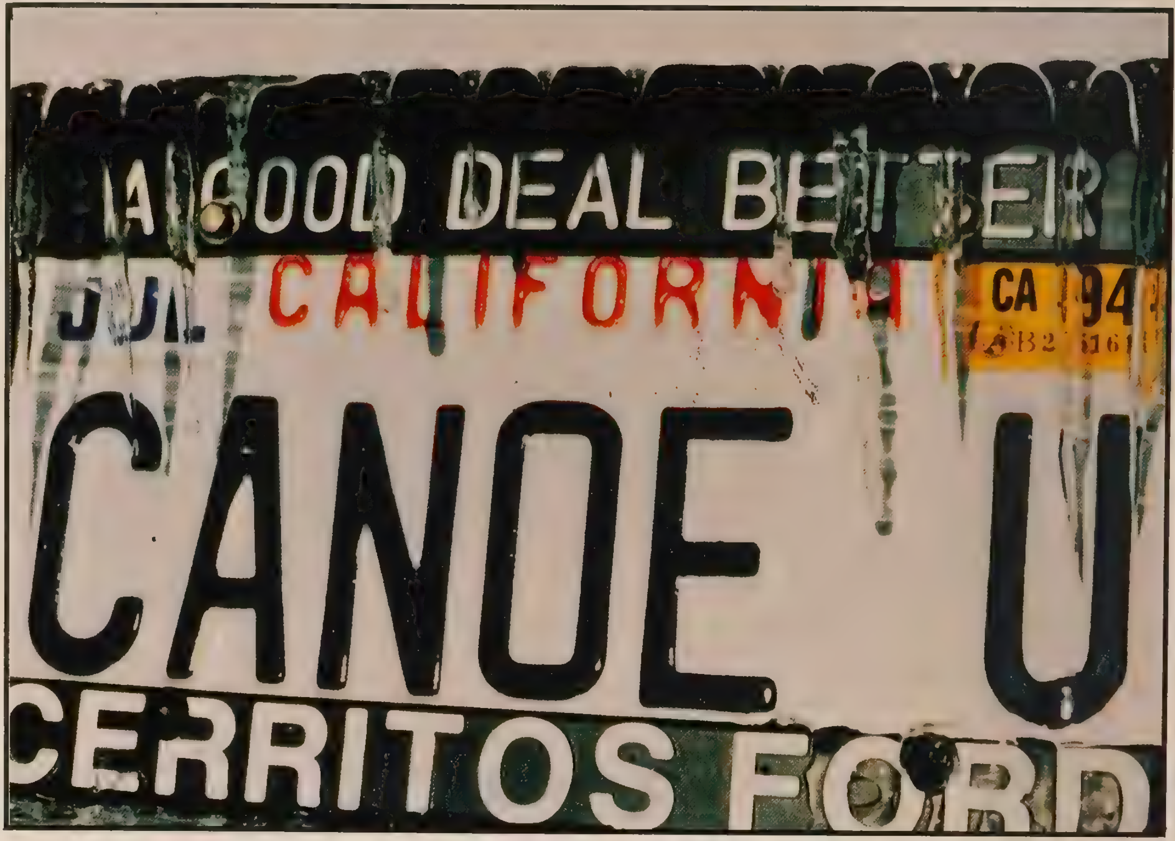
"Every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good, impressible for evil, and it is in the nature of things that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men."

Charles Dickens

The Future

"God grant that not only the love of liberty but
a thorough knowledge of the rights of man
may pervade all the nations of the earth, so
that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere
on its surface and say: "This is my country."

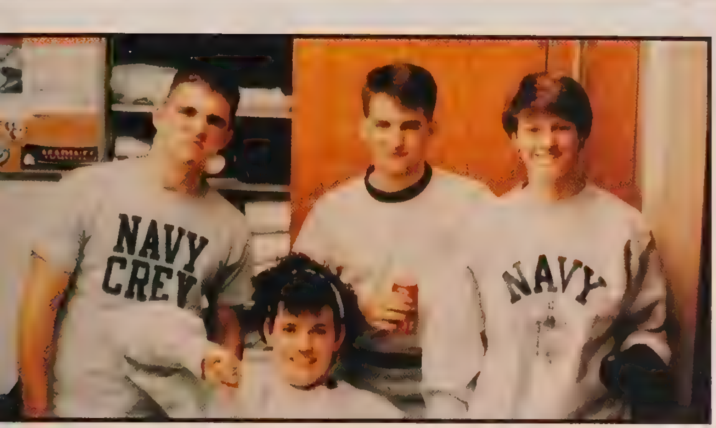
Benjamin Franklin


A GOOD DEAL BETTER
JUL
CALIFORNIA
CA 94
CANOE U
CERRITOS FORD

The Year

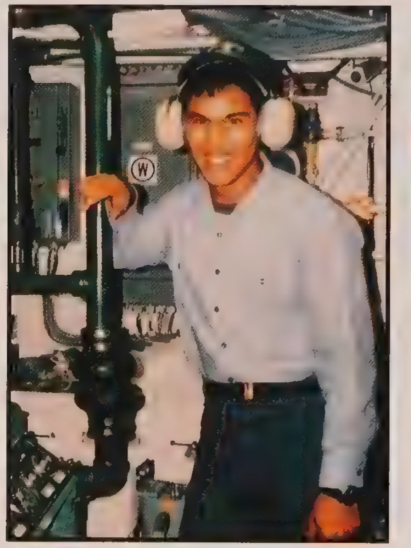
"There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse; as I have found in traveling in a stage coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position and be bruised in a new place."

Washington Irving



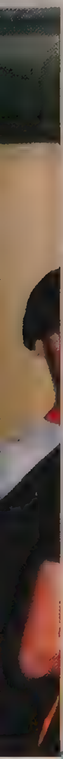
4/c Year

Together the Class of 1994 converged on the Naval Academy for I-Day on 3 July 1990. This was the start of a long plebe year and a long four years at USNA. Starting on this first day and continuing throughout the summer we learned to march, salute, memorize rates, and clean our rooms. We all struggled through our first year of academics, some flying through chemistry and others destined for summer school. We lost many friends who decided this was not the life for them. We learned, we struggled, we laughed and cried. And when it finally came down to the end most of us had survived this arduous test. As Herndon approached, and the" last plebe year" came to an end, we knew we could conquer that too-together-just as we had done everything as plebes.



3/c Year

Third class year meant a hard-earned shiny gold anchor, rack privileges and a little extra time. Most importantly it meant freedom! Freedom from chow calls, rates, bracing up, and chopping. It also meant weekends for those who were sat. It gave us a chance to get to know each other better as well as making new friends with other classes. Over the summer we were able to experience cruise from the enlisted point of view, and many youngsters went to airborne or SERE. During the new academic year most of us struggled with physics or diffie-q's and with the new approach to nav/celestial. But we had the opportunity to get involved in many new clubs and sports and to experience "the real Naval Academy."



NAVY
ARMY SUCKS

2/c Year

After a summer of cruises, Plebe Detail, and PROTRAMID, the class of 1994 rose to the occasion of training '96. We were finally on the "giving" end of a comearound, albeit in a kinder, gentler way. The year in a nutshell: No 2-for-7, more Luce Hall, Tactics, Weapons, EE, Friday libs, civvies, and waiting for Ring Dance. We grew as a class, as leaders, and took one more step towards Graduation and Commissioning, ready to lead the Brigade in '94!

EE
FOR SALE
(SOLUTIONS
AVAILABLE
FOR A EXTRA
FEE)

1/c Year

...and, oh , what a year it was! Weekday liberty, cars on the yard, building rockets, and the Class of 1994 takes the reins of USNA. Our third grey hull in 4 years, leading Plebe Detail, and a little leave prepared us to race into that coveted 1/c year. Overshadowed by EE and IG and numerous other groups, the class of 1994 bonded together, persevered, and now stand ready to be strong, viable leaders in the Fleet. Though we separate after throwing our hats in the air, we will always be members of that special group, the great Class of 1994.

Gray Hull Cruise

From LANTRAMID1 to MEDTRAMID3 (for the lucky few who got it) mids were all over the globe on their grey hull cruises. On the small boys or on the carriers, each mid was guaranteed a close-up view of the Navy they had joined and would be an active member of soon. Life aboard ship is definitely a change from Mother 'B'. Some would claim it is a welcome change... well... it's definitely a change. Right?

The experiences are definitely memorable. For most, it is the first time they have been on a fully operational and operating naval warship. Working closely with the ship's crew in the engineering spaces, pulling ropes topside, or maybe even the rare chance to fire the ship's main guns are all in store on cruise. It is definitely what you make of it. Some made the most of it and some made it through. However, everyone learned valuable, lifelong lessons.

-1063

Leatherneck

Leatherneck is summer training for prospective Marine Corps officers. Under the hot Virginia sun, mids learn the ways of The Basic School and of the Corps. Leatherneck is a two phase training program, first at TBS and then in the FMF. If you survive the hard core trainig that only the Marine Corps could dream up, you wil truly know if the Corps is for you.

Aviation

Aviation Cruise takes firsties to operational shore and fleet squadrons around the globe for an up-close and personal view of the aviation community. This summer saw mids flying in the Bahamas, Hawaii, and Miramar; celebrating Sea Fair in Seattle and even sailing around the Cape of Good Hope. Whatever squadron they were assigned to, the mids experienced every aspect of being a Navy pilot.

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3/c Summer

Youngster summer. Plebe year is over and the new third class are ready to hit summer training; truly a summer to remember. Between the gunnys and platoon sergeants at MLT (Midshipman Leadership Training or Mud, Long-distance humps, and Ticks) and the "Chesapeake chop" on CSTS and YPs, there were plenty of memories made. MLT gave the new third class the opportunity to experience the Corps first-hand. For many, it solidified the conviction that SWO looks very good. But then came Yps. Gray hull, gray water, gray sky, twenty feet visibility and un-repping a couple of CSTS boats. Well, at least there weren't any ticks.

Youngster summer ends with the official sighting of the Chapel dome on the return from the last cruise... to that wonderful sound of "Go Navy, sir, good morning, sir, good morning, ma'am..."

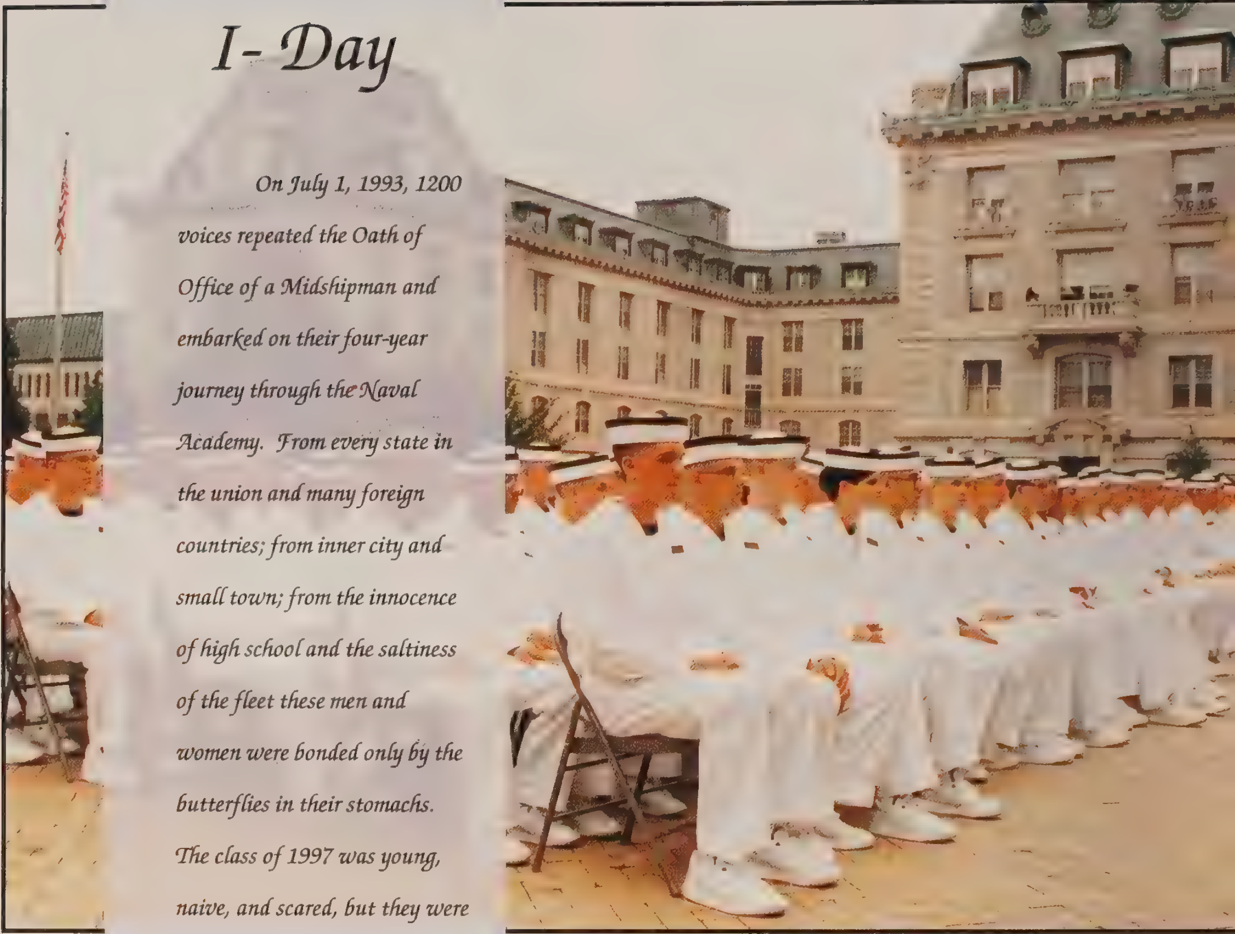
NAVY

Year in Review

The navy saw many changes of command this year. The Honorable John Dalton replaced the honorable Sean O'Keefe as Secretary of the Navy. General John Shalikshavili, USA, replaced General Colin Powel, USA (ret), as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Finally, and most recently, Admiral Michael Boorda relieved Admiral Frank Kelso as Chief of Naval Operations.

The change of command ceremonies for both the Secretary of the Navy and the Chief of Naval Operations took place at the Academy.

I-Day



On July 1, 1993, 1200 voices repeated the Oath of Office of a Midshipman and embarked on their four-year journey through the Naval Academy. From every state in the union and many foreign countries; from inner city and small town; from the innocence of high school and the saltiness of the fleet these men and women were bonded only by the butterflies in their stomachs. The class of 1997 was young, naive, and scared, but they were ready to face the challenges ahead...or else they woundn't have found themselves in Tecumseh Court.

STATION 1
ENTRY POINT

Detailers

The Plebe Summer Detail. A group of hand-picked First and Second Class midshipmen took the plebes from A to Z each day while hitting all of the other spots along the way. Up well before the plebes so they could prepare for the day's events, the Detailers are the motivation, leadership, example, and standard that drives the plebe class through the summer. The Detailers learned much about this new class of future officers, but they learned alot more about themselves.

Which is more challenging and demanding? Being a plebe or being on the detail? If you've done both then you know the answer to that question. If you haven't done both...well...you really should.

THOMPSON

Plebe Summer

A heat wave greeted the plebes on their first week of plebe summer and set the precedent for challenge that they would face for years to come. Plebe summer transforms inductees from civilian background into functioning military personnel. It teaches the plebes that no matter how smart they are, how strong they are, how fast they are, or how slick they are, they need their classmates to succeed.

“Teamwork...Teamwork... Teamwork” should be the motto of plebe summer, for as the summer rolled on the 1200 men and women enrolled in the incoming class of 1997 became The Class of 1997--a priviledged identity that no one would be afforded again. Ever.

Parents' Weekend

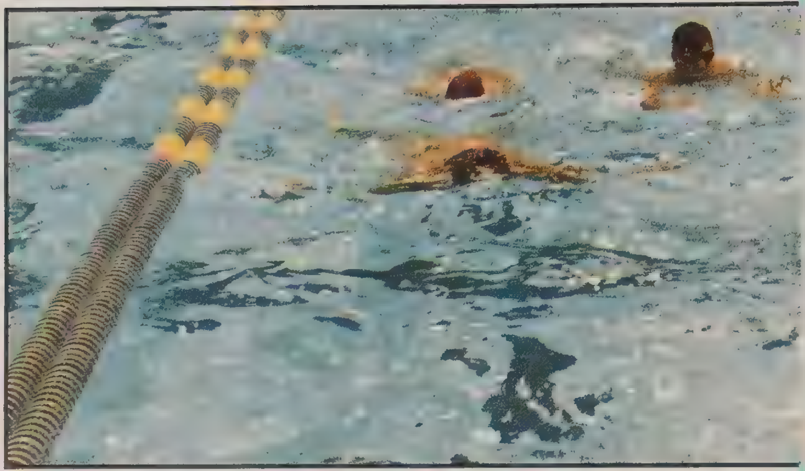
Plebe Summer comes to a close with Parents' Weekend. The plebes finally have a chance to strut their stuff for family and friends. For the parents, it's a long awaited homecoming. The plebes get their first dose of liberty and they take their first stab at telling the sea-stories of the summer. With tears shed, embraces held, and hand-shakes renedered the weekend is over before it began. The plebes are nervous again. The brigade will return soon and the challenges of academic year face them. But they are ready for it. Plebe Summer taught them to be.

CKBIRD S

Colors

At 0800 (and not a minute before or a minute after) the watch section raises the colors in Tecumseh Court, at the Superintendent's hourse and at the Commandant's house. Colors is an honor that is observed every morning, regardless of weather. At sunset (which luckily changes every single day) the colors are lowered, again by the watch section.

40-Year Swim



Seconds seem like minutes. Minutes feel like hours. Hours stretch into days. And a day feels like a year.

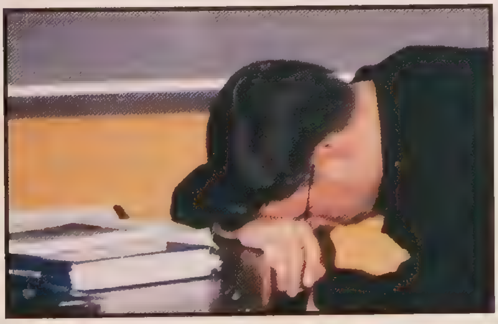
Q. What's the difference between an ROTC midshipman and a Naval Academy midshipman?

A. When their ship goes down, the Academy midshipman will swim around for 40 minutes before drowning.

Classes

Weapons, Steam, Boats, Dynes, Wires, Cables, Law, Chem, Physics, Calc, Diff E.Q.'s, Western Civ, Naval Heritage, English, Leadership, Fluids, Thermo, Engine Math, Accoustics, Macro, Micro, Ocean Math, Atoms, Design, and of course the J. O. Practicum.

(Oh, yeah! Don't forget to throw your major in there!)

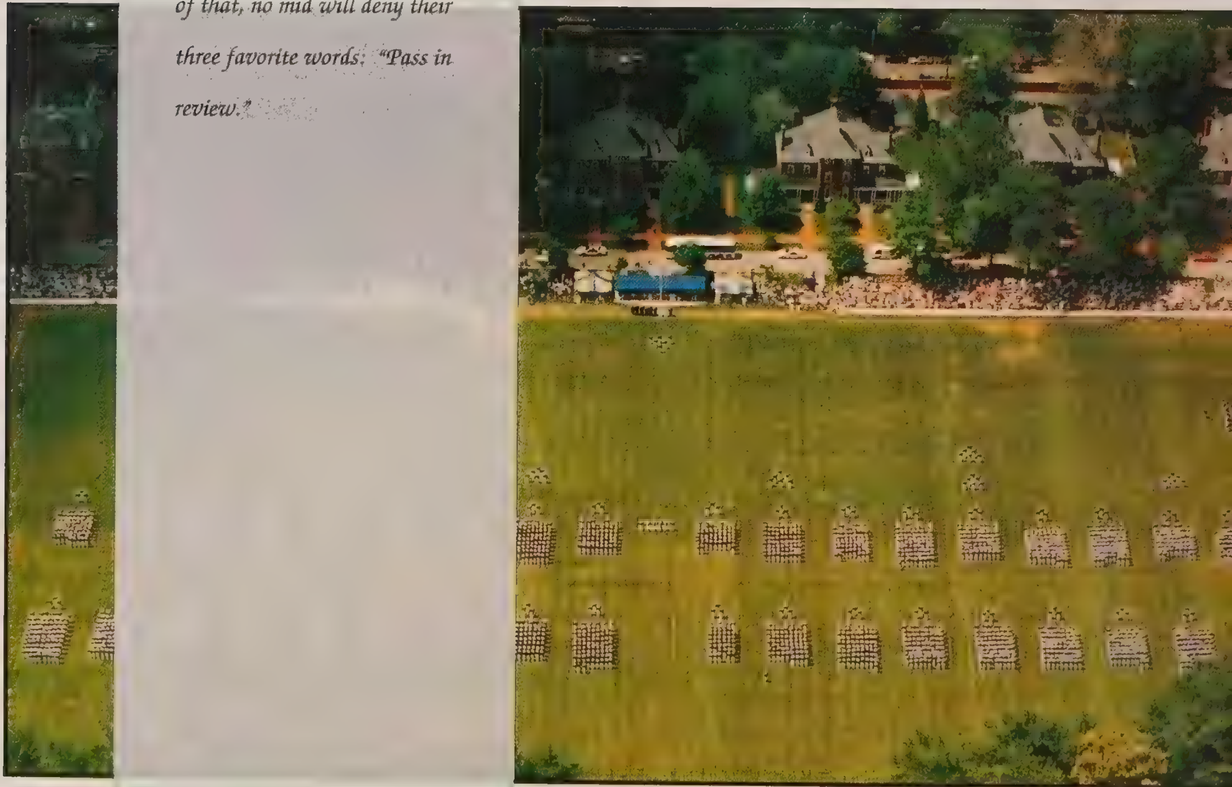


1/c Parents' Weekend

Parent's Weekend for the first class is a festive time. Three years before, their families were at the Academy to celebrate the end of Plebe Summer. Now they return to mark the commencement of the midshipmen's last year at the Academy. The parents attend a football game, are taken to classes, eat in King Hall, and experience a day in the life of a first-class mid.

Drill

Standing proudly before you on Warden Field is the Brigade of Midshipmen. Drill gives the Brigade an opportunity to honor guests and strut their stuff. It is an integral part of our training, with a practice parade and formal parade each week while the weather holds. Although a formal parade seems flashy, it teaches discipline which is vital to any career naval officer. But, despite all of that, no mid will deny their three favorite words: "Pass in review."



Autumn

Very few mids get the opportunity to notice the leaves changing as they race down Stribbling Walk late for class. Only the Spring can rival Autumn for its beauty. Autumn means the Brigade is back for school, it's football season and there are pep-rallies, bonfires, and tail-gaters. Homecoming draws all of the alumni back. Drill season starts (yeah!) and guests are honored. Halloween gets every midshipman trying to be the biggest fool so they can win the costume contest. Thanksgiving rolls in for a little breather. The Army/Navy game marks the end of fall classes. And everybody, I mean everybody, sets their eyes on Christmas leave as they drift inexorably closer to final exams.

Pep Rallies

Pep-rally...Pep-rally...all hands, Pep-rally. Let the shaving-cream fly and the pranks begin. Before every home game, and even for some of the away ones, there is a pep-rally in T-court. There are even pep-rallies in King Hall (which is a little unorthodox...but, hey! we did it). It's a good chance to cut loose, and for the plebes it's sometimes a chance to get one on their upperclass (but don't tell the Dant that...shhhh!). So push those socks down, pull out the shaving cream and don your chem goggles and b-robe and head out to T--Court. Go Navy!

NAVY

NAVY
BASEBALL
247

NAVY
U.S. Naval Academy

March-Over

The brigade of midshipmen attends every home football game. Thousands come to watch the game and tail-gate afterwards; each home game weekend is a big event. Before games, the brigade marches to the Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium in parade formation through the streets of downtown Annapolis. Forming on the football field before the kick-off, the national anthem is rendered and cheers are given for both teams. It gets the crowd fired up for another Navy victory, and a chance for the brigade to show its support for Navy football.

"N-A-V-Y! Gooooo Navy, FIGHT!!!" (boom)

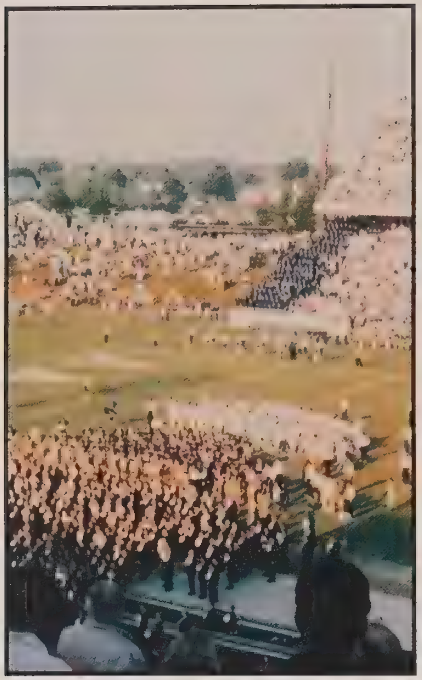
ST. JOHNS
COLLEGE
KING WILLIAM'S
SCHOOL

THE
FALC
2

Navy-
Air Force

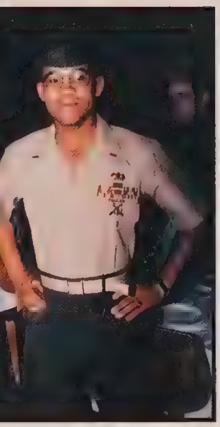
Air Force week is becoming as important as Army week. It is not quite up to the same status (the rivalry hasn't been as long), but the Commander-in-Chief's trophy rests on this game and the Army game. So, the festivities are still intense. The Falcon roast is the highlight of the weeks' antics. Not to mention the usual recons of sheet posters and Zoomies.

This was the first year in a long time that Navy beat Air Force, and we did it to a record crowd. I guess that home field advantage really helps after all.



Tailgaters

What is a football game without a tailgater? Not much, especially when you are talking about Navy tailgaters. Although many of the officers, families, civilians, and visiting fans will tailgate before the football game, the festivities don't really begin until after the game. Each company throws its own tailgater for its company members, and there is always the class tailgaters, or the various warfare specialty tailgaters--the aviators are the most notorious. The parking lot after a home game is teaming with life as the social butterflies make their way from one party to the next saying "hi" to fellow mids, entertaining girlfriends/boyfriends or family, and, as always, taking advatage of the free food.



Halloween

Halloween is a chance for the Brigade to really let its hair down. For those who don't have much, the wigs always come out blazing. The procession of costumes through King Hall, followed by dinner (which sparks the threat of a food-fight), and the costume contest are the evenings events. Mother B opens her doors to the local kids, and the mids really get into trick-or-treating. With Thanksgiving and Christmas just around the corner and the semester dragging on, this is a welcome change. The night always promises to be fun.

Concerts

Each year the Naval Academy puts on several concerts. From Glee Club performances, to a national symphony, to a modern Rock and Roll band, to a famous comedian, these concerts are a great source of entertainment to the midshipmen and their guests. Not to mention a great source of liberty to the third and fourth class. This program was started only a few years ago, but it has become a major part of the Academy, as more and more midshipmen are taking advantage of it. The Naval Academy itself has kept up with the growing interest of the brigade by bringing in more and more well-known artists like: Sisters with Voices, Bill Cosby, Lynyrd Skynyrd, INXS, Catherine Wheel, the Connels, and Bill Cosby.

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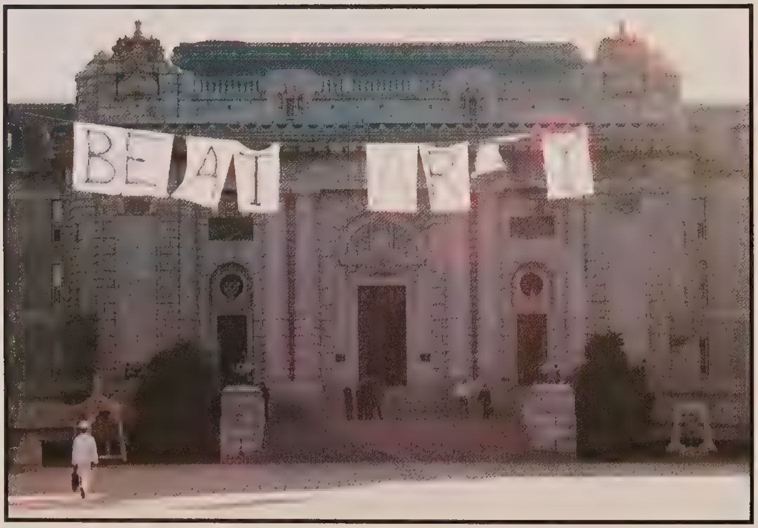
BEAT

G O N A V Y

Army-Navy: Pregame

Army Week falls during the last academic week of the Fall semester. Pep-rallies, a car-bash and a bon-fire (not to mention the numerous recons that go on) all get the mids fired up for the game on Saturday. As excitement rises and anticipation mounts, school-work and sleep both suffer, but the pranks must go on. Whether it's a shaving creme bomb, peanut butter on the shoe, or a "Beat Army" quiz, the mids have their own brand of humor and motivation that no one can match.

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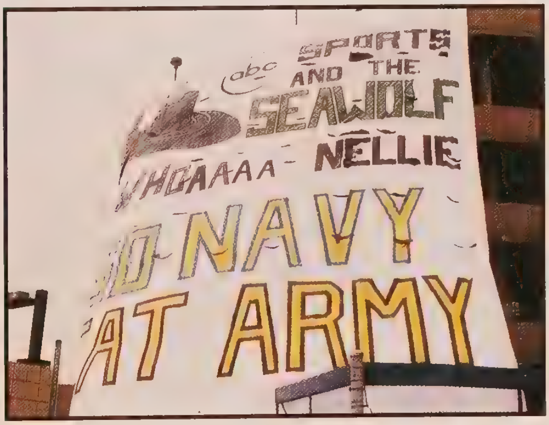
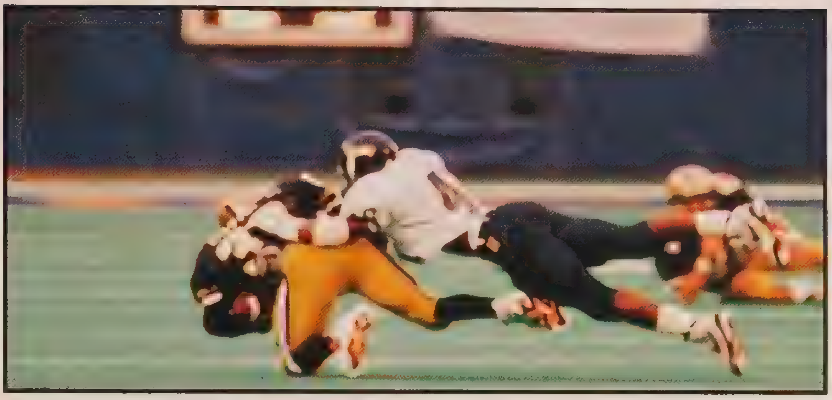

abc SPORTS
AND THE
SEAWOLF
WHOAAAA - NELLIE
GO NAVY
BEAT ARMY

Army-Navy Game

This war between the Naval Academy and West Point has been waged for over a hundred years. The last regular season game for both teams, this is the only game that matters. Just ask any midshipman or any cadet. The rivalry has never been about seeing who can score the most points (though neither side will hesitate to remind the other of the scoreboard when they're down). Rather, this is one of the oldest remaining traditions of both schools. It is about pride, dedication, stamina, heart, and courage. Even when their blood is washed from the field, the sweat wrung from their uniforms, and the tears wiped from their eyes the players know that the game is not over. It will played and replayed in the wardrooms and ready-rooms, in the high offices of the Pentagon and in the low fox-holes of the field, until one day these two teams meet again.



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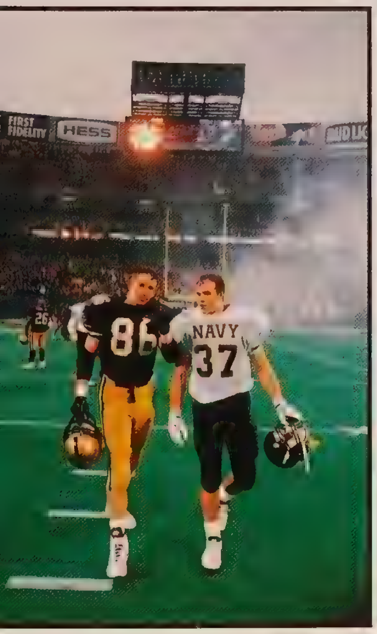
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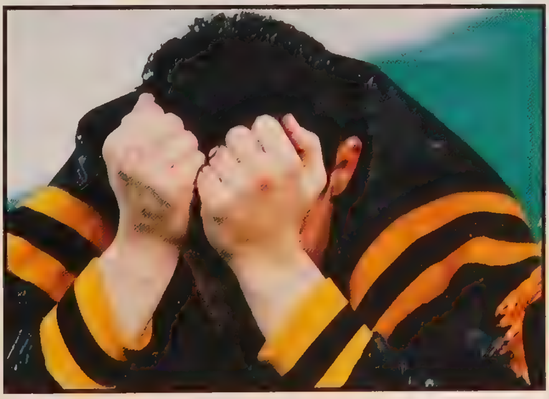
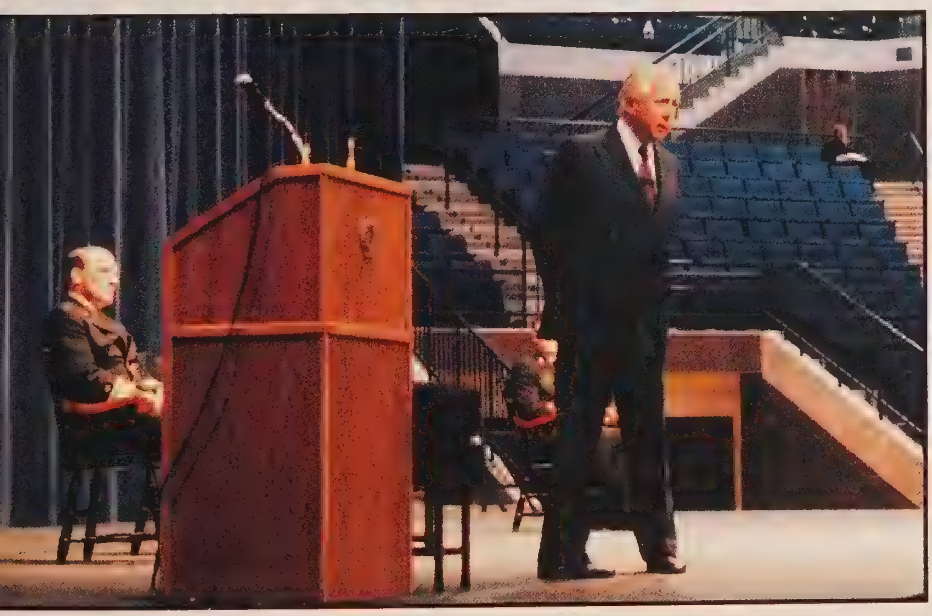


Bell Ringing

At the end of each athletic season, the Brigade forms in Tecumseh court and the team members and coaches of the various varsity teams ring the Enterprise Bell. This is a tradition that has gone on practically ever since the Academy acquired the bell. It symbolizes the end of a hard season, and gives recognition to the players who have put in the dedication and hard work to complete another season.

Forrestal Lectures

Forrestal lectures, a.ka. "Bore-us-all" lectures or the unique "Firestal" lecture. This lecture series is a unique opportunity for the Brigade to learn from the experience of such noted authorities in their fields as Steven Covey, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager, Captain Charlie Plumb, and Secretary of the Navy Sean Dalton. This year's list included talk show host and Academy grad Montel Williams and film director Stephen Speilberg. Some were interesting, some amusing, and for some we didn't wake up until "attenion on deck," but they all at least gave us something to do on boring nights, rught?



Tartuffe

Tartuffe- a comedy by Moliere, some French writer who lived a long time ago. Couldn't possibly be interesting, right? Wrong. With a modern twist and the talent and dedication of the cast and crew, it became a hilarious satire and a good night of entertainment.

The play is a story of a father who gets suckered in by a religious con-man named Tartuffe. Eventually, Tartuffe and his side-kick manage to get themselves listed as the sole heirs to the estate. The family and their servants are kicked out of their house and have an interesting time getting it back. Between the gardener picking rocks out of the fountain and puttering around, the maid belittling her gullible employer, and Tartuffe's enthusiastic swindling, Tartuffe was well worth the time spent.

Volunteers

What's the best thing to do with a Saturday morning or some spare time? We would all probably say "rack," but many mids sacrificed their rack time to give something back to the community of Annapolis through volunteer work. During the icy Dark Ages, mids shoveled and chipped sidewalks and helped at hospitals. All year, the Midshipman Action Group coordinated tree planting, park clean-up, and the rehabilitation of an historic Liberty Ship. Mids for Kids paired mids with children in need of a good role-model and a sort of older sibling. The religious ECAs visited hospitals and helped distribute food to the needy in D.C. It wasn't for the liberty upgrades or the recognition. Volunteers in the community improved the Academy's image and, more importantly, made a positive impact on many people.

NAVY
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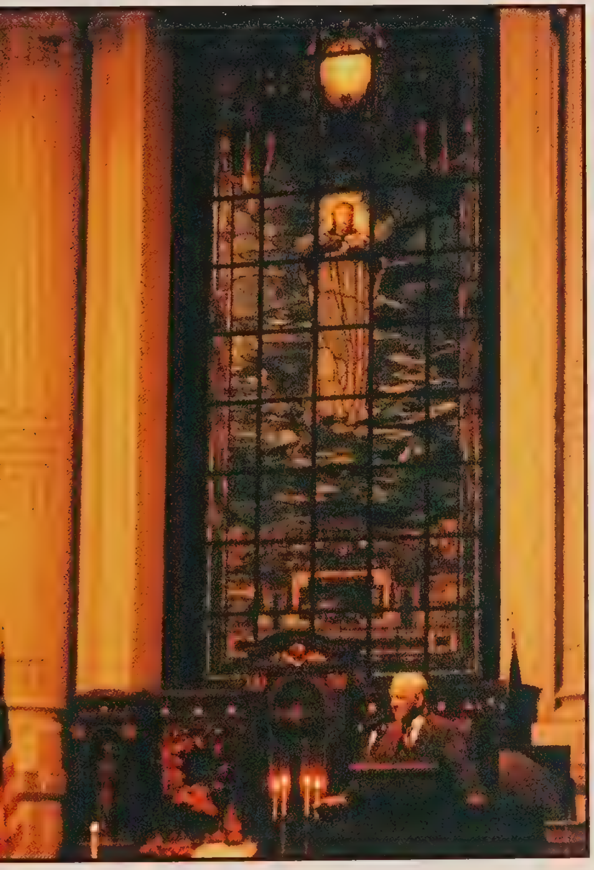
NAVY

Holidays

Nothing is more treaseured at the Academy than the midshipmen's leave days. Although the Fall semester has the most three day weekends, it still seems to drag on. Thanksgiving, along with the annual Giving Tree presentation in the Chapel, provides an extra break.

When Christmas finally arrives, however, it is welcomed graciously. Christmas is, for some, the only chance each year to make it home. Nothing comes close to that feeling in your stomach as you travel back after Christmas break. So, in properation for the approaching leave, the Brigade celebrates with the annual Christmas dinner and some creative decorating in and out of the Hall.

All in all, the midshipman follow that one law of the Navy whole-heartedly. You know, the one that says something like: "pray for leave for the good of the service, as much and as oft as may be."



Ship-in-the-Yard

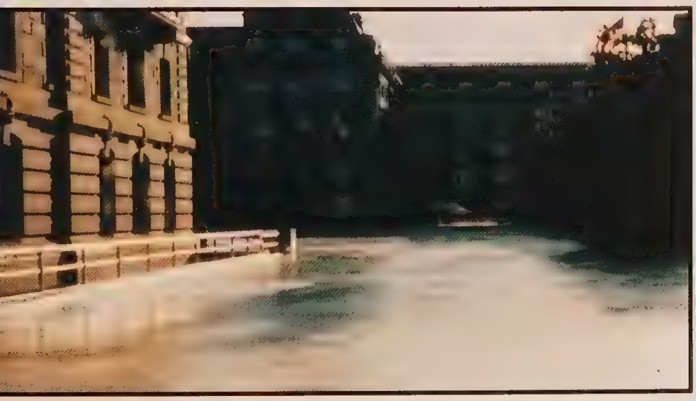
Ships visit the yard each semster. Pulling either up to the sea wall or laying anchor in the Bay, they give all midshipmen a chance to see the Navy up close. As part of their professional training, the plebes are encouraged to go see all of the ships in the yard. It is a good chance to see the working Navy and meet with the sailors that we will be working with soon.

NAVY

Stupid Mid Tricks...

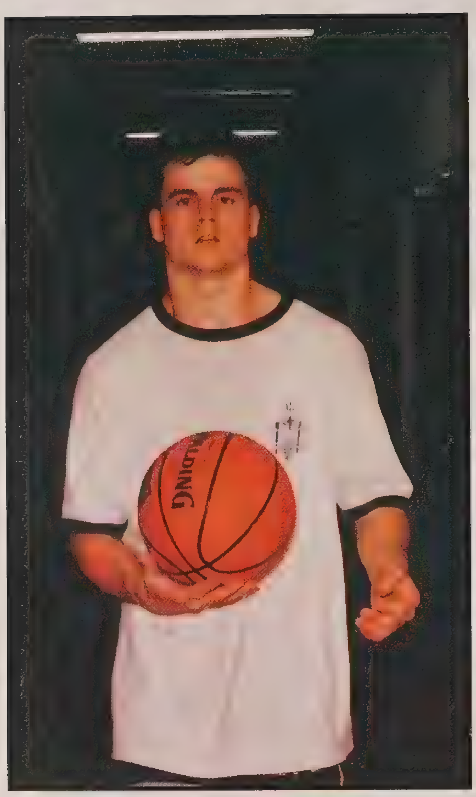
DEL

Winter

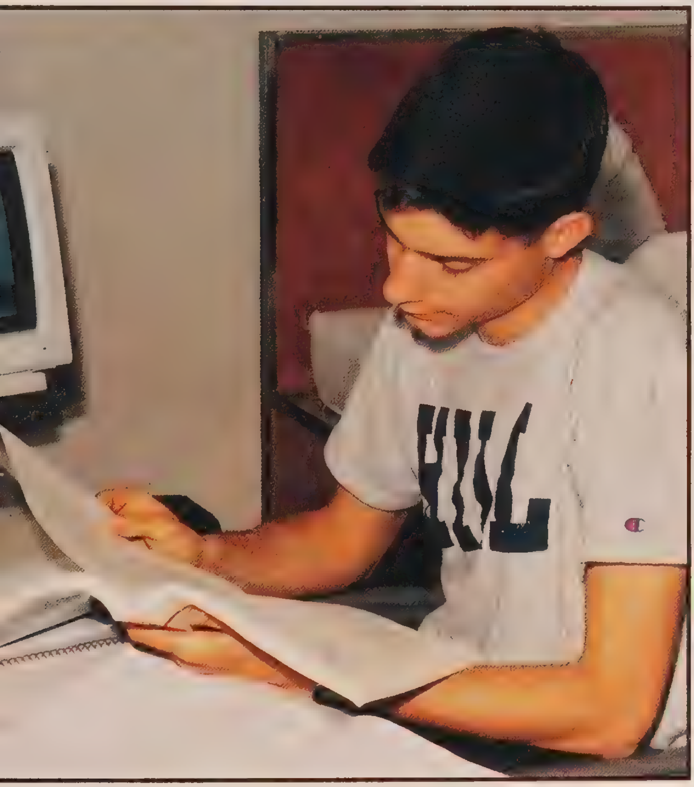


The Dark Ages. Cold. Wet. Cloudy. Miserable. Nothing else could discribe Winter in Annapolis better. Except maybe ice. We had our own little ice-age here at USNA. Snow is beautiful, but ice is dangerous. Especially for those who spent the hour-and-a-half to chisel into their cars, or the ones who foolishly parked near a building only to have the ice come crashing down.

Many have complained about the Dark Ages. It is a time that comes every year for all midshipmen past and future. But this year we took a different direction. There were no Dark Ages this year; we had the Ice Ages instead.


SPALDING

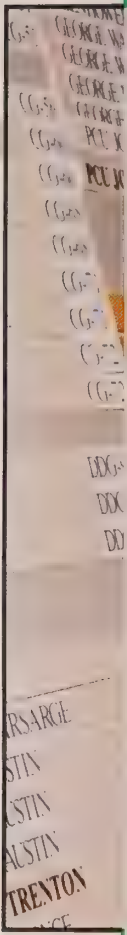
Study Hour



The bell will ring, the lights in the hall will be darkened, and quiet in the hall will commence at 1930 for study hour. NO... wait... the bell will ring, but the lights in the hall will remain on for study hour to commence at 1930 (we've got some security issues to take care of). WAIT...WAIT... maybe we should move study hour back a little so we can have time in the evenings for ECA's and lectures. OKAY...so that's 2000, and the lights will still remain on? No, maybe we should turn the lights off again to promote quiet (we'll make sure the mates patrol more frequently--they don't need to study), and what the heck! let's move it all the way to 2030.

Well, however sacred study hour is, we all seem to find enough time to get it all done-- or at least we know what we can blow off until later. Remember: the sooner you fall behind, the more time you have to catch up.

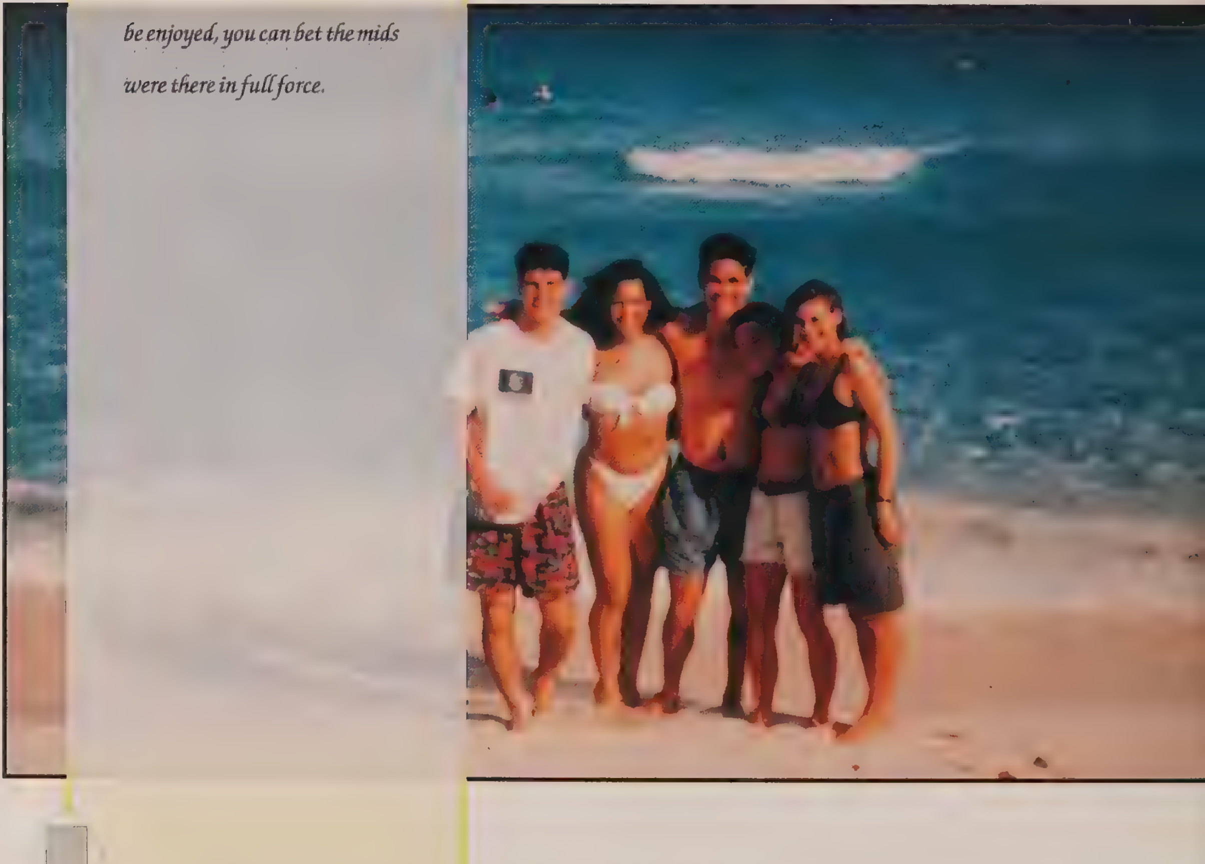
Service Selection



Graduation is the biggest day of any midshipen's career. Service Selection day is the second biggest. Three-and-a-half years of pain, sweat, and tears are put into the hope of being able to walk into the Commandant's conference room and get your dream choice of billets in the Navy or Marine Corps. Some dreams are answered and some dreams are not. Not everyone can get their first choice, although we would all hope that was possible. But, when the day is over and everyone has made their selection, the first class midshipmen definitely feel that they are finally on their way to their careers in the navy. Service Selection is the first tangible evidence of that fact.

Spring Break

As the Ice Ages wound to a close, we found Spring Break on the horizon. But where to go? Cancun, Jamaica, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Vale, Breckenridge, Hawaii, Peurto Rico, the Keys (anywhere in Florida for that matter), you name it, even Europe, there were probably mids there. "Take leave for the good of the service..." or something like that anyway. Wherever the location, if there was sun, either sand or snow, and a few vices to be enjoyed, you can bet the mids were there in full force.



Santa Rosa Bch. 33
Pensacola 96

BIG MAC
VINCE
Y-DOG
GUNTER
WOODA
HAWK-EYE
PASQUALE

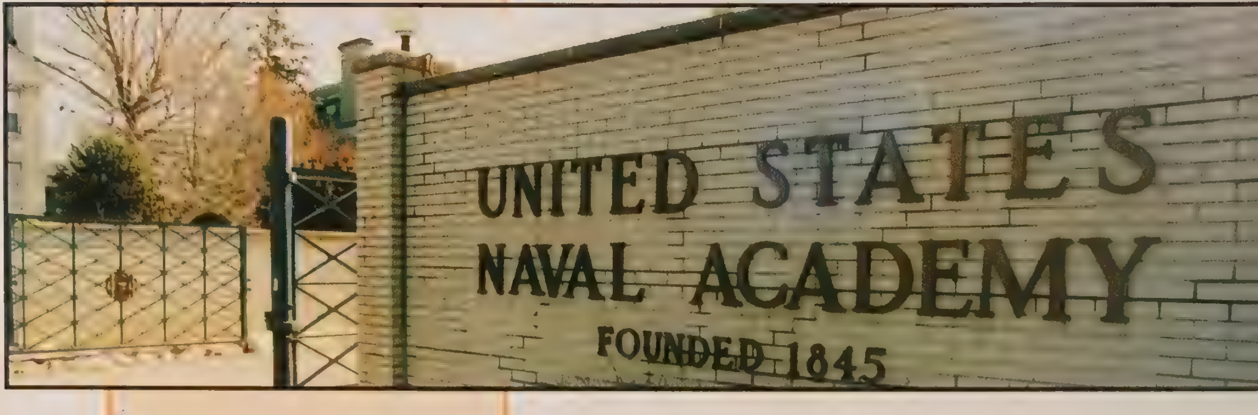
Dining Outs

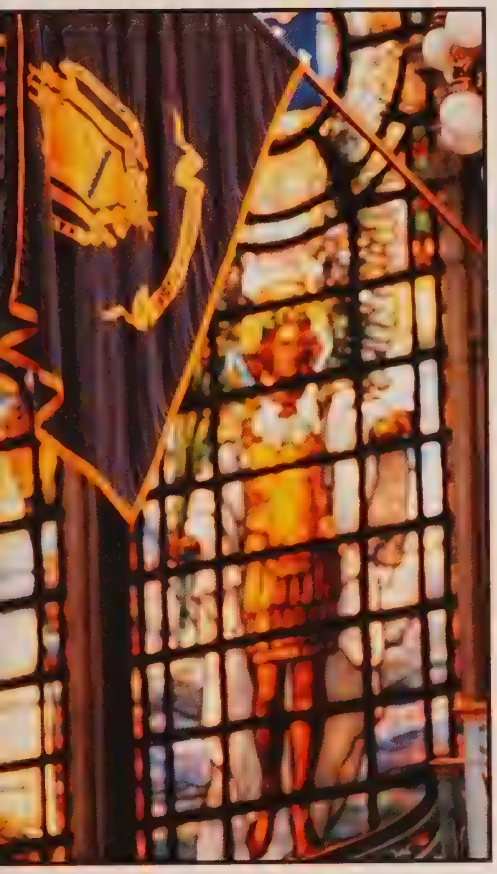
At least once a year, most companies, ECAs, and sports teams hold a dining out or dining in. Although we all love the fine dining in King Hall with four thousand of our closest friends, dinings out offer a welcome change in the eating routine. They give us a chance to slow down and talk to friends, teammates, and company mates in a relaxed atmosphere.

After several etiquette briefs and a last minute scramble to figure out where the cumberbund is hiding in your locker, dinings out are a great way to celebrate the end of the season, the school year, or just any time at all.

The Yard

The Yard, as it is romantically referred to, covers almost 300 acres along the Severn River. It is a mix of clean cut grass and flowers shaded by beautiful trees and surrounded by immaculate architecture. No other campus rivals its beauty in the summer. No other campus could exude its power during the winter. In the hustle and bustle of the daily midshipman routine, it is easy to over look its eloquence. If you do get the chance, please stop and look around, it is definitely a living poem.





Hops

Forget the club scene, Disco Dahlgren is in full effect with everything from seasonal formals to mandatory Plebe Mixers. And if you do show for the evening festivities, be ready for some kickin' tunes and don't forget your Ritz cracker--because the cheese will be flowing.

Several weekends each semester, the Academy hosted informal hops and invited local area schools to attend. A haven for the restricted and/or car-less, Disco Dahlgren gave the mids a chance to cut loose and meet people-- preferably of the opposite gender. Well, it may not have been the most romantic location, but it was fun.

Iolanthe

The musical this year, Iolanthe, was another outstanding performance by the midshipmen. Each year, two major productions are put on: one play and one musical. They always prove to be captivating as the mids strut their creative talent on the stage. Iolanthe is a Gilbert and Sullivan story about a young man who has a unique problem. Strephon (Michael Spooner) is the half-mortal, half-fairy son of an exiled fairy, Iolanthe (Jennifer Poff). He wants to marry Phyllis (Julie Preyer), the ward of the Lord Chancellor of England (Michael Bellotti). Unfortunately, the Lord Chancellor and all of the rest of the House of Lords wants to marry Phyllis, too. The ensuing battle between the fairies and the lords results in a hilarious story of flirtatious fairies, pompous lords, a singing guard, a mother younger than her son, and, as always, a show worth watching!

Special Olympics

Every fall and spring, the Naval Academy is host to a unique event: Special Olympics. Through the efforts of dozens of volunteers, the olympians are encouraged to do their best and to partcipate in a variety of activities. Volunteers act as pacers and encouragers for swimming and running, official "huggers," and general cheerleaders. Special Olympics is a day of hard work and fun, but, in the end, everyone comes out a winner in some way.

NL 303 Mess Night

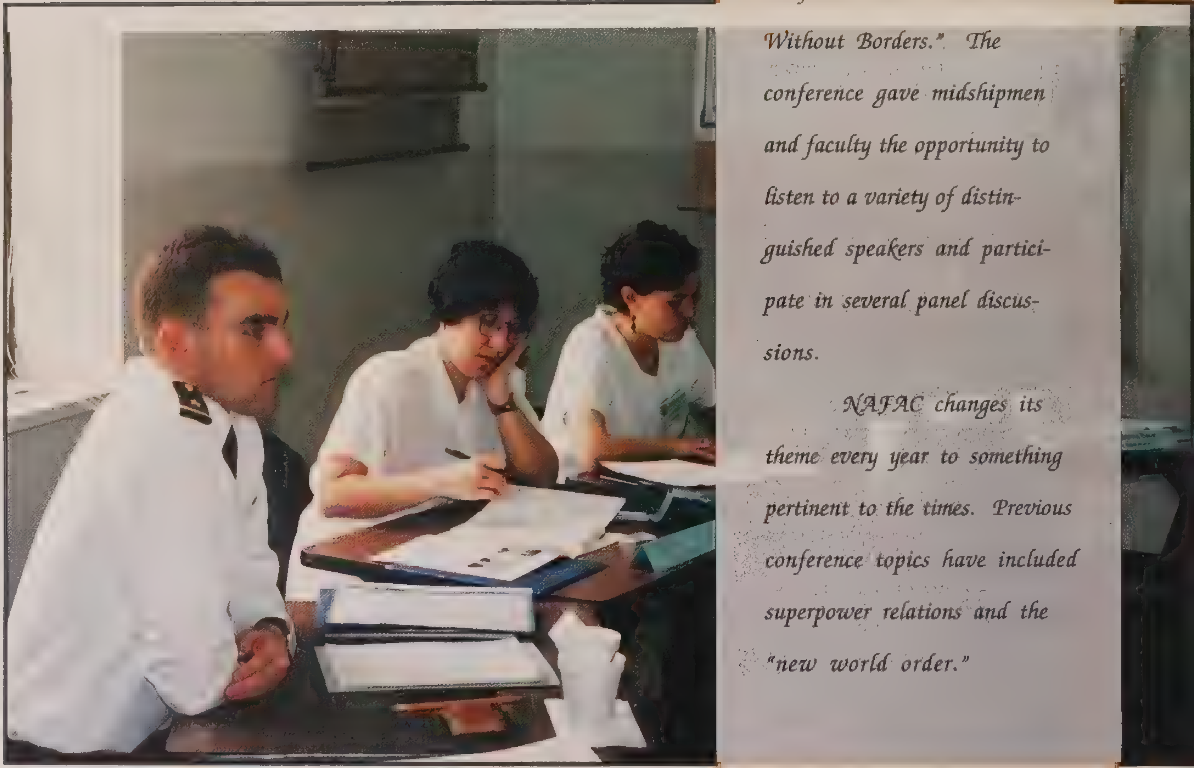
The NL303 Mess Night provides a chance for the second class to gain experience with formal dinings-in. A variety of high-ranking officers come to talk to the midshipmen, including the speaker, Col. Ripley, USMC (ret). Mess Night is a unique opportunity for midshipmen to learn from influential leaders and heroes of the Navy and Marine Corps.

chesapeake caledo
PIPE BAND
ANNAPOLIS, MD

Spring

Warm weather finally arrived as we returned from Spring Break. Spring is definitely the most beautiful time of year in Annapolis. With the leaves coming back and the flowers blooming, spirits rise all around. A little warm sunshine is good for the soul. And, hey! every little bit helps. With warm weather comes rings and ring ordering, car loans, and a multitude of countdowns: to the last day of classes, or the last final, Herndon; the shopping days left to Ring Dance; and, of course, the countdown to Graduation (the firsties have less days than the plebes have years--or something like that). Anticipation for cruise mounts as everybody compares their cruise assignments, and the firsties begin to get a little nostalgic as their days wind down. Spring around here means the end of old times and the beginning of good times.

NAFAC



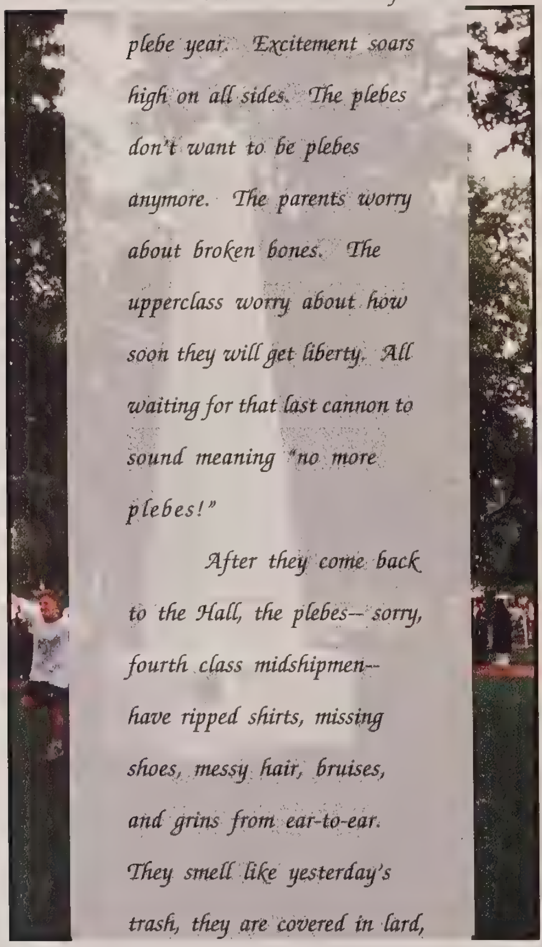
The theme of this year's Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference was "A World Without Borders." The conference gave midshipmen and faculty the opportunity to listen to a variety of distinguished speakers and participate in several panel discussions.

NAFAC changes its theme every year to something pertinent to the times. Previous conference topics have included superpower relations and the "new world order."

Dedication Parade

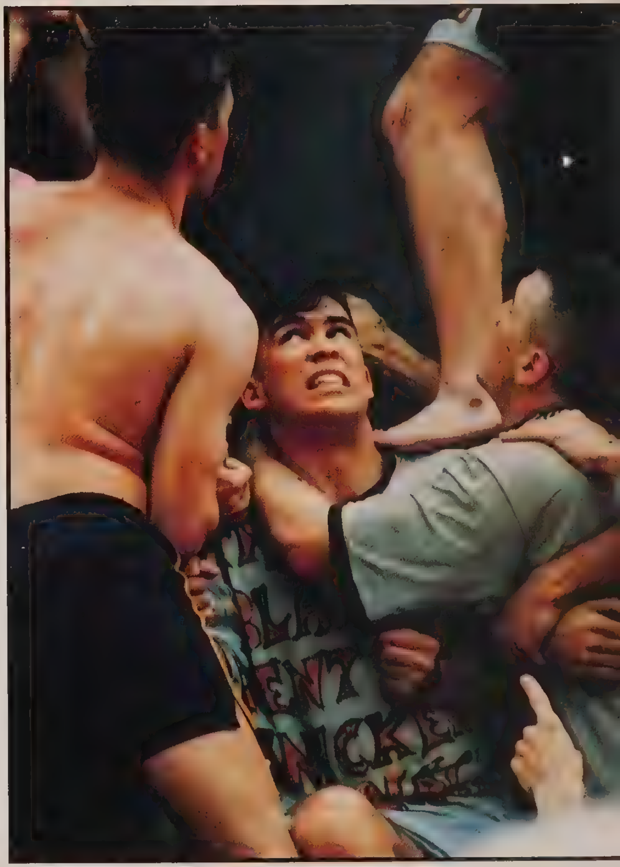
The Dedication Parade is the first of the two parades during Commissioning Week. Distinguished faculty and retirees are honored for their immeasurable service to the midshipmen at the Academy. It also serves as the opportunity for the first semester Brigade stripers to strut their stuff in front of friends and family. This year, mids kept cool with a continuous drizzle, making the beginning of Commissioning Week a pleasure for them as well as the ever-present drill spectators.

Herndon



Herndon: the end of plebe year. Excitement soars high on all sides. The plebes don't want to be plebes anymore. The parents worry about broken bones. The upperclass worry about how soon they will get liberty. All waiting for that last cannon to sound meaning "no more plebes!"

After they come back to the Hall, the plebes-- sorry, fourth class midshipmen-- have ripped shirts, missing shoes, messy hair, bruises, and grins from ear-to-ear. They smell like yesterday's trash, they are covered in lard, and they want to shake everybody's hand. But they're happy: no more chow calls, chopping, greeting upperclass, menus, PQS, come-arounds, hiked-up socks, mandatory lights-out, reading newspapers... BRING ON '98!



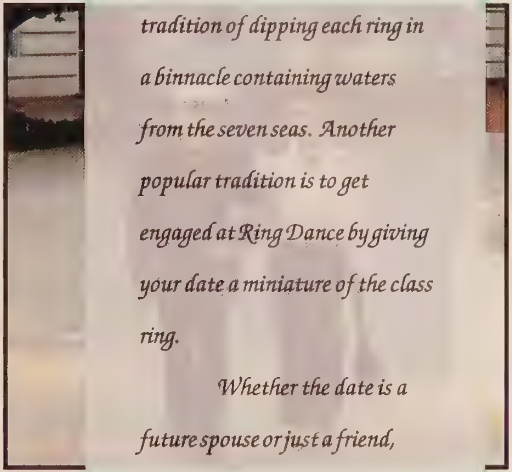
Ring Dance

ACADEMY
PRUDENS

This is one of the highlights of second class year: Ring Dance. After this, the second class can wear the rings they worked so hard to earn. It is also a social highlight; midshipmen bring their dates to Annapolis from all across the United States.

There are many traditions associated with Ring Dance. Of course, there is the tradition of dipping each ring in a binnacle containing waters from the seven seas. Another popular tradition is to get engaged at Ring Dance by giving your date a miniature of the class ring.

Whether the date is a future spouse or just a friend, Ring Dance is a night never to be forgotten.

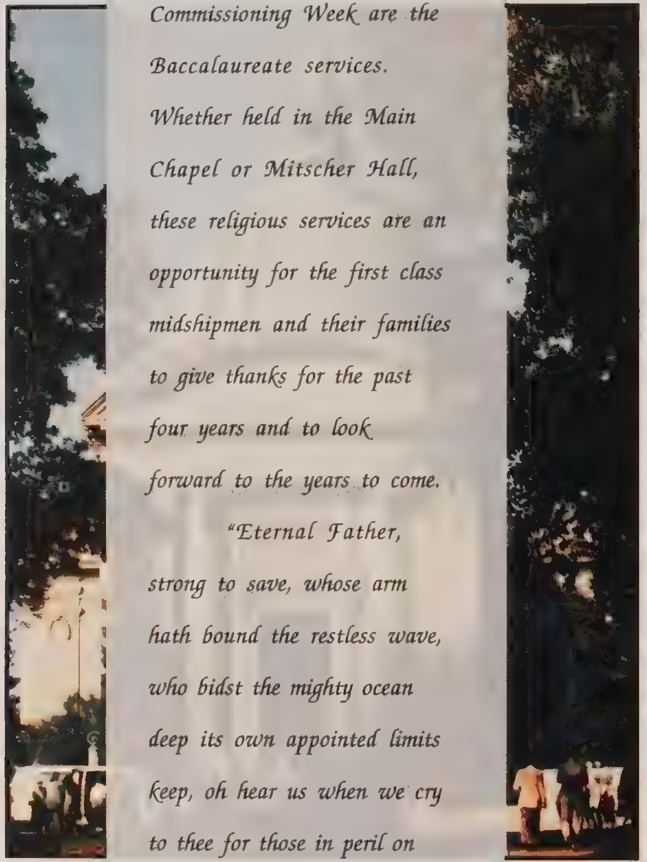


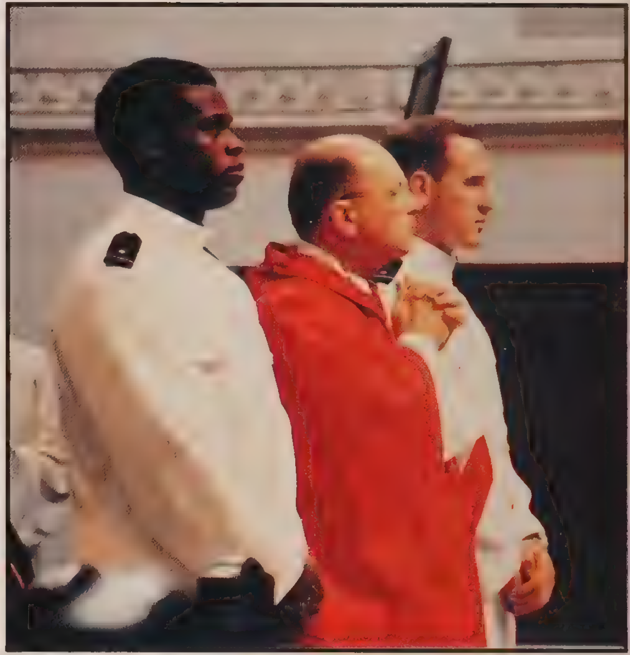
Baccalaureate

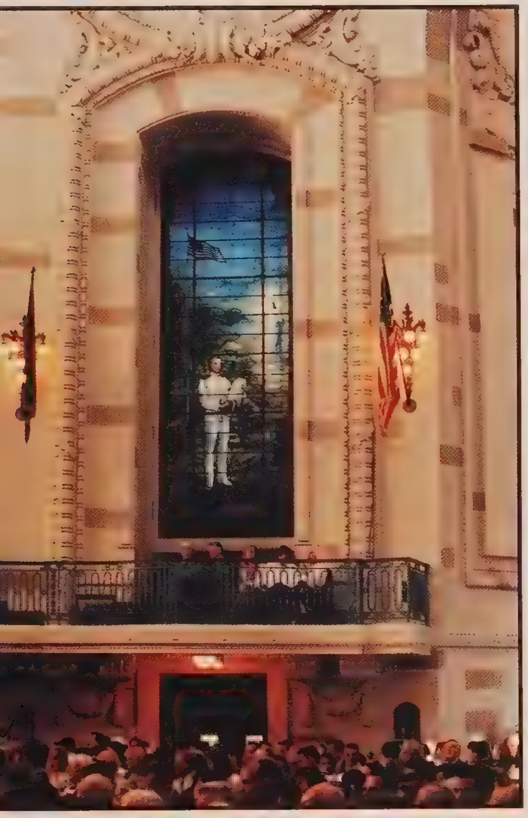
One of the most beautiful traditions of Commissioning Week are the Baccalaureate services. Whether held in the Main Chapel or Mitscher Hall, these religious services are an opportunity for the first class midshipmen and their families to give thanks for the past four years and to look forward to the years to come.

"Eternal Father, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the restless wave, who bidst the mighty ocean deep its own appointed limits keep, oh hear us when we cry to thee for those in peril on the sea."

"Eternal Father, grant, we pray, to all Marines, both night and day, the courage, honor, strength, and skill their land to serve, thy law fulfill Be Thou the shield for evermore from every peril to the Corps."





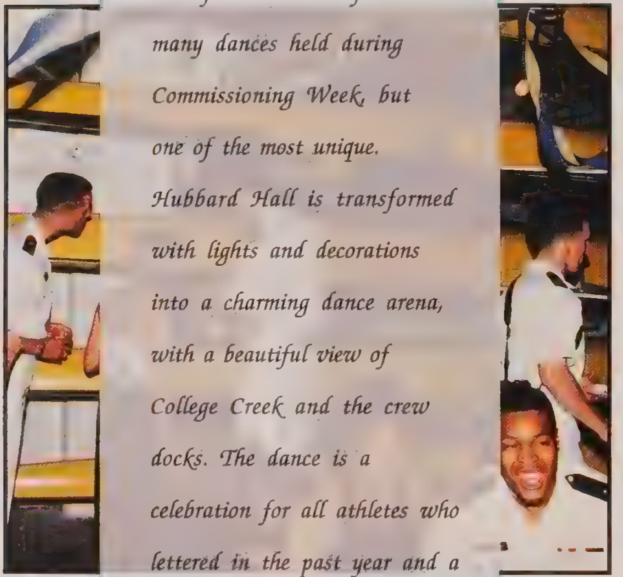


Garden Party

Every year, Commissioning Week brings the Superintendant's garden parties. ADM and Mrs. Lynch open their home to the first class midshipmen and their families for an opportunity to socialize with faculty and friends in the beautiful setting of the Supe's gardens. While enjoying this occassion, midshipmen also catch a glimpse of the nature of future social events in the Fleet, making this Commissioning Week festivity an enjoyable as well as educational one.

N* Dance

The "N" Dance is one of the smallest of the many dances held during Commissioning Week, but one of the most unique. Hubbard Hall is transformed with lights and decorations into a charming dance arena, with a beautiful view of College Creek and the crew docks. The dance is a celebration for all athletes who lettered in the past year and a welcome release at the end of a hard year of competitions and long practices. Watched over by a dazzling, neon "N", partiers enjoy the night and reap the benefits of a hard year's work.



DANCE

Blue Angels

After a one-year absence, the Navy's flight demonstration team, the Blue Angels, were back for this year's Commissioning Week. Their thrilling practice show and the spectacular formal demonstration the following day dazzled the family, friends, and faculty who crowded the fields along the Severn. They were treated to formation flying, low passes, and demonstrations of the F/A-18's capabilities. The Blue Angels continued a long-standing tradition later in the week with their fly-by salute to the Class of 1994, completing their thundering role in Commissioning Week '94!

Color Parade

TOUGH SHOES TO FILL
'52
STEPPING OUT WITH
'80
NAVY
VISITOR

Graduation

"Four years together by the Bay" have ended for one more class, and the entire Brigade, along with relatives and loved ones, has the opportunity to salute the Class of 1994. This year's ceremony proved exceptional as the keynote speaker was President William J. Clinton, our Commander in Chief. Reminding the soon-to-be ensigns and second lieutenants of the values of those who served on D-Day, President Clinton gave the Class of 1994 a special memory of their Graduation.

From last minute words of congratulations and friendship before the ceremony, to rejoicing with diploma in hand, to the choked words of "Blue and Gold" sung for the last time as a midshipman, the Class of 1994 joins the ranks of those before them full of emotion and a unique determination. Hats off to the Class of 1994, and good luck to "those we leave behind."

Just Married

Weddings

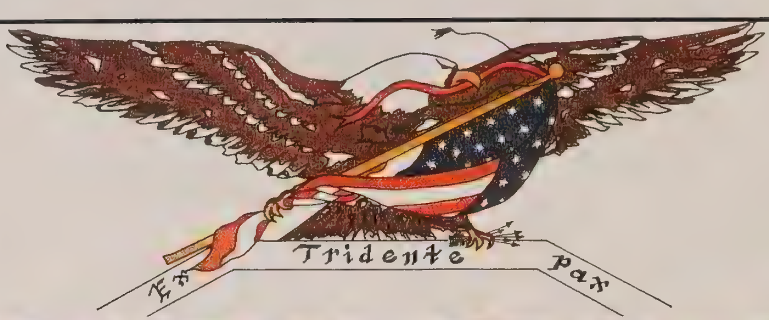
Many midshipmen decide to combine two very important events in their lives: commissioning and marriage. After graduation, the chapel hosts a constant stream of newly commissioned ensigns and second lieutenants "tying the knot." After the arch of swords on the chapel steps, the newly-wed officers step out to a completely differnt life and give a final goodbye to their four years at the Academy.

Friends

Chain of Command & Faculty

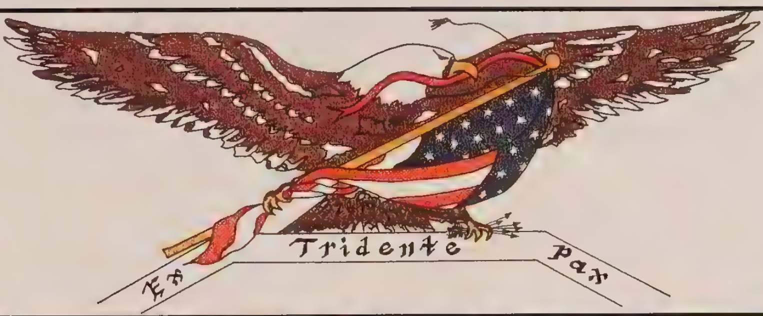
"From our many and varied studies came one ultimate end: a broad base of knowledge... a background which we hope will enable us to make the correct decisions to make our Navy the Best in Peace, and the Victor in War."

1961 Lucky Bag


Ex
Tridente
pax

William J. Clinton

President of the United States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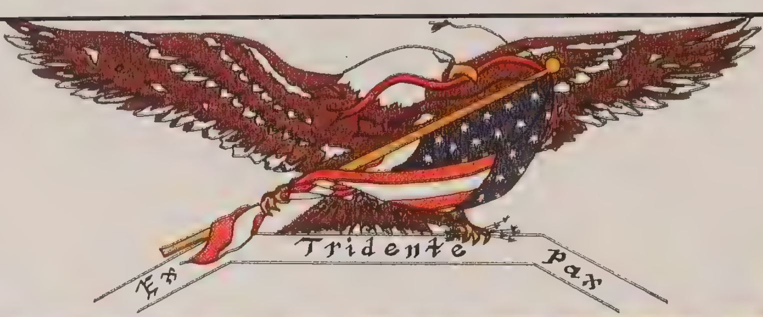
Les Aspin

Secretary of Defense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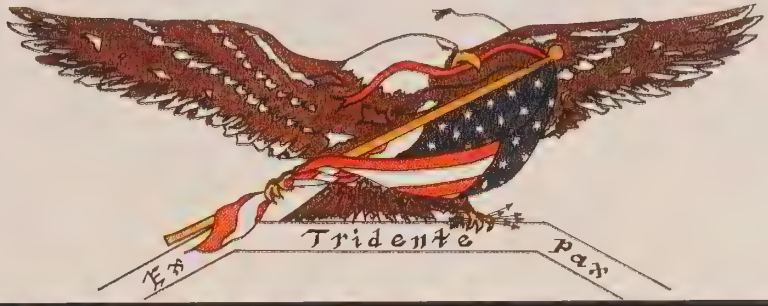
William J. Perry

Secretary of Defense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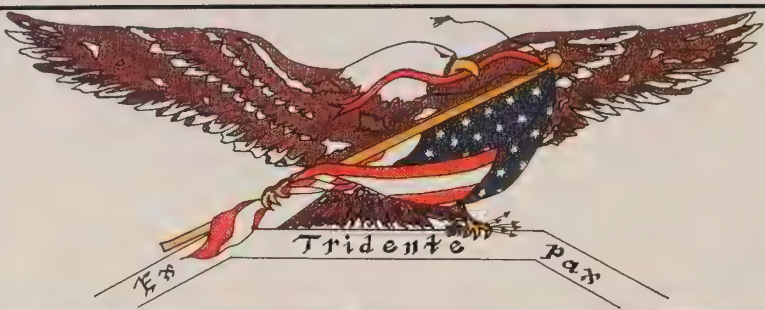
Sean C. O'Keefe

Secretary of the Navy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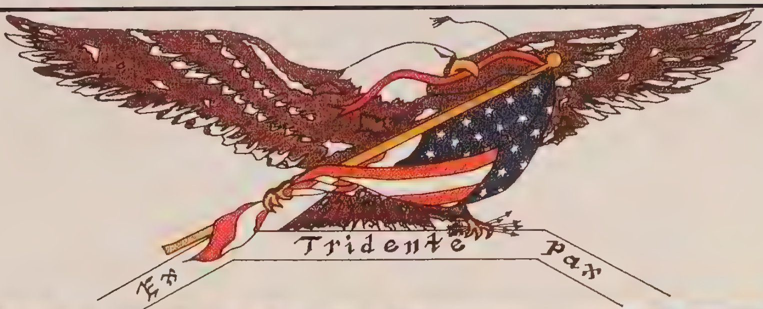
John Dalton

Secretary of the Navy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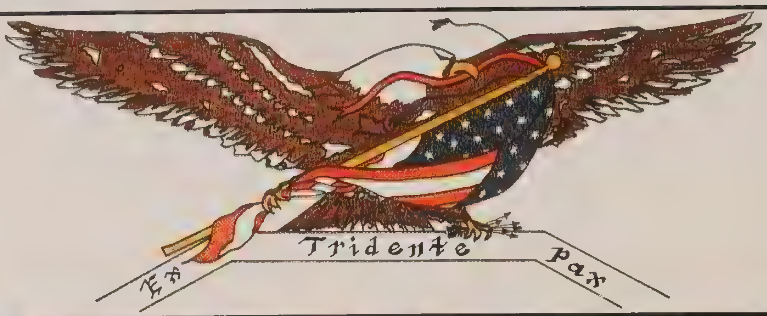
GEN John M. Shalikashvili, USA

Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff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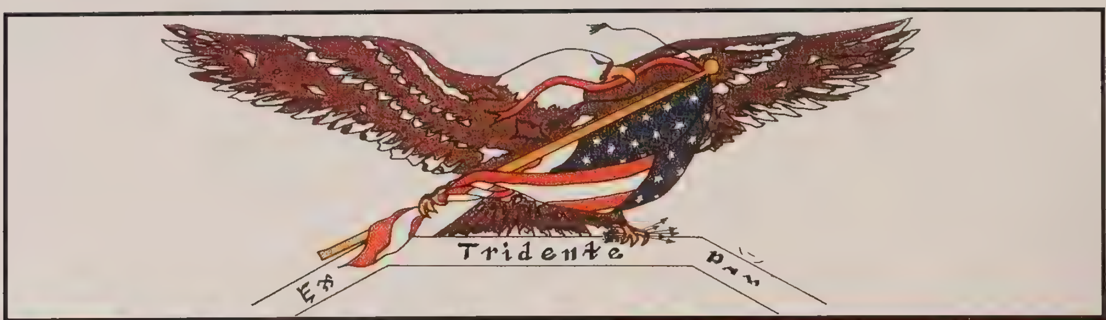
ADM Frank B. Kelso, USN

Chief of Naval Operations

Ex Tridente Pax

ADM Jeremy M. Boorda, USN

Chief of Naval Operations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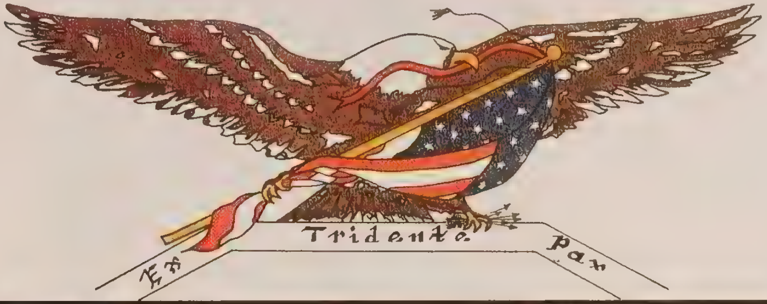
GEN Carl E. Mundy, Jr., USMC

Commandant of the Marine Corps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RADM Thomas C. Lynch, USN

Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy

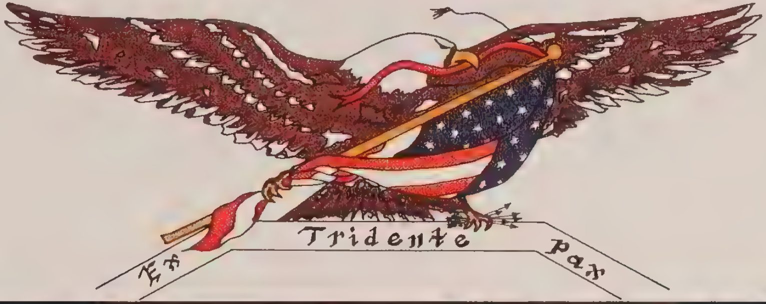
COL T.P. Murray, USMC
Deputy Commandant

LT E.K. McHugh, USN
Executive Assistant

LCDR T.J. Nagle, USN
Staff Judge Advocate

CDR J.W. Yaeger, USN
Operations

CAPT D.L. Peck, USN
Professional Development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CAPT John B. Padgett, USN

Commandant of Midshipmen

CAPT T. C. Clyborne, USMC
Midshipmen Activities

LT J. R. LoRicco, USN
Schedules

CDR T. Metcalf, USN
USNA Band

CAPT S. Rodenbarger, USN
Supply

LT E. J. Reinhold, USN
Financial Advisor

LT D. J. Brandeen, USN
Disbursing

LCDR D. R. Smith, USN
Midshipmen Food Services

LT D. S. Hughes, USN
Midshipmen Welfare Fund

LCDR S. D. Taylor, USN
Midshipmen Store

LT V. Wallace, USN

Uniform Shop

CAPT D. A. Pignotti, USN

Physical Education

LT M. Marchildon, USN

Club Sports

LT H. Fleming, USN

Intramurals

LT D. G. Holl, USN

Marking Officer

LT R. J. Wehman, USN

Facilities

Mrs. Nancy Parsons

Midshipmen Information Systems

Mrs. R. H. Baysinger

Social Director

CWO3 W. J. Bergbauer, USN

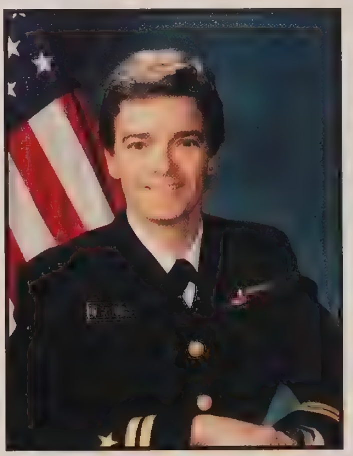
Midshipmen Personnel

LCDR B. M. Cowan, USN
Administration

LCDR M. J. Carlin, USN
Performance

LCDR A. M. Howard, USN
Conduct

LT T. P. Cann, USN
Ethics Advisor


LT H. Carlisle, USN
First Lieutenant

CAPT J. F. Friel, USN
Command Chaplain

LT P. Vines, USN
Alcohol/Drug Education

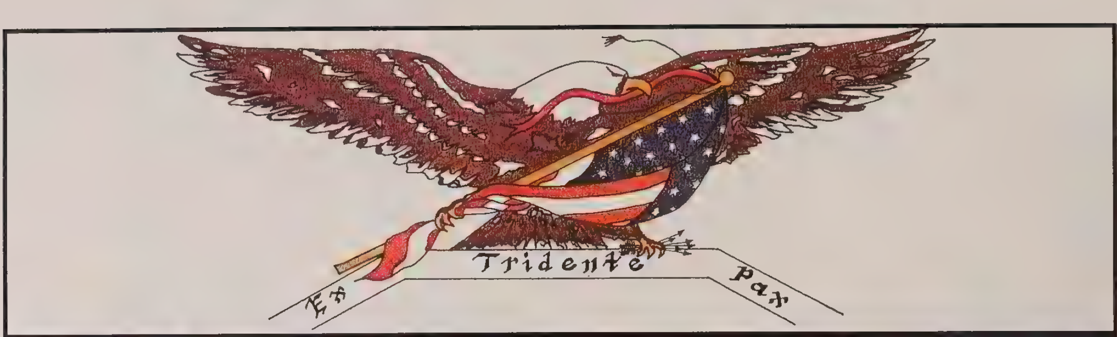
ENS S. Allen, USN
Public Affairs

LT J. R. Downs, USN
Movement

Ex Tridente Pax

FLEET ADMIRAL
CHESTER W.
NIMITZ
DONATED BY
THE
CLASS OF

PILLSBURY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Dr. Robert H. Shapiro
Academic Dean and Provost

Dr. W. B. Garrett

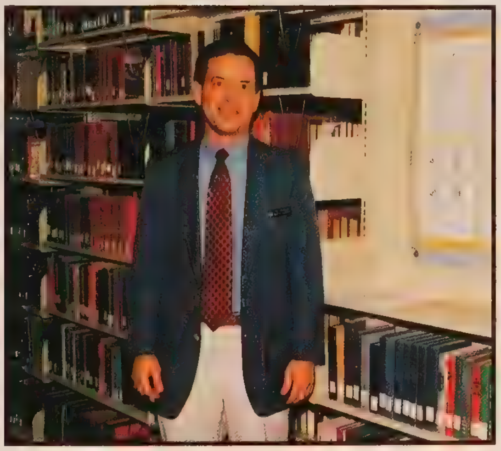
Vice Academic Dean

Dr. M. C. Halbig

Associate Dean for Faculty

Dr. F. I. Davis

Associate Dean for Academic Affairs



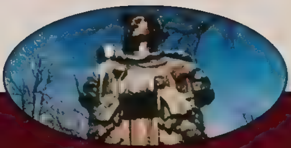
Dr. R. H. Werking

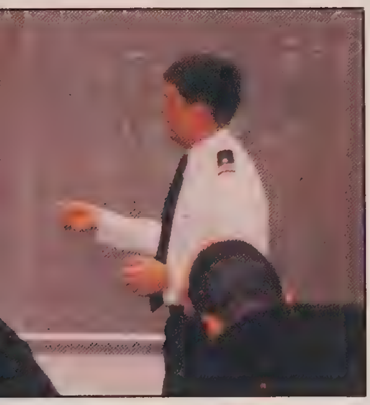
Associate Dean for Information

Division of Engineering and Weapons

CAPT P.F. Grasser, USN
Division Chairman

RICKOVER HALL





J. G. Severns, LCDR J. P. O'Brien, Capt. R. M. Bray (USMC)
M. D. A. Mackney, D. F. Rogers, E. R. Donner, G. F. Hall
CDR J. W. Dreon, G. Karpouzian, CDR A. D. Mechling, M. Saarlas

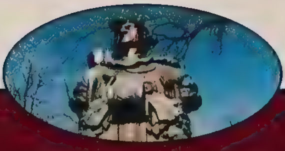
Prof. M. Saarlas

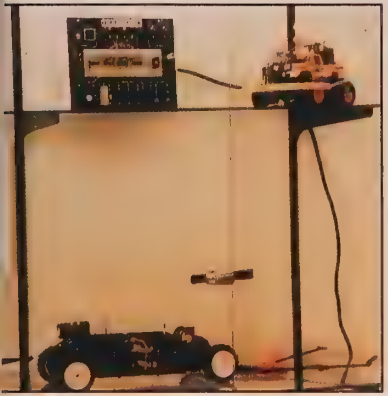
Aerospace Engineering Department

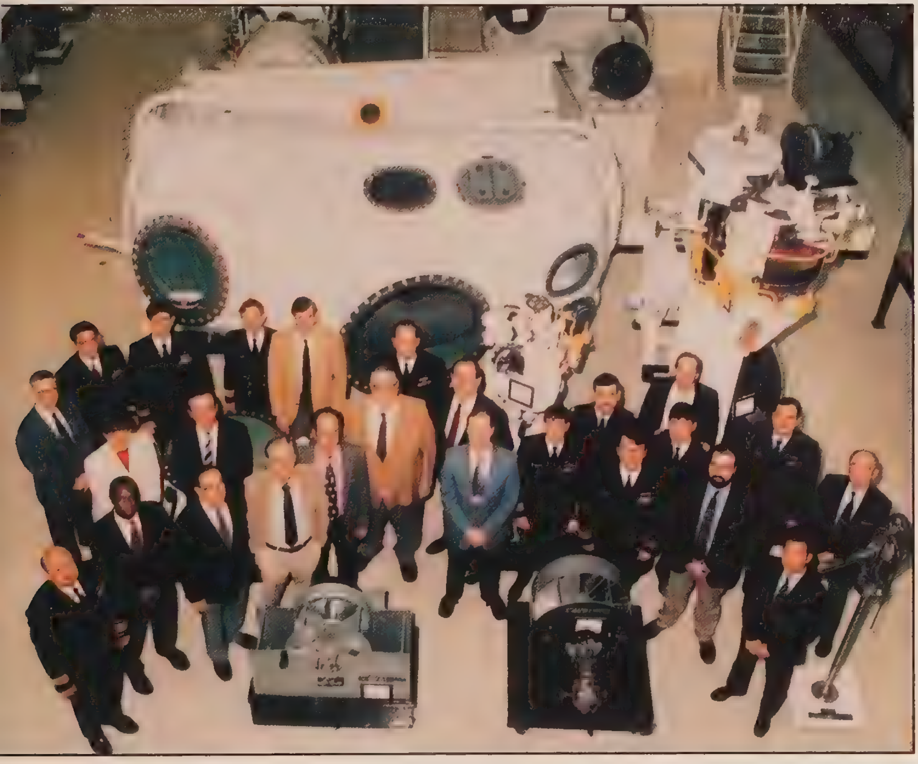
Electrical Engineering Department

D.Y. Northam, Maj B.L. Pooler (USMC), R.L. Martin, Col J.F. Kendrick (USAF), LCDR L.T. Scalziotti, R. Wasta, R.W. Bruco
D.S. Harding, LCDR C. G. Gorom, A.A. Sorkady, E.C.K. Wooten, LCDR J.A. Koepke, ENS H.B. Link
CDR F.K. Forkel, K.A. Korzeniowski, CDR M.L.Whyms, LCDR J.B.Scoot, Capt J.E. Fletcher (USMC), W.E. Bennett, CDR G.S. Kollmorgen
Maj T.A. Tullia (USA), R.P. Santoro, LT M.M. Vanderkamp, L. Sellami, T.S. Lim, ENS J.T. Tan, LCDR D.V.P. Thoresan

COL J. Kendrick, USAF







Prof. J. O. Geremia

P. Moran, LCDR A. Harris, LCDR E. Secor, LCDR L. Moxcey, S. Miner, LT P. Powell, G. Davis, Maj F. Madeka (USAF), J. Gillerlain
K. Flack, D. Norman, D. Hasson, R. Smith, Maj T. Sroka (USA), CDR H. Lee
CDR R. Baeder, O. Barton, V. Lopardo, E. Dodson, C. Ratcliffe, J. Geremia, CDR W. Daley, LCDR J. Nault, R. Raouf, C. Wu

Mechanical Engineering Department

Naval Architecture, Marine and Ocean Engineering

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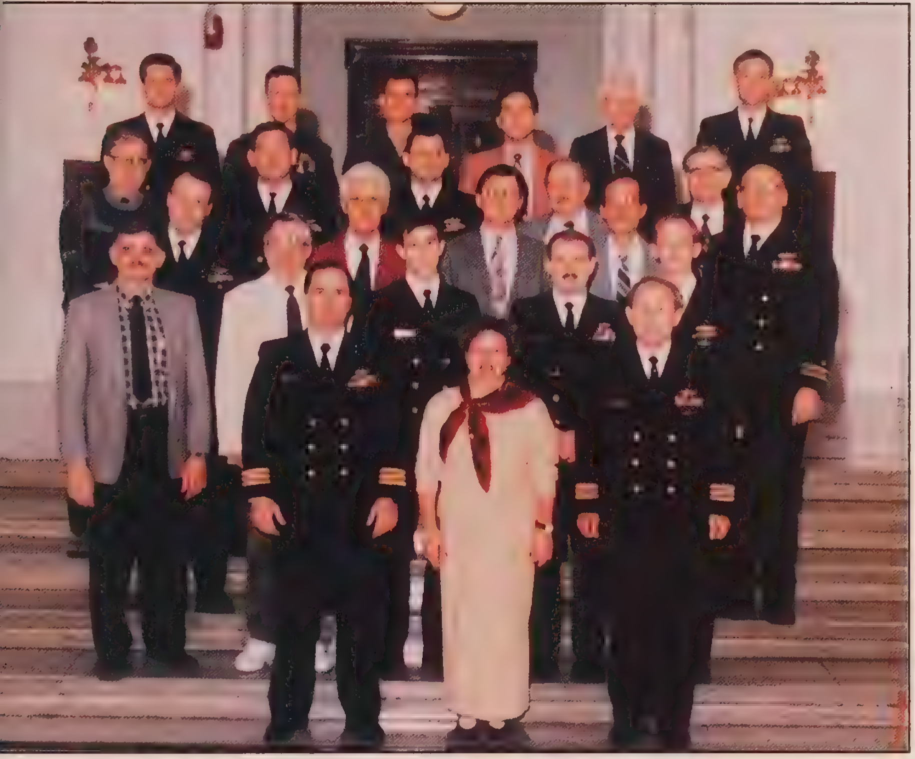
D. Kriebel. CDR R. Miller, B. Nehrling, B. Johnson, R. Mayer, CDR F. Graco, LT M. Millet
J. Metcalf, LCDR J. Raycraft, M. Cerza, LCDR T. O'Loughlin, LCDR M. Rossano, S. Mouring, LT J. Cassata
D. O'Donnell, L. Nuckols, CDR W. Elger, M. O'Leary

Assoc. Prof. M. L. Nuckols

THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS & MARINE ENGINEERS

DEPARTMENT OF WEAPONS AND SYSTEMS ENGINEERING

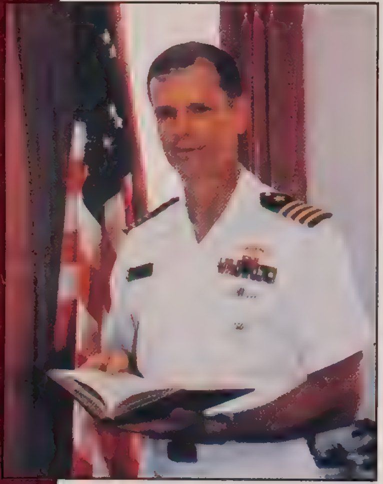


Prof. R. DeMoyer

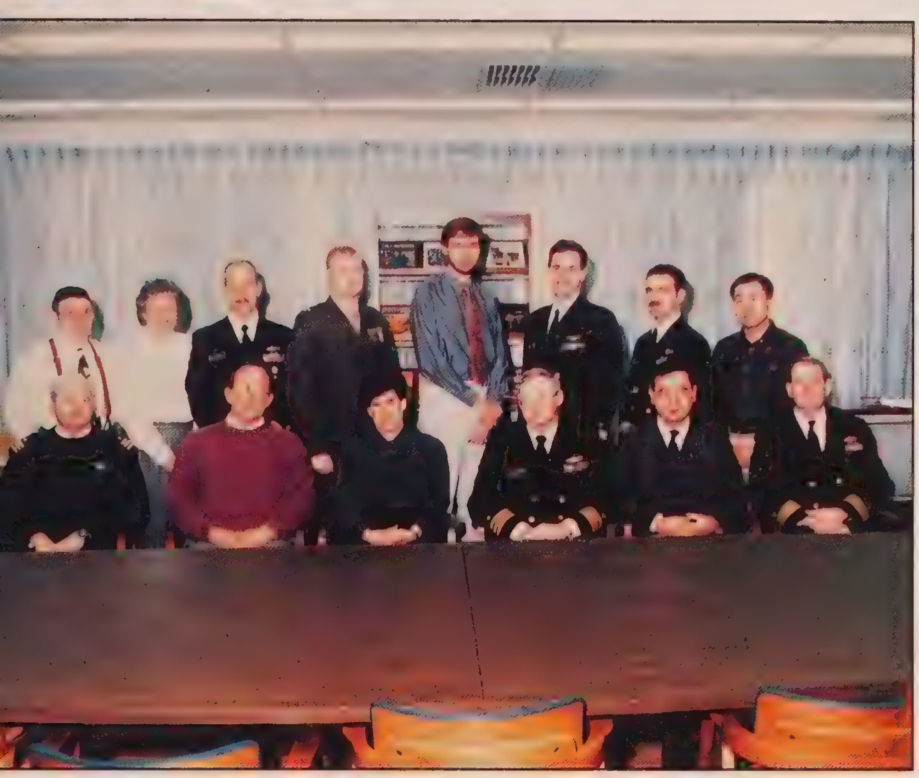
LT D.A. Maloney, Capt C.B. McClellanbd (USMC), Capt D.S. Smith (USMC) W.I. Clement R.H. Small, LCDR M.K. Johns
O.N. Rask, LCDR P.E. Thurman, LCDR D.F. O'Mara, E.E. Mitchell, T.E. Bechert
LT S.A. Modzelewski, J.W. Watts, K.A. Knowles, R. DeMoyer, LCDR S.J. Anthony
C.E. Wick, T.E. Dwan, ENS C. Howes, LCDR R.J. McGraw, LT P.S. Allison
CDR W.H. Campbell, D.M. Scarborough (Secretary), CDR J.A. Hancock

Weapons and Systems Engineering

Division of Mathematics and Science



CAPT H.J. Halliday, USN
Division Chairman



CDR L. G. Williams

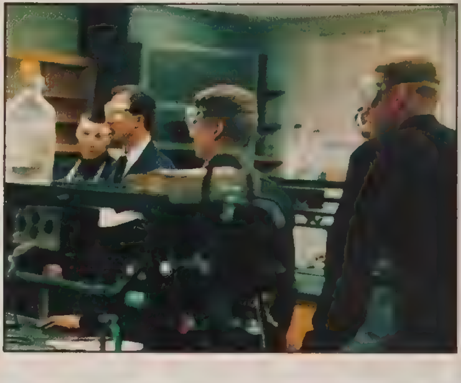
A. Phillips, B. Williams, CDR R. Kaplan, Capt P. Bourgeois (USMC), B. Bayerdorffer, LCDR D. Needham, LCDR D. Stahl, E.K. Park
CDR C. Floyd, P. Harrison, K. Schulze, CDR L. Williams, F. Chi, CDR B. France

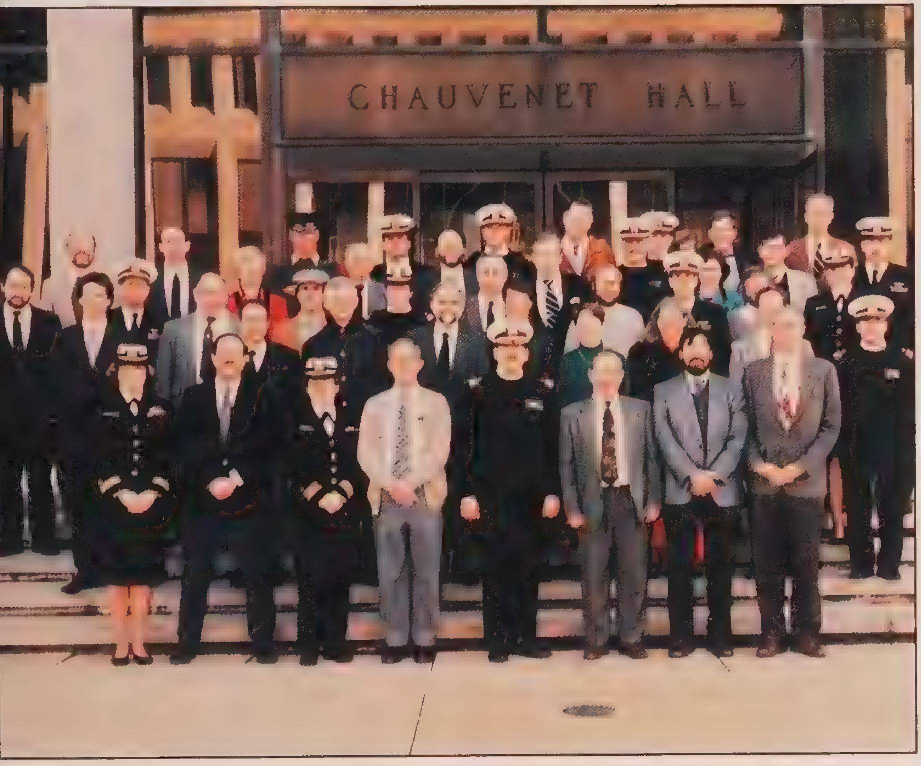
Computer Science Department

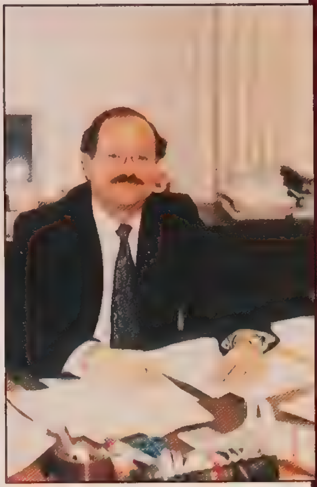
Chemistry Department

Prof. M. L. Elert

W. Pearson, R. Ferrante, Maj H. Clark (USAF), M. Campbell, J. Fitzgerald, D. Dillner, R. McClean, J. Lomax
L. Jones, J. Shade, J. Harrison, C. Brumberg, D. Weingartner, LT K. Cole, Capt S. Nagley (USA), LT T. Siu, J. Bodnar, LCDR M. McCormick, LCDR M. D'Alesandro
E. Koubek, R. Corey, J. Schultz, M. Elert, S. Massie, C. Rowell, B. Waite







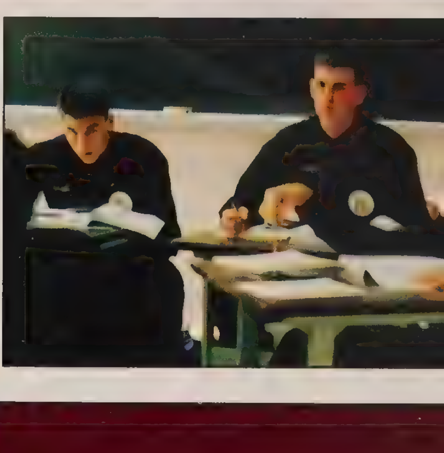
Prof. J. M. D'Archangelo

P. Long, J. Leary, A. Gigioli, T. Sanders, M. Meltser, P. Andre, P. Koch
M. Meyerson, T. Micheal, C. Crawford, T. Benac, M. Baker, J. Kalme, J. Peck, C. Grant, H. Penn, S. Wrigley
C. Hanna, M. Brenny, W. Wardlaw, A. Gaglione, K. Stepien, M. Kidwell, P. Turner, M. Helwig, D. Joyner, J. Bishop
W. Withers, G. Nakos, H. Kaplan, J. Pierce, M. Hoffman, J. Kammeyer, D. Konkowski, G. Price, K. Rowland
K. Thurman, J. D'Archangelo, M. Reno, M. Chamberlain, W. Kroshl, B. Marsh, R. Malek-Madani, C. Mylander

Mathematics Department

Oceanography Deaprtment

CAPT C.A. Martinek



LCDR N. Tooley, LCDR G. Station, LT D. Merzke, J. Vanhoy, CDR T. Wilbur, S. Hagy, D. Edsall, E. Hall D. Moore, J. Ertel, Capt M. Forsbacka (USAF), Capt R. Lokensgard (USMC), F.D. Correll, S. Elder, LT M. Gabbay, S. Montgomery, F. Miller, D. Nordling, C. Rector, L. Tankersley, J. Huddle, E. Mosca, C.E. Albert, R. Shelby, CDR L. Galvin, W. Fasnacht, LCDR C. Edmondson, M. Korman, G. Calame, I. Engle, D. Brill

Prof. R. N. Shelby

Physics Department

Division of Humanities and Social Sciences

Col. O.W. McCormack, USMC
Division Chairman

Prof. R. J. Goodman

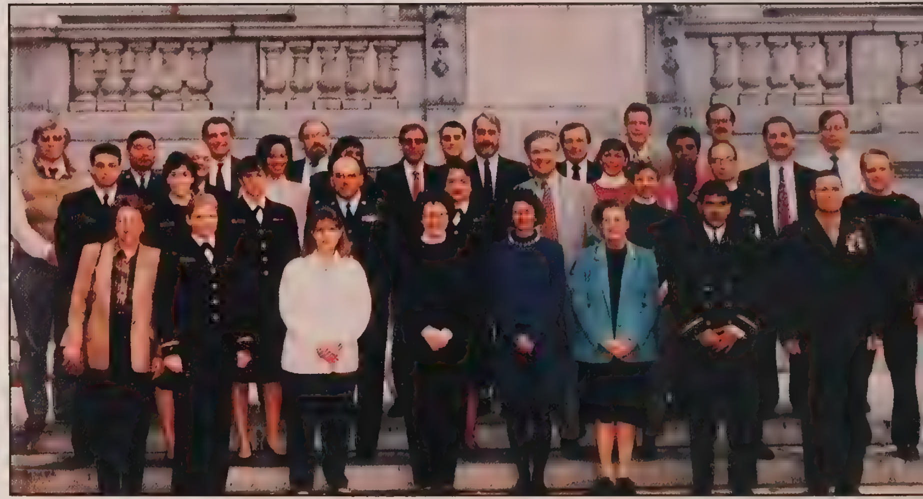
R. Little, LCDR J. Mills, E. Fredland, Maj G. Oles (USMC), A. Hammond
Capt J. Kammeier (USMC), LT J. Markwith, T. Zak, S. Fiorino, K. Thierfelder, R.J. Goodman, ENS R. Molina, R. Turner
W. Bowman, A.R. Whitaker, K. Kulchycky, E. Painter, C. Morris,

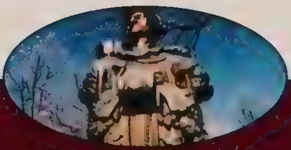
Economics Department

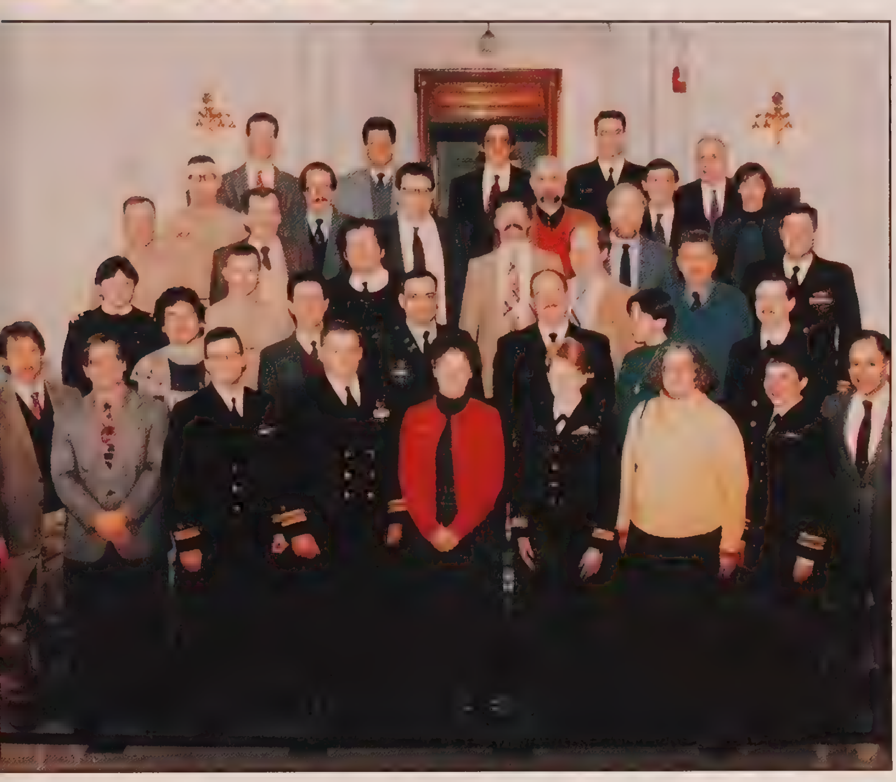
English Department

R. Madison, CAPT T. Kono (USAF), F. Fetrow, C. Nolan, E. McHenry, D. White, A. Booth, N. Berman, ENS D. Ornstein, J. Wooten, G. Shifflet, H. Bergmann, T. O'Brien, M. Browne, B. Fleming, P. Jason, J. Hill,
LT M. Mineo, LT C. Bath-Zachery, LT A. Kelly, LCOL J. Thompson (USAF), CDR Lane B. Heath, M. Parker, M. Tinsley,
LCDR T. DeKornfeld, LT J. Navratil
E. Tyler, ENS D. Chatfield, M.Miller, N. Mace, N. Arbuthnot, L. Kucher, ENS S. Moore, MAJ B. Leftwich (USMC)

Prof. M.P. Parker







Prof. C.L. Symonds

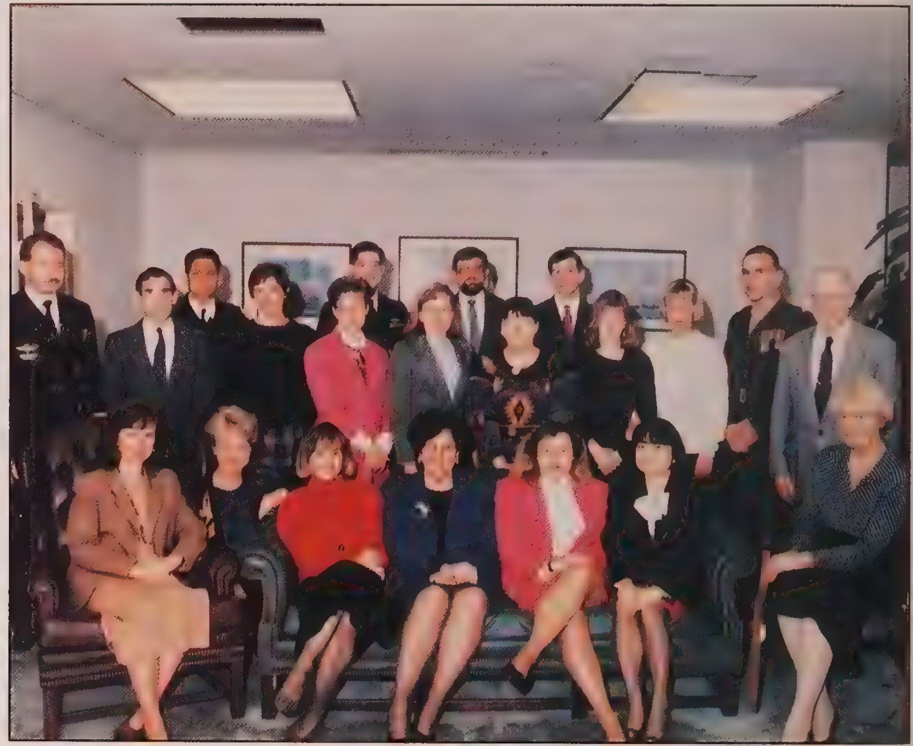
D. Appleby, B. Cogar, F. Harrod, LT J. Addison, P. Marshall
LtColR. Sullivan (USMC), D. Masterson, C. Sills, B. Love, A. Quartararo,
Maj D. Clubine (USMC), R. Artigiani, E. Tucker, T. Brennan, J. Kolp,
LCDR A. Mead, Maj D. Fuquea (USMC), C. Albrecht, D. Johnson, L. Thompson, LCDR J. Stanik,
R. Abels, D. Peeler, Maj M. Girard (USA), LCDR J. Ebley, M. Griffin, LT G. Campbell,
S. Nelson, T. Sanders, LT S. Granger, LCDR T. Strother, N. Ellenberger, LT S. Davis, P. Culham, LCDR E. Maurer, B. Roberts

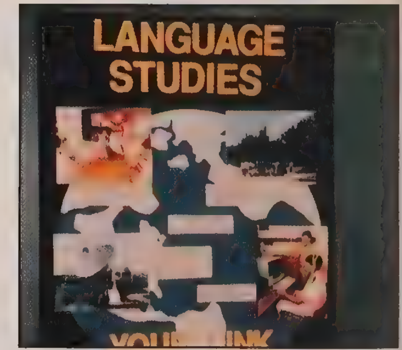
History Department

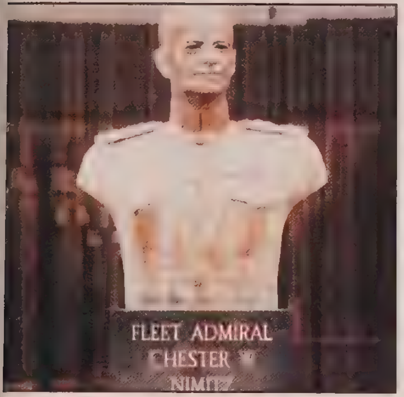
Language Studies Department

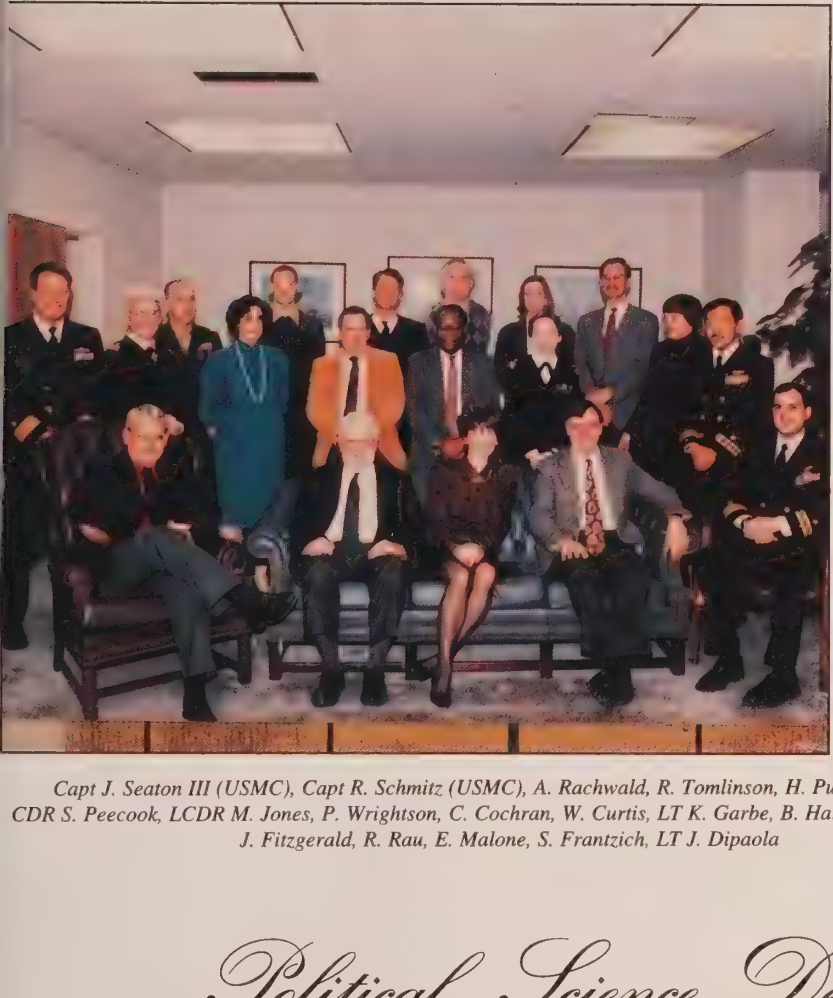
LCDR Trejo (MN), LT R. Gonzalez, W. Fletcher, D. Gentile,
CDR H.J. Schmidt (FGN), R. LaVerghetta, E. Knutson, L. Franz, E. Gilmore, L. Pruner, C. Creuziger, M. Bosshard, Maj J. Lopez (USMC), J. Yarbo,
S. Voros, P. Bledsoe, A. Echavarri-Dailey, M. Castro de Moux, A. Holmes, C. Myojin, E. Corredor

Prof. S. Voros






FLEET ADMIRAL
CHESTER
NIMITZ



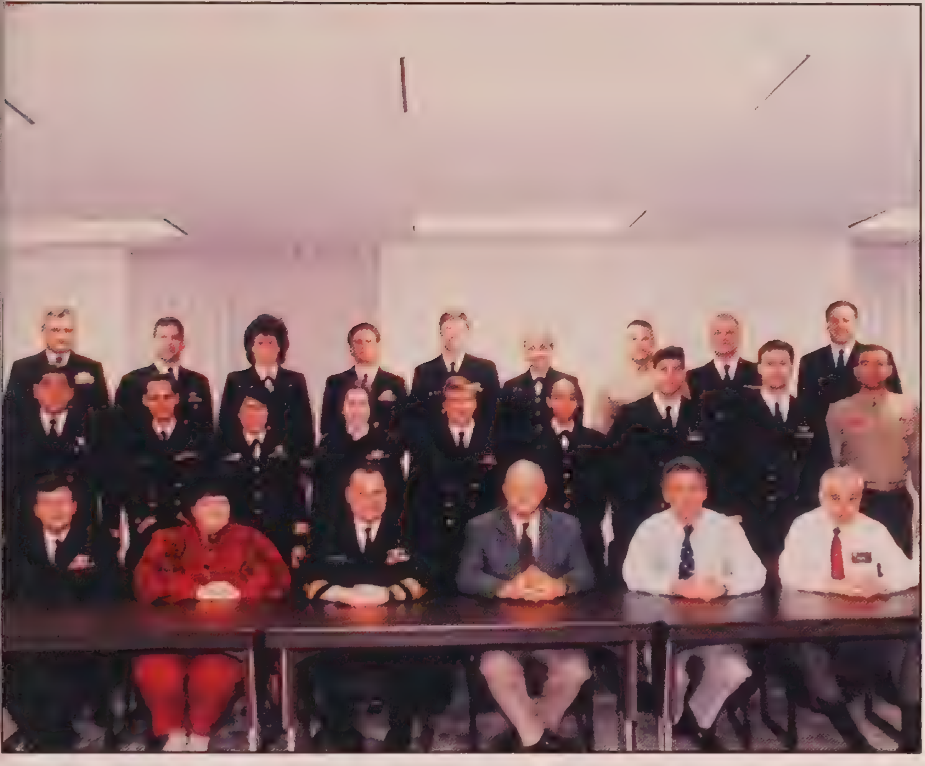
Capt J. Seaton III (USMC), Capt R. Schmitz (USMC), A. Rachwald, R. Tomlinson, H. Purkitt, S. Wrage CDR S. Peecook, LCDR M. Jones, P. Wrightson, C. Cochran, W. Curtis, LT K. Garbe, B. Harff, LT P. Fujimura, J. Fitzgerald, R. Rau, E. Malone, S. Frantzich, LT J. Dipaola

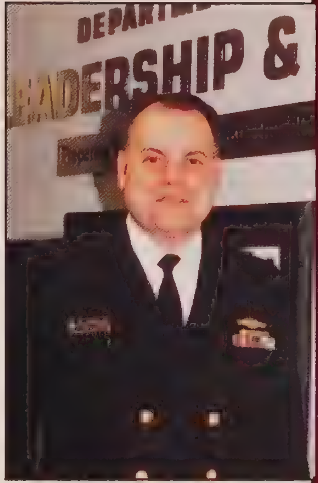
Prof. J.A. Fitzgerald

Political Science Department

Division of Professional Development

CAPT David L. Peck, USN





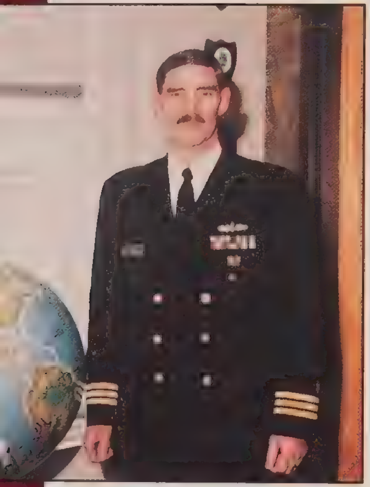
CDR R. A. Gurczynski

CDR M. Campbell, LT S. Herbener, LT M. Lluy, LT M. Genereaux, LT J. Sullivan, LT L. Sulmasy, Capt D. Lecce (USMC) LCDR T. Patten, LT B. Davis,
LT R. Taishoff, LT B. Filbert, CDR M. Sullivan, LCDR O'Keefe, LT D. Nelson, LT R. Richmond, LT P. Quinn, LT J. Lanoue, Capt D. Conley (USMC),
CDR J. Phelan, D. Googe, CDR Gurczynski, P. Roush, J. Barry, K. Montor

Leadership and Law Department

Professional Development

CDR Herb, LT Murray, LCDR Wesslen, LT Taylor, Maj Breslin (USMC), LCDR Hartlaub, V. Amos, LT J. Lechner, L. Buck, 1Lt Hansen (USMC)



CDR M. C. Herb

SAILING DEPARTMENT
PARING MIDSHIPMEN TO EXCEL UNDER SAIL.

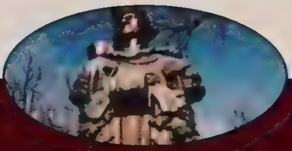
LCDR J. Jones

Dan Rugg; LT John Beaver, USN; LT Dan Taylor, USN; LT Greg Adair, USN

Sailing Department

Seamanship and Navigation Department

CAPT L. Penix, USN



Edwin Peery

Physical Education Department

The Brigade

"The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion."

William Makepeace Thackeray

BRIGADE STAFF

Back Row (L-R) Jose Dominguez; Mark Raybeck; Chris McCranie; Jason Frei; Rich Paquette. Front Row (L-R) Todd Bode; Randy Pugh, Commander; Pete McArdle.

Back Row (L-R) Darrell Gobble; Matt Reimann, Adjutant; Laura Herath, Operations; Brian Campbell, Maintenance; Rueben Brigety, Sgt Maj. Front Row (L-R) Paul Davis, Executive Officer; Sean Fahey, Commander; Mike Cooper.

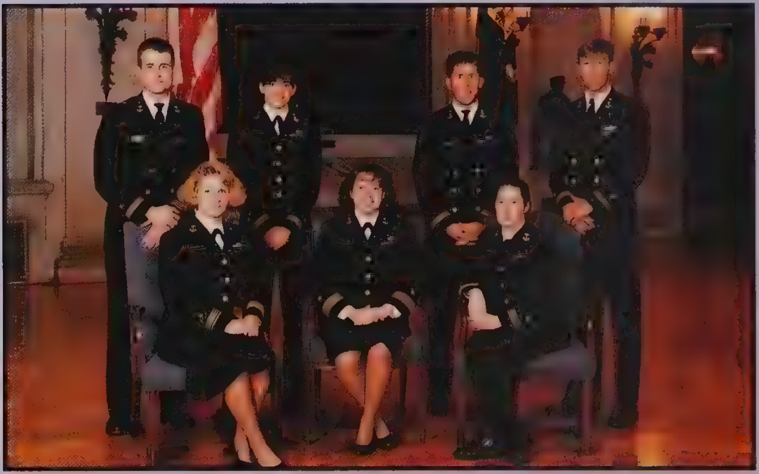
HONOR COMMITTEE

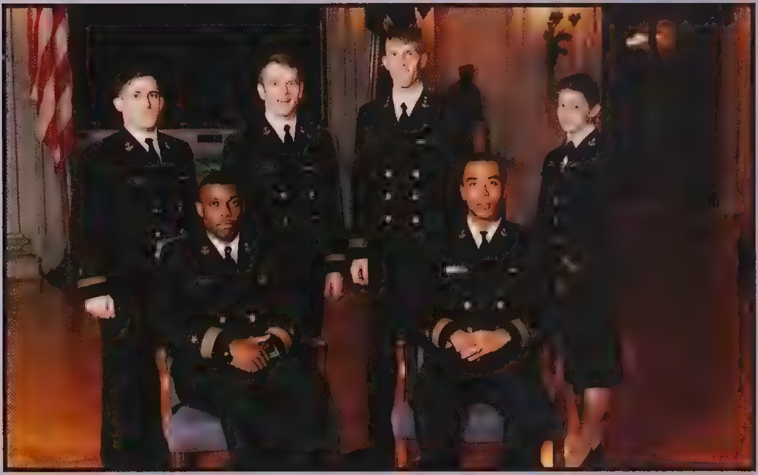
Back Row (L-R) Neil Rapaway, Adam Kinnear, George Ball, A.J. Barbosa. Front Row (L-R) Paul Lutz, Randy Stoker, Kevin Shaeffer.

Back Row (L-R) George Ball, Adam Kinnear, Neil Rapaway, Adam Kinnear, Ned Beal. Front Row (L-R) Paul Lutz, Randy Stoker, Kevin Shaeffer.

FIRST REGIMENT

Back Row (L-R) Brian Hoffer; Jenna Hausvik; Jon Siegler; Keith Hartman. Front Row (L-R) Kyra Prawlocki; Morgen Paul, Commander; Leah Nelson.





Back Row (L-R) Brian Whittam; Frank Wittwer; Anthony Miller; Heather Keane. Front Row (L-R) Arnett Klugh, Commander; Chico Manning.

Back Row (L-R) Brandon Dominguez; James Tran; Robert White; Julie Rosati. Front Row (L-R) Paul Steier; Scott Wadle, Commander; Scott Patterson.

Back Row (L-R) Pat Burger; Roger Hardy; Jeffery Block, Phil Windust. Front Row (L-R) Grant Goodrich; Todd Huber, Commander.

SECOND REGIMENT

FIRST BATTALION

Back Row (L-R), Jennifer Ogilvie; Scott Hornbuckle; Tracy Benjamin; Jerry Ashcroft. Front Row (L-R) Bill Oley; Doug Glover, Commander; Dave Dutrow.

CDR K. W. Dodge, USN
First Battalion Officer

SGTMAJ J. Carroll, USMC
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

Back Row (L-R) William Jones; Gary Joseph, Sgt Maj; Chris Volk; Sjahari Pullom; Richard Meyer. Front Row (L-R) Lori Rickert, Executive Officer; Alex Pease, Commander; Jason Lamb.

SECOND BATTALION

Back Row (L-R) Tony Miller, Training; John Sweeten, Adjutant; Chris Baker, Honor; Brandon Hammond, Drill. Front Row (L-R) Desa Burton, Executive Officer; James Petit, Commander; Dave Cox, Operations.

AFCM(AW/NAC) Shoaf,USN
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

CDR C. Jones, USN
Second Battalion Officer

Back Row (L-R) Craig Newton; Brandon Hammond; Matt Niedzwiecki; Colin Smith; Brannon McElmurray; David Smith; Stephanie Kogler. Front Row (L-R) David Fowler; Jason Walker, Commander; Julie Treanor.

THIRD BATTALION

Back Row (L-R) James Bates, Sgt Maj; Jim Crimmins, Training; Michael Bosshard, Adjutant; John Knox, Administrative; Brian Lester, Honor. Front Row (L-R) Bryan Johnson, Executive Officer; Erica Neidermeier, Commander; Matthew Seay, Operations.

CDR C. Miletich, USN
Third Batallion Officer

ETCM(SS) J. Johnson, USN
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

Back Row (L-R) Julian Wilson; Ryan Hurt; Michael Steve; Bret Shockney; Michael Marchese. Front Row (L-R) Brad Hanner, Executive Officer; Thomas Sydnor, Commander; Chris Kennedy.

Back Row (L-R) Kevin Glathar, Training; Jon Lunglhofer, Adjutant; Chris Shaw, Drill; Ned Beal, Honor. Front Row (L-R) Michelle Montgomery, Executive Officer; Frank Sprude, Commander; Beth Testa, Operations.

FOURTH BATTALION

SGTMAJ G. Bechard,
USMC
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

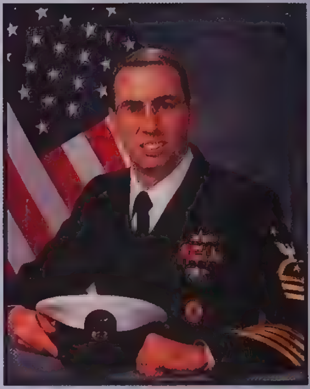
CDR F. Horne, USN
Fourth Battalion Officer

Back Row (L-R) Brad Andros; Matt Keefe; Jason Van Matre; Josh Dittmar; Craig Mattingly; Jason Testa. Front Row (L-R) Chris Horak; Eric Green, Commander; Todd Owens.

FIFTH BATTALION

Back Row (L-R) Tom Sheppard; Nathan Strandquist, Drill; Brian Pummill. Front Row (L-R) Michael Garrick, Executive Officer; Chad Hixson, Commander; Dave Bartell, Training.

CAPT R. Williams, USN
Fifth Battalion Officer



OTCM(SW) R. Merritt, USN
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

Back Row (L-R) John Hackel; Michael Sharp; Nathan Strandquist; Nathan Reed; Jeff Howard; Mike Masica; Chris Slattery. Front Row (L-R) Joe Buck; Mike Hede, Commander; Jennifer Whereatt.

SIXTH BATTALION

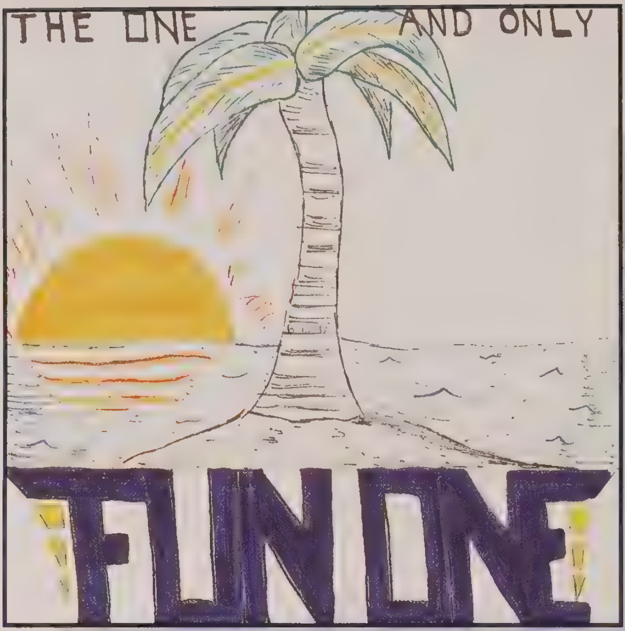
Back Row (L-R) Ward Jones, Operations; Damien Parker, Adjutant, Dom Caronello, Drill; Michael Brahan, Training; Tony Arzu, DAPA; Ken Weller, Administrative, Frank Pelekai, 1st LT. Front Row (L-R) Ian MacDiarmid, Executive Officer; Brian Ross, Commander; Jason Berger, Honor.

PHCM(AW) E. Johns, USN
Battalion Enlisted Advisor

Lt. Col. D. Hegna, USMC
Sixth Battalion Officer

Back Row (L-R) Harry Gardner; Peter Contostavlos; Mark Tinder; Dom Caronello; Craig Beal; Julie Spencer; Kyle Miller; Ken Graves. Front Row (L-R) Bill Hoover; Dave Fink, Commander; Jerry Myers.

FIRST COMPANY

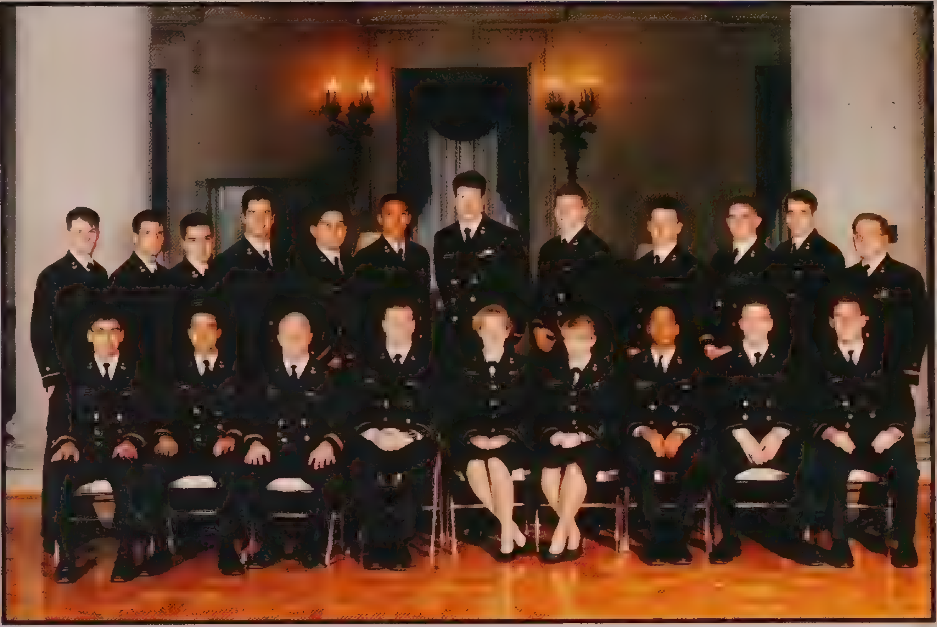


LT T. H. Bond, USN
1st Company Officer

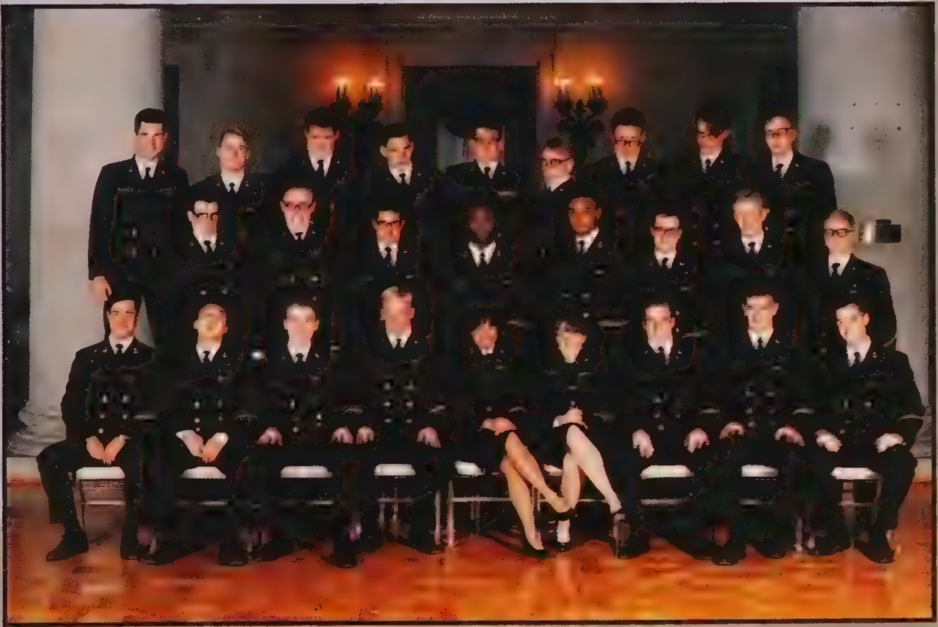
Back Row (L-R) Brian Rivenbark; Marc Alexander; Cathy Wolo. Front Row (L-R) Dayton Calhoun; John Rucci, Commander; Wilson Marks.

Back Row (L-R) Dayton Calhoun; Jeffery Lopes. Front Row (L-R) Robert Kaminski, Commander; Mario Correa.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Matt Rick, Keon Lindsey, Dave Dutrow, Dayton Calhoun, Laura Reagan, Cathy Wolo, Carlos Washington, Robert Kaminski, Cary Butcher **BACK ROW:** Mike Leydig Jeff Lopes, Mario Correa, T.C., Craig Abraham, Mike Hillegas, Wilson Marks, Kevin Boardman, John Rucci, Marc Alexander, Brian Rivenbark



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Tex Zizak, James Biribauer, Alex Aubin, Rob Wolf, Carol Argao, Laurie Atherholt, Brian Cooper, Rob McHenry, Garrick Stride **MIDDLE ROW:** Eric Dudley, John Krall, Marc Baca, Andre Coleman, James Hasan, Norm Presican, Pat Gallagher, John Haynes **BACK ROW:** Rich Knapp, Randy Studt, Rob Smith, Jeff Lastfogel, Lamar Douberly, Mike Yesunas, Brad Busch, Collin Tuggle, Dave Smith

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Greg Lotze, David Noble, Kerry May, Jen Vratil, Becky Stein, Michelle Casey, Janette Sandberg, Luke Barradel, Josh Cribbs **MIDDLE ROW:** Chris Alfonzo, Andy Hayes, Marcos Velez, Chris Handwork, Dan Rhamy, Bob Willingham, Martin Fuerst, Bernard Domingo, Tony Magrogan, James Boomer, Bo Hanle **BACK ROW:** George Retamoza, Greg Roach, Brian Bernth, Josh Riggs, David Orne, Rich Stafford, Rhoan Boucher, Chris Adams, Brian O'Lavin, Mike Stevens

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Fransisco Alsina, Brian Pritchard, Yvonne Hernandez, Amanda Macalpin, Maureen Moroney, Sarah McGann, Brendan Conroy, Matt Tucker, Renee Fransisco **MIDDLE ROW**: Jeremy Vaughan, Jeff Adams, Craig Schlottke, Will Hargreaves, Dave Filanowicz, Ethan Mitchell, Rick Linhart, Justin Faunterloy, Ed Vernon **BACK ROW:** Jonathan Gruen, Jeb Kucik, Josh Rich, Coty Sinclair, Patrick Haley, sean McBride, Shawn Slade, Brian Truitt, Ryan Mitchell, Ken Harper

Class of 1997

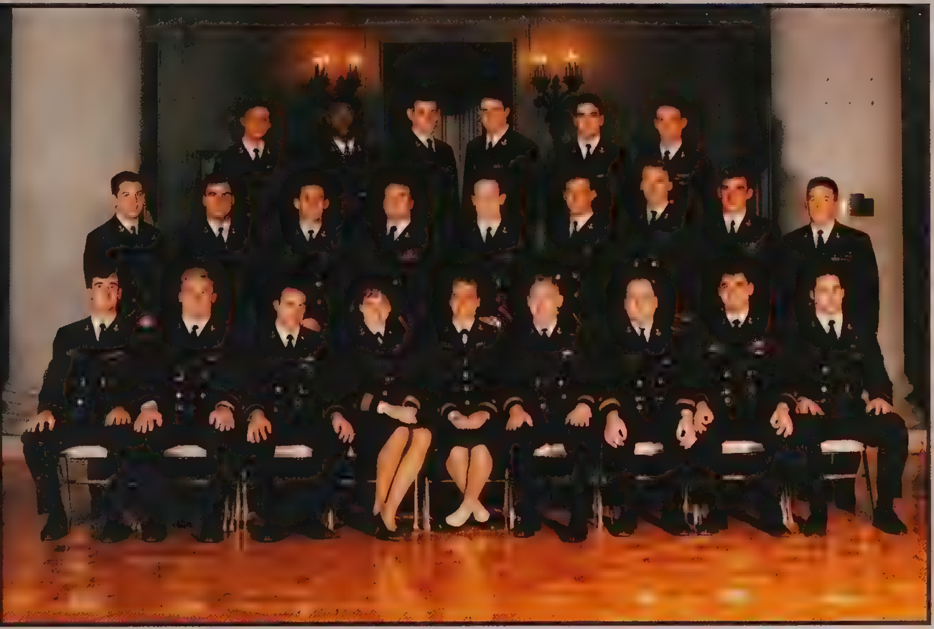
SECOND COMPANY

LT S. M. Littlejohn, USN
2nd Company Officer

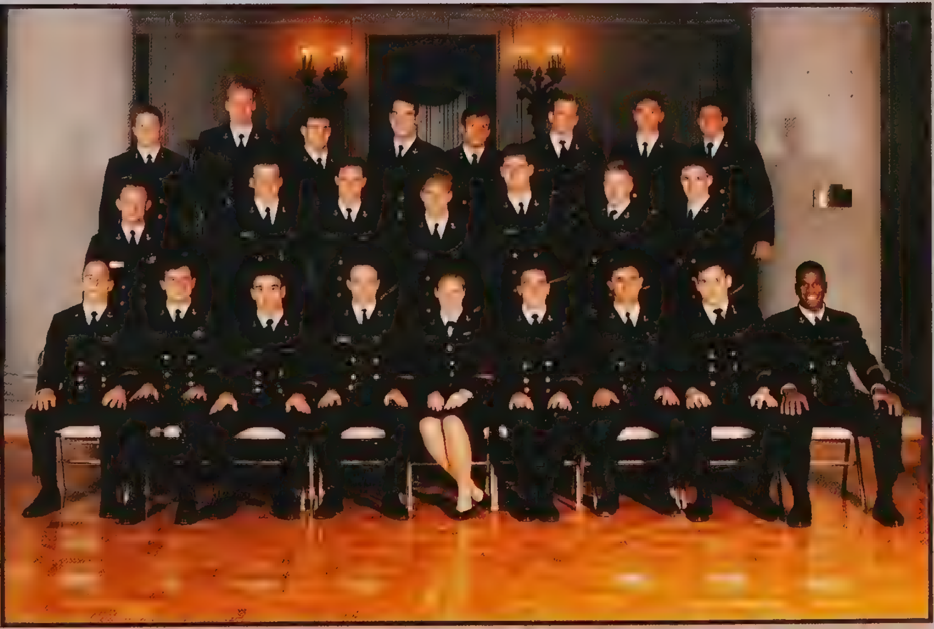
Back Row (L-R) Francisco Valdez; Brian Cellilli. Front Row (L-R) Patrick Padgett; Rick Wrona, Commander; Richard Meyer.

Back Row (L-R) Stephen Bates; John Kelly; Jay Schultz. Front Row (L-R) Jeffrey Pellegrino, Commander; Jerry Ashcroft.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Blake Phillips, Matthew Tate, Richard Vale, Morgen Paul, Jennifer Ogilvie, Richard Wrona, Charles Cohn, Francisco Valdez, David Osaba **MIDDLE ROW**: Jeremiah Ashcroft, Brian Cellilli, Mitchell Condver, David Blankenship, Richard MEyer, Vann Walke, Chad Christensen, Alexander Pease, Jeffery Pellegrino **BACK ROW:** Sjahari Pullom, Arnette Klugh, Stephen Bates, John Kelly, Jay Schultz, Patrick Padgett



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Frank Shone, Tom Westhusin, Alex Alvario, Joe Greeson, Katie Jones, John Pienkowski, Steve Mauro, Jesus Rodriguez, Darin Hunter **MIDDLE ROW**: Jarret Roth, Steve Quaile, Chris Hanshaw, Eric Kristensen, Greg Pritchard, Joe Gadzik, Chris Ognek **BACK ROW:** Scott McCracken, Ryan Christopher, J. Smith, Chandler Comerford, Dennis Klein, Spencer Templeton, Ted Ryan, Jim Detwiler

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Alexander Bosenberg, Eric Belcher, Brian Shimkaveg, Maureen McFarland, Heather Huerter, Amanda Brooks, Naomi Hackson, Arron Ramert, Brian Hay **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Shand, Don Murray, Jamie Ibarra, Jonathan Ingram, Theodore Nunamaker, Craig Bangor, Kevin Hartwig, Keith Galloway, Owen Voelker, Brian Pricher **BACK ROW:** Robert Thorn, Gregg Saxon, Jeffrey Bessler, Teague Pastel, Michael Apriceno, Daryl Piasecki, Wesley Groff, William Butler

FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Kyle Nurimen, Brad Knope, Allison Conrad, Amy McGrath, Rachel Aponte, Julia Austin, Amy Nyberg, Jason Stuart, Josh Springman **MIDDLE ROW**: Dustin Smiley, Omar Nelson, Chris Tinsley, Melvin Smith, Alain Iliria, Cliff Cosby, Greg Harrington, Chris Deweese, Steve Kenney, Gerald Smith, Dave Joseforsky, Adam Mackie **BACK ROW:** Chris Cornwall, Ashley Harris, Scott Eysenbach, Colin Keenan, Jake Watson, Pete Brahan, Sam Lansa, John Gay, Brendan Powell

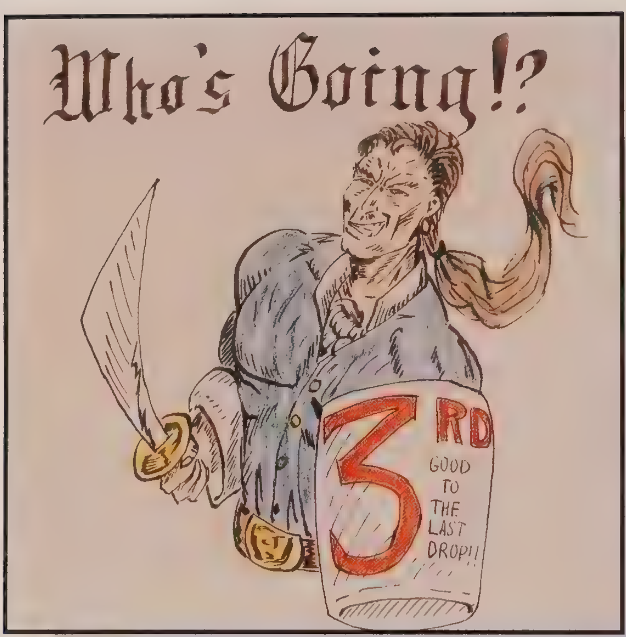
Class of 1997

OF THE WEEK
PLATFORM
NAVY
NAVY

NAVY

HERMANOS

THIRD COMPANY


Who's Going!?
3RD
GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!!

LT L. J. Gibb, USN
3rd Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Colin O'Brien; William Jones; Kasey Ingram. Front Row (L-R) Pablo Mir; James Sherrod, Commander; Kendra Williams.

Back Row (L-R) Greg Jasso; Chris Walsh; Ed Stout. Front Row (L-R) Jack Downes, Commander; William Haxton.

Class of 1994

FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Douglas Glover, Matthew Bartel, William Jones, Kendra Williams, DeAnne Wasielewski, Heather Zwyer, Todd Shipman, Christian Avendano, Tomas Carlos **MIDDLE ROW**: Ricardo Cuenca, Christopher Walsh, Michael Kim, James Hicks, Colin O'Brien, Dave Phillippi, Kasey Ingram, Micheal Aden Ken Haxton, J.P. McDonough **BACK ROW:** Jack Downes, Richard Jordan, Gregory Jasso, A.J. Barbosa, Sean Quinn, Marc Schneider, Pablo Mir, Anthony Rossi, Edward Stout, Nick Sherrod

SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Steve Jordan, Dean Wakeham, Yosh Lehman, Julie Zavodny, Mendel Naffarette, Donald Savage, Steve Johnson **MIDDLE ROW**: Virgil Fenters Jeffery Deitenbeck, Jorge Garcia, Brett Potts, Brian Erickson, Thomas Dickinson, Hal Snapp, Josh Levy, Ryan Keys, Jody Williams **BACK ROW:** Braxton Sisco, Bruce Schuette, Bill Conner, Eric Mueller, Timothy Berzins, Michael Clayton

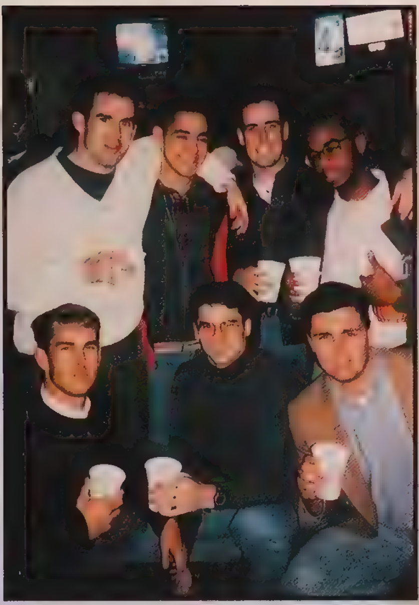
Class of 1995

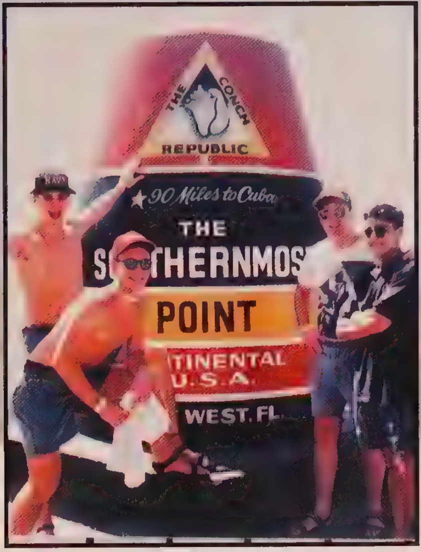
Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Curtis Westadt, Samuel White, Joanna Kroll, Julie Wilhelmi, Kristine Moore, Roxanne Rusinko, Heather Barackman, Yolanda Blair, Cale Young **MIDDLE ROW**: Arthur Aragon, David Lakamp, Daniel Roberts, Cory James, T.J. Grady, Stephen Marty, Stan Piechota, Edgar Rodriguez, Timothy Smith, Wesley McCann **BACK ROW:** Peter Rodgers, Douglas Bates, Chad White, John Miraglia, Adam Piepkorn, Matt McKinney, Kurt Ziegler, Christopher Fuqua, Anthony Baggs, Bryant Trost, Scott Sterling

FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Scott Holden, Christopher Gavino, Edward Halman, Anne Palmer, Asha White, Kristen Bowden, Cimarron Wilson, Ryan Eller, Sky Webb **MIDDLE ROW**: Marcel Bourgoin, Ben Fay, Brent Moore, Michael Ennor, John choate, Nicholas Nuzzo, Matthew DeLaBarre, Jason Cahman, Jason Cournoyer, Gary Montalvo Jr., Edward Rodriquez **BACK ROW:** Shannon Clark, Anthony Holds, Jacob Foret, Jay Tolley, Tim Erickson, Victor Islas, Dan Vigil, Nicholas Mantalvanos

Class of 1997




THE
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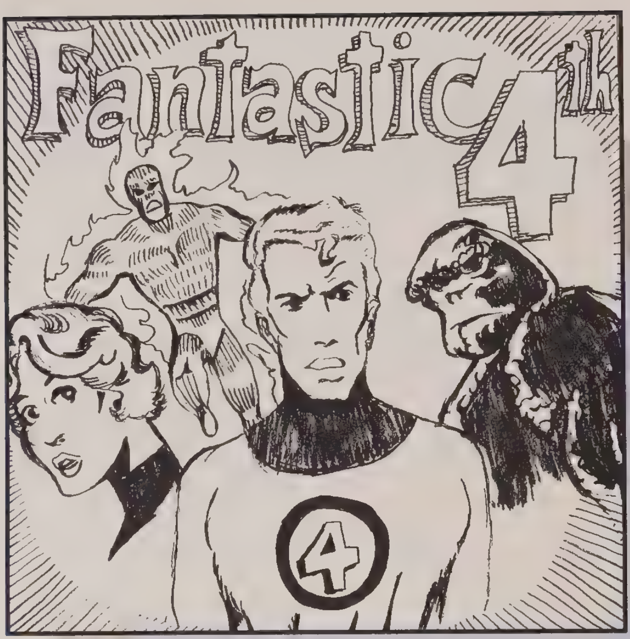
REPUBLIC
90 Miles to Cuba
THE
S THERNMOS
POINT
TINENTAL
U.S.A.
WEST. FL

NAVY

FOURTH COMPANY

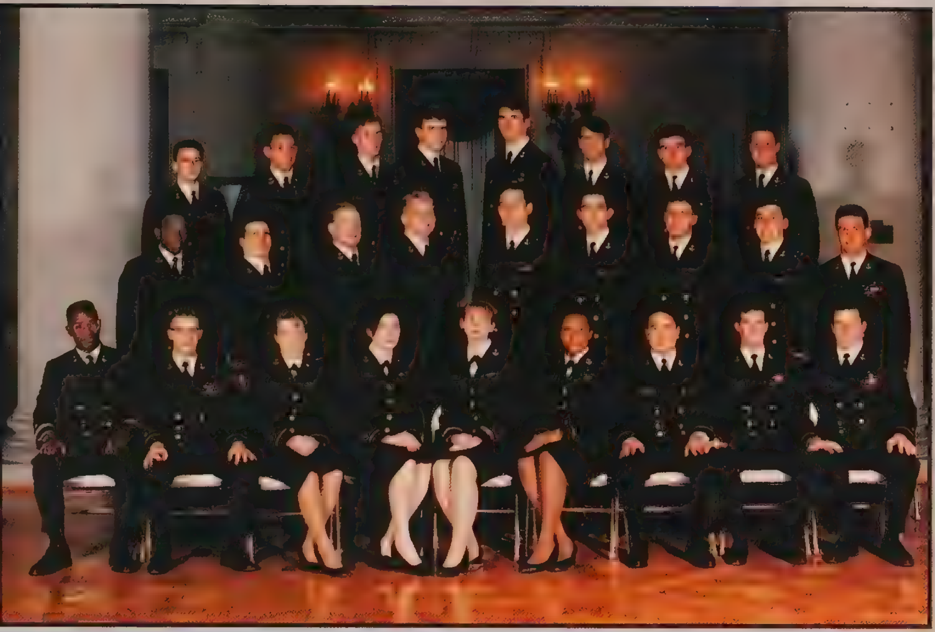


Capt. T. Chamberlain,
USMC
4th Company Officer

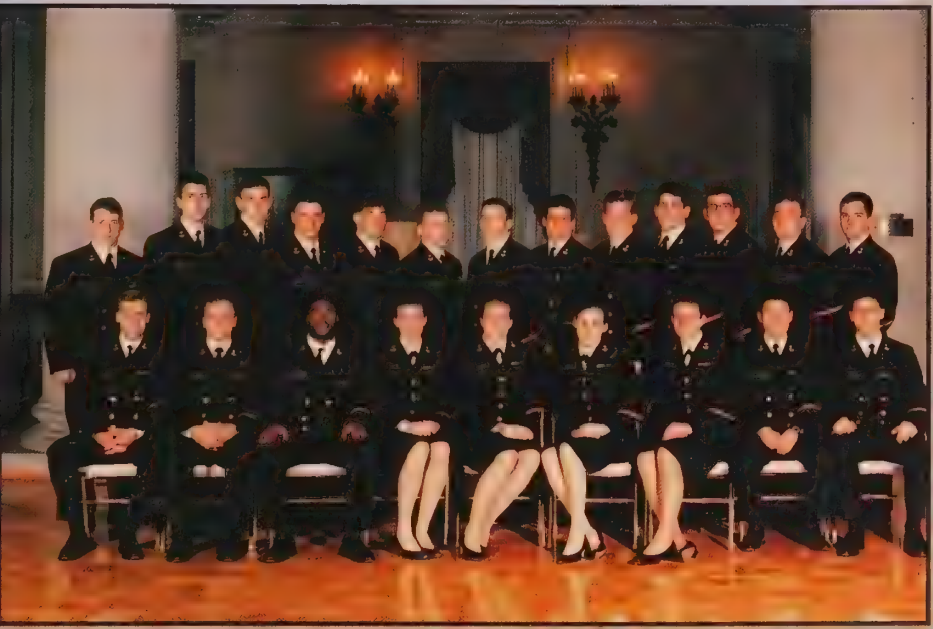
Back Row (L-R) Adam Musoff; Eoin Dunstan. Front Row (L-R) Kelly Shekitka; Ahmed Williamson, Commander; Mike Riordan.

Back Row (L-R) Tom Lazo; Kelly Shekitka; Ralph Baja. Front Row (L-R) Mark Revor, Commander; Mike Riordan.

Class of 1994



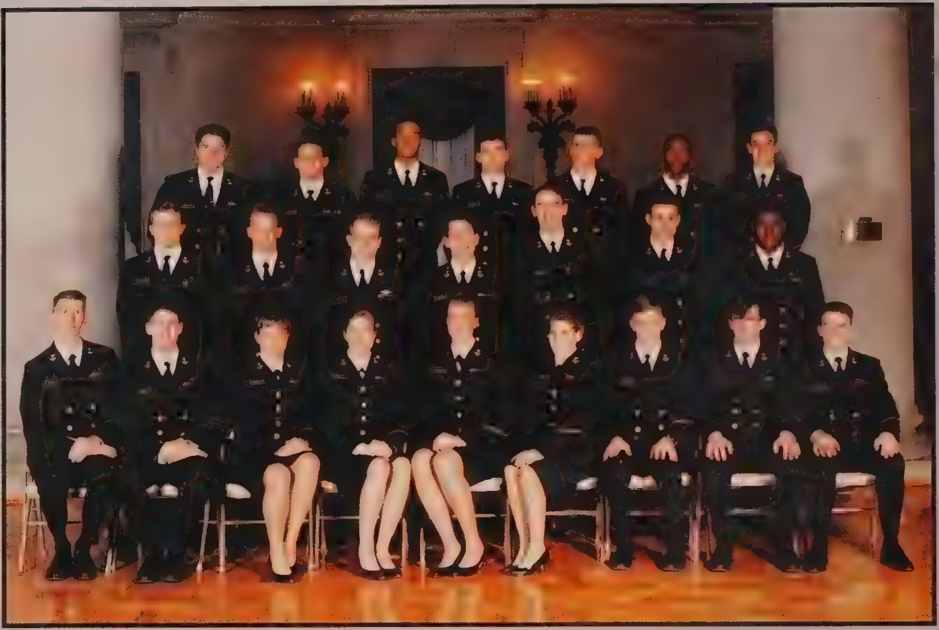
FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Ahmed Williamson, Brad Ligo, Sarah Loverich, Jennifer Mendel, Andrea Myers, Enuchia Herring, Ralph Baja, Adam Musoff, Jason Lamb **MIDDLE ROW**: Scott Hornbuckle, Bryce Whiting, Ed O'Neill, Dave Dermody, Chris Kidd, Dan Gordon, Jason Maurer, Brian DeNeve, Mike Riordan **BACK ROW:** Stephan Sidahmed, Tom Lazo, eoin Dunstan, Jim Christe, Dave Phillippi, Kelly Shekitka, Mark Revor, Mike O'Driscoll



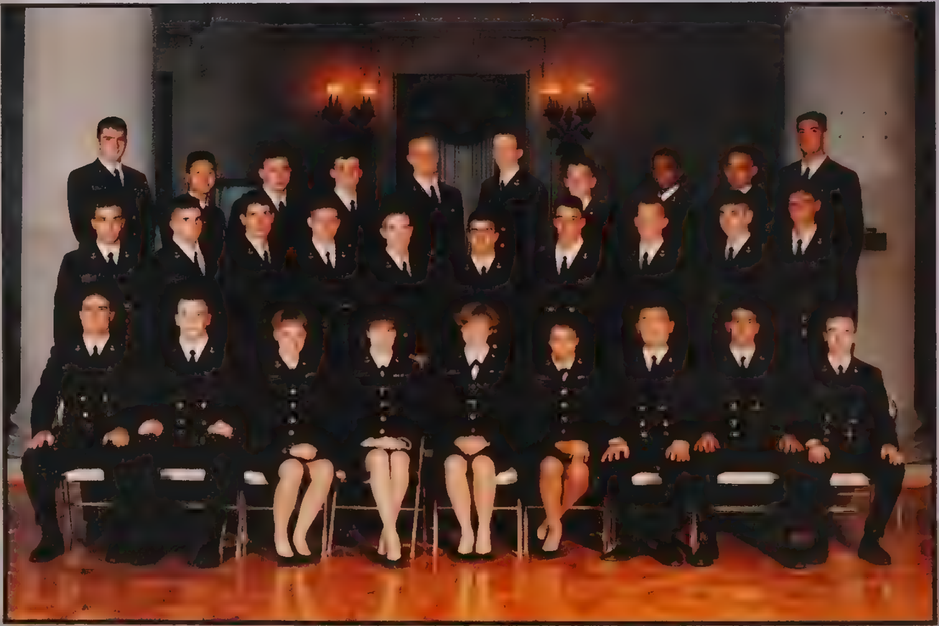
SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Chad Froelich, Ken Grzymalski, Lenny Bridgeforth, Rowena Olson, Kelly Conjelko, Alehta Bryan, Wendy Towle, Dan Herkalo, Ken Ebert **BACK ROW**: Rich Pugh, Chris Inskeep, Geoff Eich, Jon Kirsch, Quinn Fionda, Ron Gibson, Glenn Ziegler, Jose Cobos, Bill Garrett, Mark Nave, John Palazza, Eryan Richards, Ed Watkins

Class of 1995

Class of 1996



THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Steve Higgins, Will Chambers, Kate Standifer, Jen Campbell, Alicia Chiaramonte, Julie Maynard, Rob Gallagher, Brian Banks, Franz Helchinger **MIDDLE ROW:** Cliff Allen, Matt Farr, Dennis, Johnson, Carlos Medina, Mike Gussenhoven, Dan Gomez, Doug Sanders **BACK ROW**: Chris Hoffman, Steve Emerick, Mark Lambert, Joe Agres, Tom Budrejko, Lamar Walker, Brian Applegate



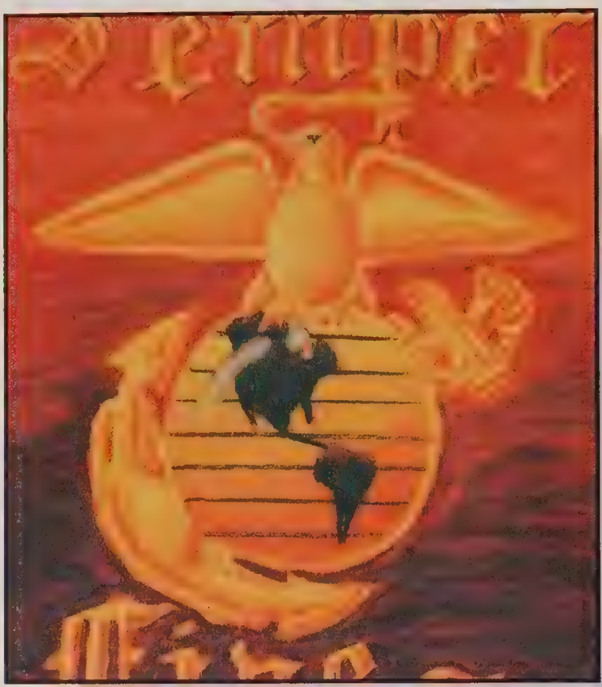
FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): John Spore, Charles Dubik, Tracy Emmerson, Kathleen Mullen, Elizabeth Jenkins, Harold Kim, Renee Gonzales, Gary Brooks **MIDDLE ROW:** Jason Gmeiner, Lucas McConnell, Mark Schumann, David Arning, Larry Post, Bob Green, Mike Williams, Eric Schubert, Dan Turbeville, Tom McLemdre **BACK ROW:** Kyle Gantt, Den Chong, Jim Matheson, Brent Tawney, Sean Opitz, James Drew, Kirk Masterson, Darrell Grant, Steve Nolen, Ryan Perry

Class of 1997

WVU Rugby

3-3-2

FIFTH COMPANY

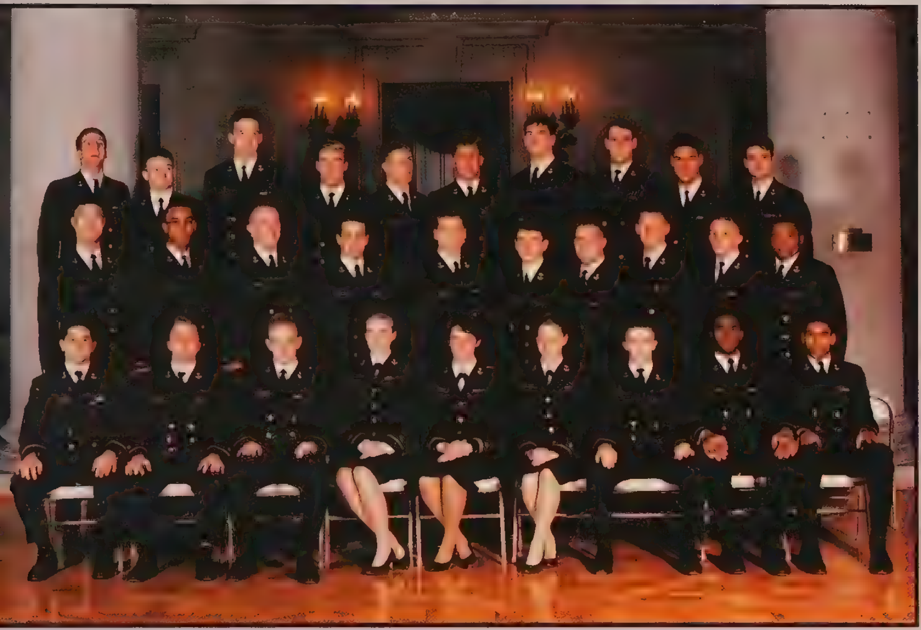


LT J. Beel, USN
5th Company Officer

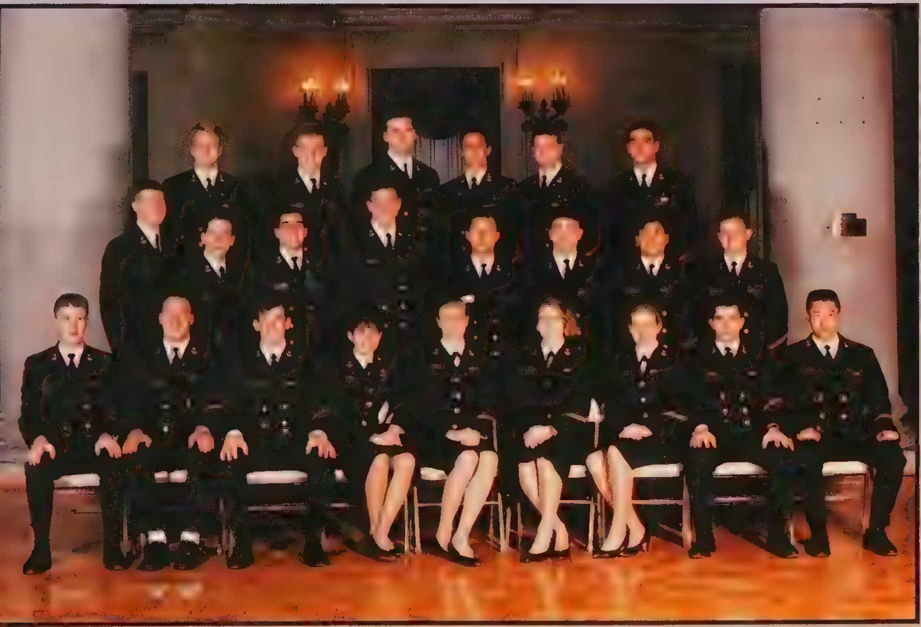
Back Row (L-R) Chris Volk; Anthony Staffieri; Brian Metcalf. Front Row (L-R) Chico Manning; Craig Monroe, Commander; Tim McDougall.

Back Row (L-R) Brian Metcalf; Sinclair Smith. Front Row (L-R) Dana Barnes, Commander; Traci Benjamin.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): T.J. Stafferi, Ben Bierly, Jamie Rakow, Lori Rickert, Traci Benjamin, Jen Lane, Matt Clay, Sinclair Smith, Dana Barnes **MIDDLE ROW:** Leon Hsi, Chico Manning, Craig Monroe, Jamie Slough, Mike Cooper, Gragg Sleppy, Dave Pawlowski, Byron Newell, Jake Bell, Darryl Wilson **BACK ROW:** Clark Sarge, Marvin Carlin, Tim McDougall, Chris Volk, Jeff Wissel, John Seigler, Kevin Havens, Brian Metcalf, Ed Kruk, Justin Jones-Lantzy

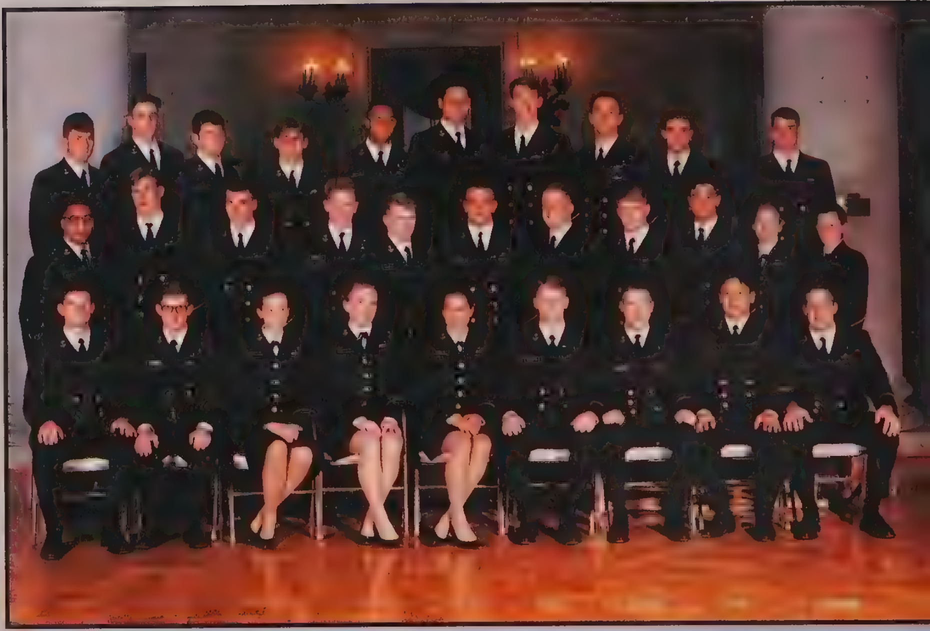


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Mike Erickson, Chris Schmidt, Keith Burney, Mimi Cottrell, Emily Schuette, Emily Harris, Debbie Langheld, Bib Goodwin, Thaveephone Douangaphaivong **MIDDLE ROW:** Kevin Kozak, Mo Curran, Nick Bruno, Carroll Connelly, Young Kwon, Mike Armijo, Ray Rodriguez, Ryan Bruington **BACK ROW:** Kurt Janke, Bob Appleton, Tim Phelps, Jim Shell, Tim Languist

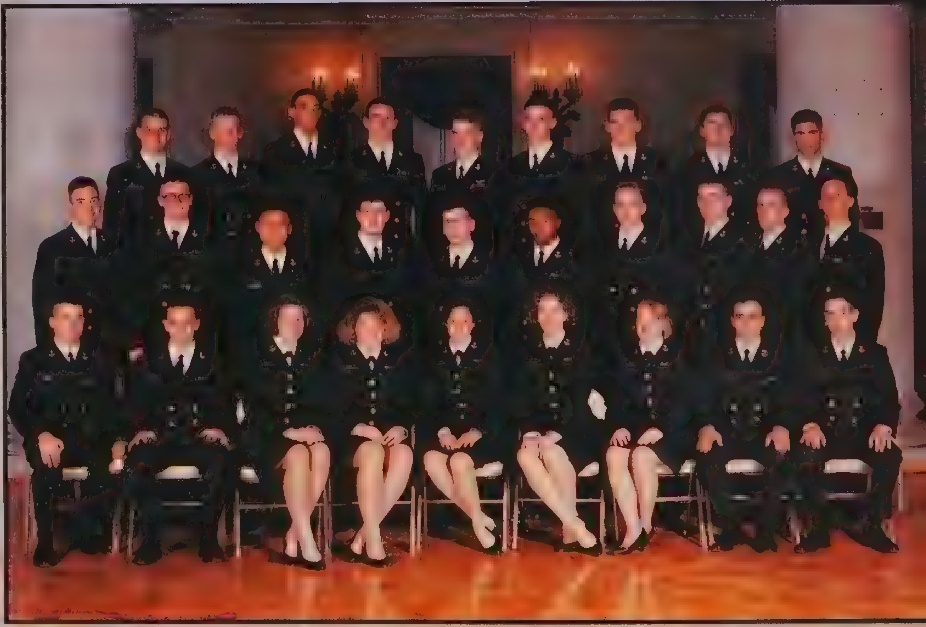
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Jon Schmidtz, Rich Whitlock, Christy Patterson, Jen Greenough, Heidi Svoboda, Dave Snowden, Jason Wood, Bao Vinh, Chris Roberto **MIDDLE ROW:** Anush Collins, Jamie Chitko, Brian Giracca, Ben Pipes, Ed Miller, Anthony Singleton, Mike Barna, Wade Landis, Ryan Dunn, Tiffany Hatfield, Anna Saenz **BACK ROW:** Andrew Hurst, Ken Dolan, Dave Glassman, Dan Dukes, Frank Okata, Jaime Hernandez, Bart Phillips, Mark Kukken, Kitch Kennedy, Brian Smith



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): James Murphy, Jeff Cadman, Andrea Johnson, Darcy Stuart, Lisa Shiroma, Jennifer Poff, Kelly Ann Curran, Carlos Herrera, Leon Nabatoff **MIDDLE ROW:** Chris LeSuer, Colin McGuire, Randy Cruz, Scott McGinnis, Clark Rasco, Donnell Williams, Jerome Pilewski, John Stafford, Todd Retchless, Joe Reniers **BACK ROW:** Keith Harnetiaux, Mark Tripiano, Mike Green, Dave Traugott, Dan Bozung, Isaac Phillips, Steve Salata, John Taylor, John Hanna



Class of 1997

SIXTH COMPANY

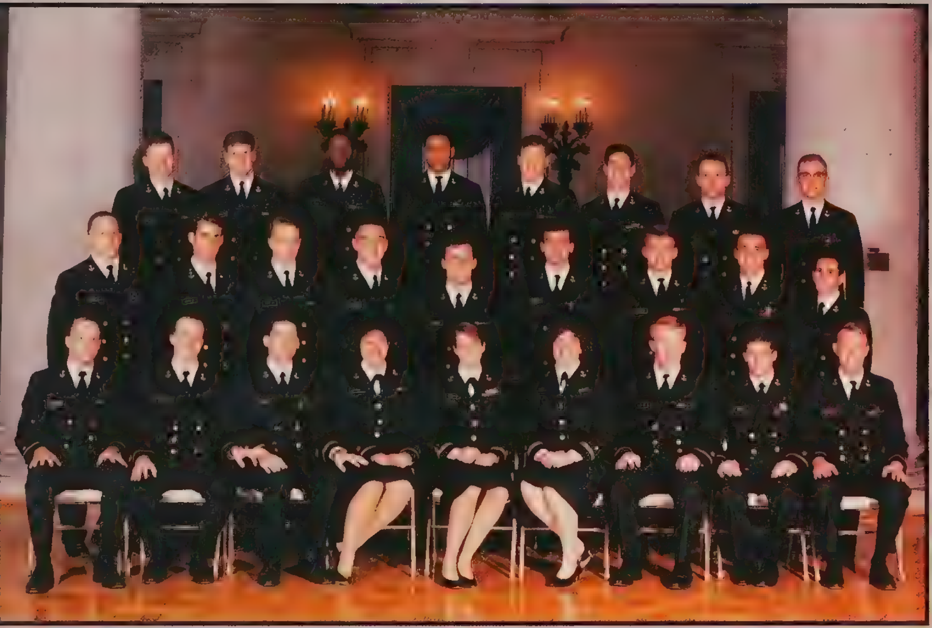
6 MOTEL

LCDR W. N. Nagy, USN
6th Company Officer

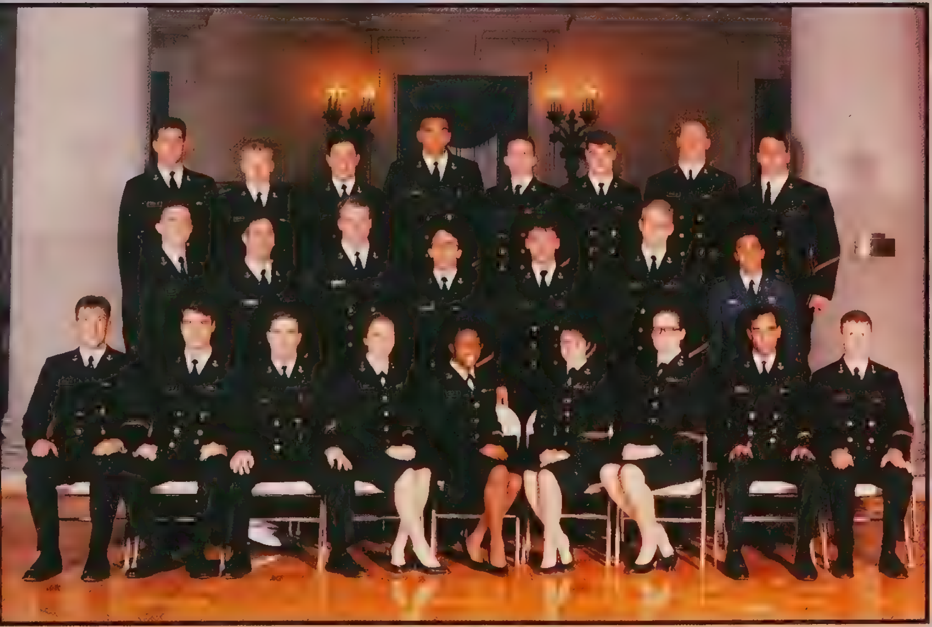
Back Row (L-R) Steven Olivera; Scott Miller. Front Row (L-R) Keith Deerkoski, Commander; Stephanie Henson; Jay Woodruff.

Back Row (L-R) Bernadette Quattrone; Patrick Crais; Brent Blackmer; Christopher Linder. Front Row (L-R) Philip Dwyer, Commander; Jay Woodruff.

Class of 1994



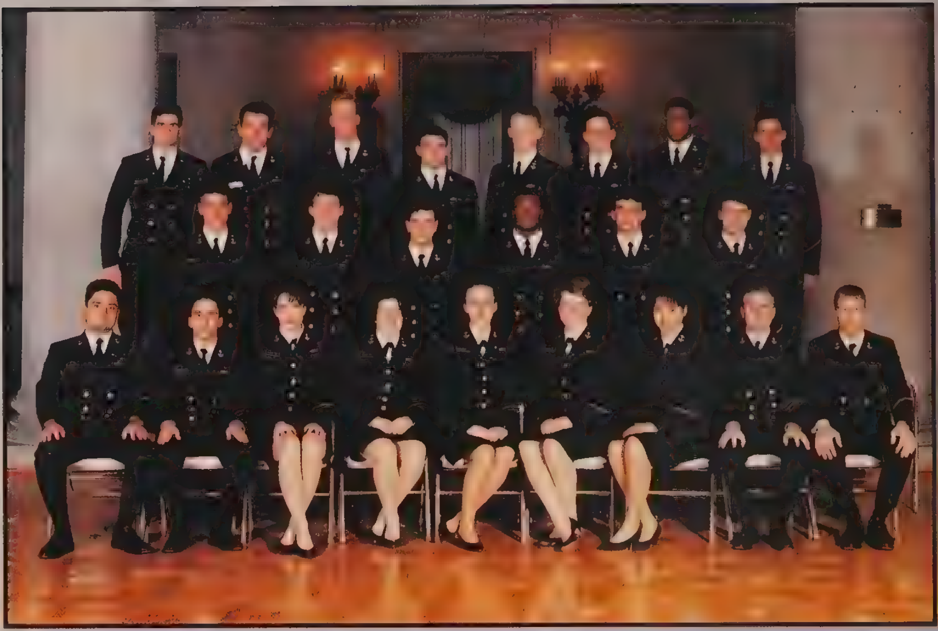
FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Kevin Rowe, Jim MacCaughlin, Mike Rosenberg, Burnadette Quattrone, Alison Thompson, Stephanie Henson, Brent West, Patrick Crais, Victor Argobright **MIDDLE ROW:** Brent Blackmer, Chris Linder, Matt Watt, Eric Arrington, Scott Miller, Kris Moorhead, Jeff Hockett, Peter McArdle, Steve Olivera **BACK ROW:** Keith Deerkoski, Dan Sheridan, Victor Mickel, John Powell, Tim Schulmeister, Jat Woodruff, Jim Brady, Phil Dwyer



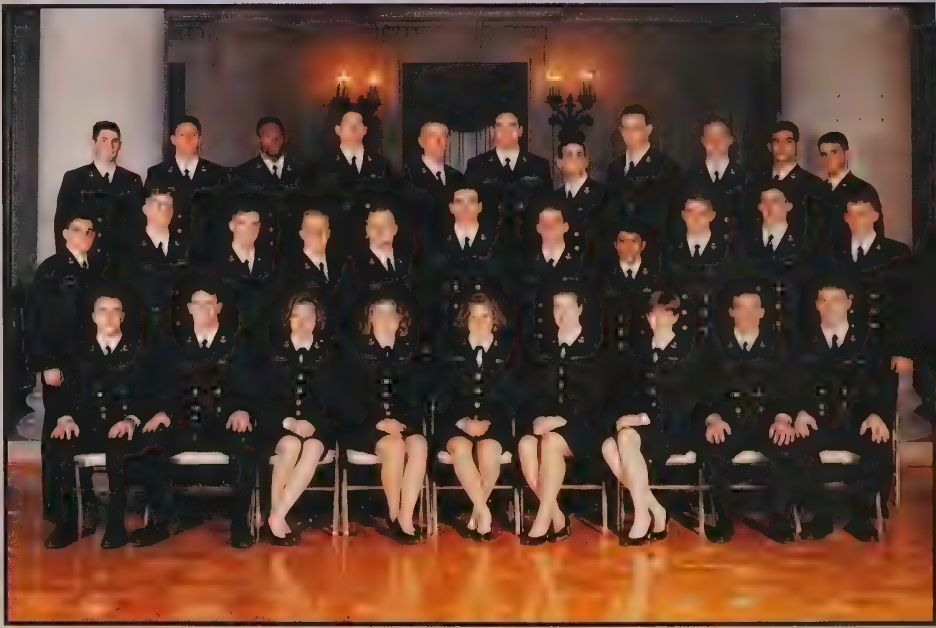
SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Peter Rowell, William Day, Karl Kohler, Camille Garrett, Sonja Knight, Heather Stevens, Nancy Olson, Nauman Rafique, Paul Wingeart **MIDDLE ROW:** John Calvert, David Lozinger, Michael Sheedy, Paul Acquavella, Kurt Kochendarfer, Eric Follestad, Murali Krishan **BACK ROW:** Christopher Bailey, Trevor Estes, Brendan Duffy, Wes Cooper, Willie Schutz, Elliot Clemence, Glenn Schudel, Jason Miller

Class of 1995

Class of 1996



THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Rigoberto Garcia, Kenny Velez, Elaine Gunn, Jennifer Mills, Anne Maginnis, Kathy Schultz, Gena Chung, Ryan Murphy, Mike Higgins **MIDDLE ROW:** Eric Wannamaker, Matthew Clement, Kevin Brown, Marcus Starks, Mike Hebert, Chris Bopp **BACK ROW:** Joe Crandall, Nick Good, Steve Platt, Chad Haskell, Jesse Hilliker, Anthony O'Daniel, Richard Dent, John Lostello



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Thomas Heptig, Sean Burke, Stacey Prescott, Genine Gelbert, Ty Westinghouse, Amy Gardner, Julie Robertson, Adam Adams, Matthew Marcuson **MIDDLE ROW:** Mike Pedberesky, Walter Allman, Brent Ratliff, Ryan Perry, Phil Simpson, David Cuthbert, Gabe McAtee, Mohamed Ibrahim, Jason Gibson, Justin McAnear, Todd Monson **BACK ROW:** Henry Krigbaum, Vic Chistakov, Ray Parker, Leo Asman, John Nordmeyer, Jared Allen, Chris Messineo, Thomas Sweatmsn, Chuck Talley, Speros Koumparakis, Marc Fowler

Class of 1997

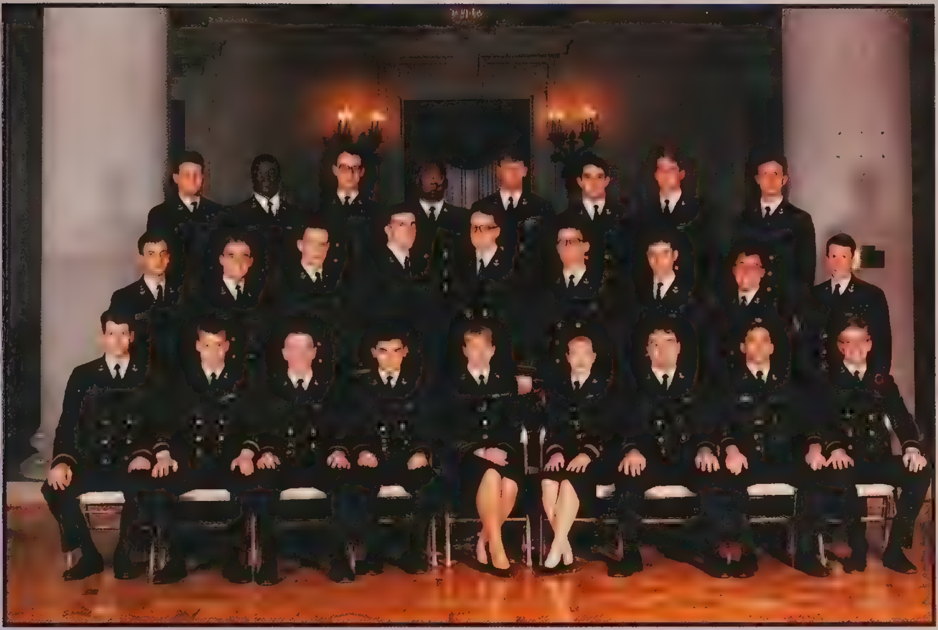
SEVENTH COMPANY

LCDR K. Swan, USN
7th Company Officer

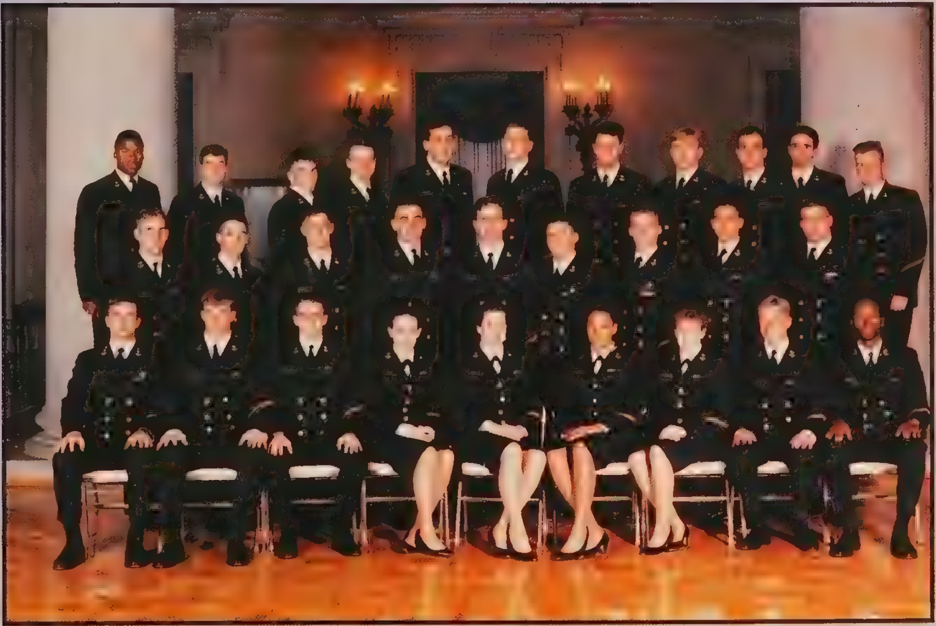
Back Row (L-R) Gerald Burghardt; Chris Bradner; Mark Early. Front Row (L-R) Frank Wiftwer; Mark Schafer, Commander; Stephanie Kogler.

Back Row (L-R) Michael Joens; Curtis Holloway; Russel Crow Front Row (L-R) Kyle Colton, Commander; Christopher Baker.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : M. J. Early, C. D. Baker, F. C. Wittwer, C. H. Yap, L. J. Schule, S. P. Kogler, M. K. Jones, C. J. Howard, K. J. Colton **MIDDLE ROW:** R. A. Crow, C. E. Holiway, B. P. Goldshmidt, M. R. Niedzwiecki, M. W. Bancroft, C. A. Peterson, M. T. Gardner, R. S. Koh, J. M. Reeves **BACK ROW:** C. L. Sweazey, C. Smith, C. L. Bradner, T. G. Criner, K. E. Hartman, J. P. Screen, M. A. Schafer, K. G. Quinn

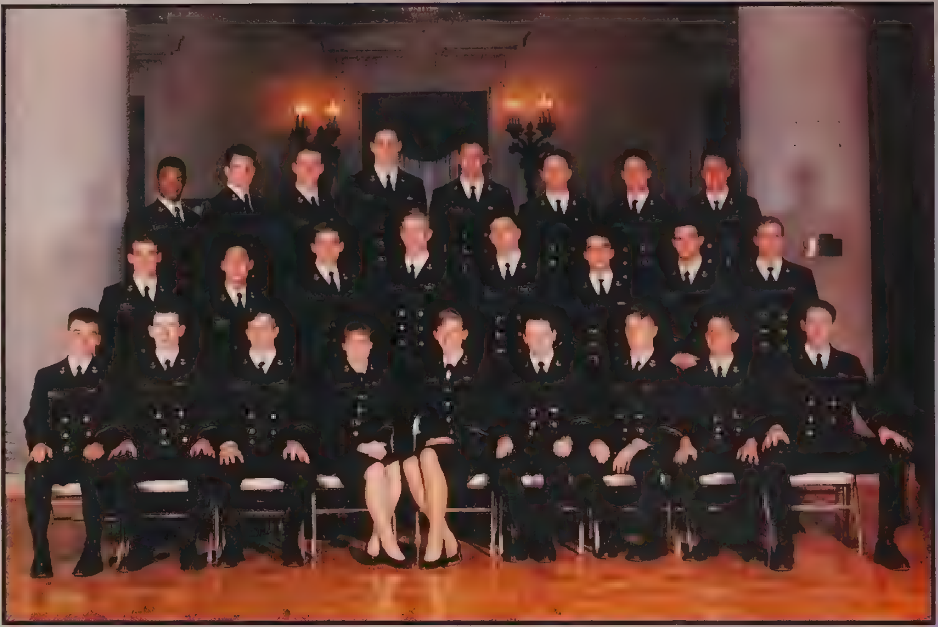


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : K. K. Townsend, J. L. McCullough, C. R. Jones, E. M. Toland, H. H. Dudley, S. E. Mitchell-Smith, A. E. Hutchison, M. A. Such, A. F. Ansari **MIDDLE ROW:** J. R. Hahn, D. E. Burke, C. T. Blocksridge, D. G. Duff, P. M. Chapman, J. M. Sanchez, P. R. Jensen, M. D. Gonzalez, G. L. Guidry **BACK ROW:** A. J. Wallace, D. A. Herman, T. H. Presecan, J. M. Jarski, M. C. Radimer, R. C. Randy, K. W. Wick, K. R. Hanson, R. A. Pelkey

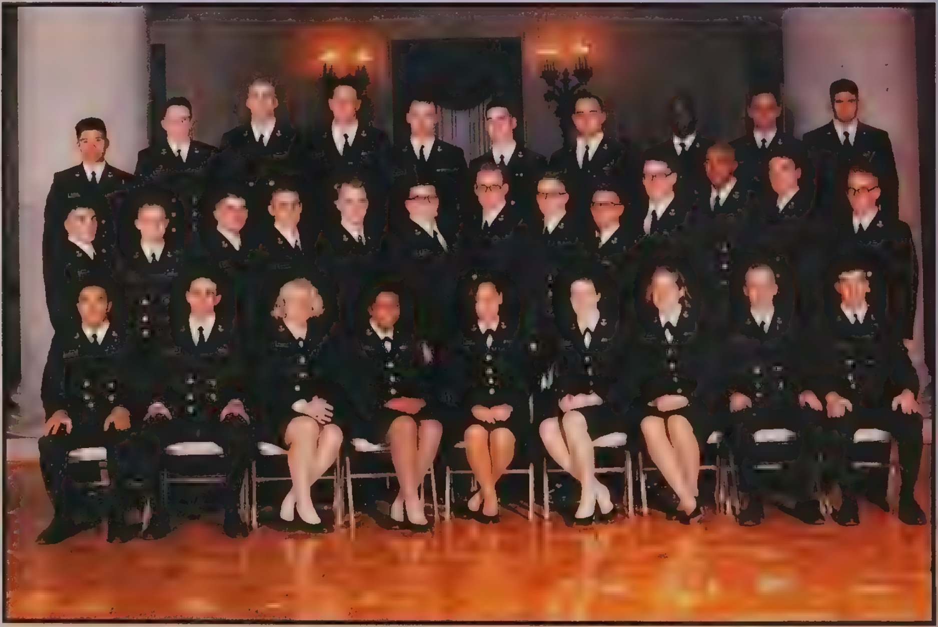
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THRID CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : D. W. Kingsley, D. E. Jordan, M. R. Wohnhaas, W. Fitzgerald, M. C. Vasak, A. S. Muller, T. W. Hayes, E. D. Hoag, S. M. Rich **MIDDLE ROW:** C. L. Fulgham, H. Cao, S. B. Rough, M. A. Scott, M. D. Wrzyszczynski, J. F. Sullivan, M. E. Morera, R. M. Ursery **BACK ROW:** W. L. Carr, A. D. Dorval, M. S. Stucky, I. F. Johnston, D. H. Mauldin, J. E. Willis, M. P. Becker, J. H. Dermody



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW : S. M. Calagus, J. Walsh, M. A. Addison, K. N. Jackson, A. D. Goss, E. L. Schuette, C. E. Grupe, M. E. Silbernagel, D. L. Ricci **MIDDLE ROW:** R. S. Ardolino, F. E. Filler, E. M. Hanks, B. E. Melka, M. T. Jones, A. J. Leveris, G. D. Mendenhall, M. E. Leyman, B. L. Clairmont, D. W. Lark, H. E. Lacy, B. D. Chance, R. T. Morrison **BACK ROW:** R. Yung, W. C. Ferrell, J. W. Mabry, B. B. Montgomery, E. A. Norwalt, C. C. Jason, W. D. Morgan, D. J. Itobi, J. F. Rankin, R. A. Billingsley



Class of 1997

WVU
RPI

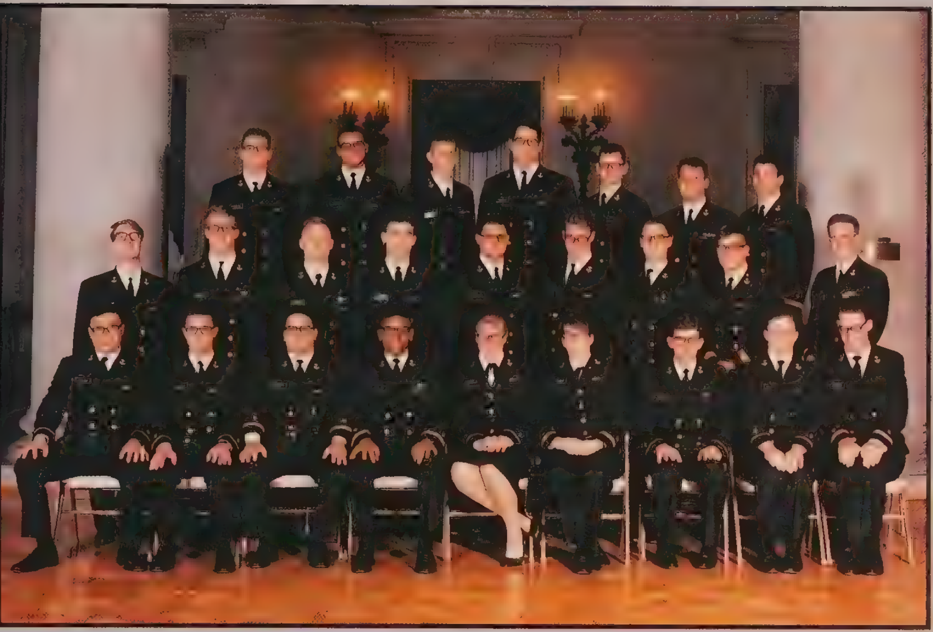
E I G H T H C O M P A N Y

LT. D. P. Alberto, USN
8th Company Officer

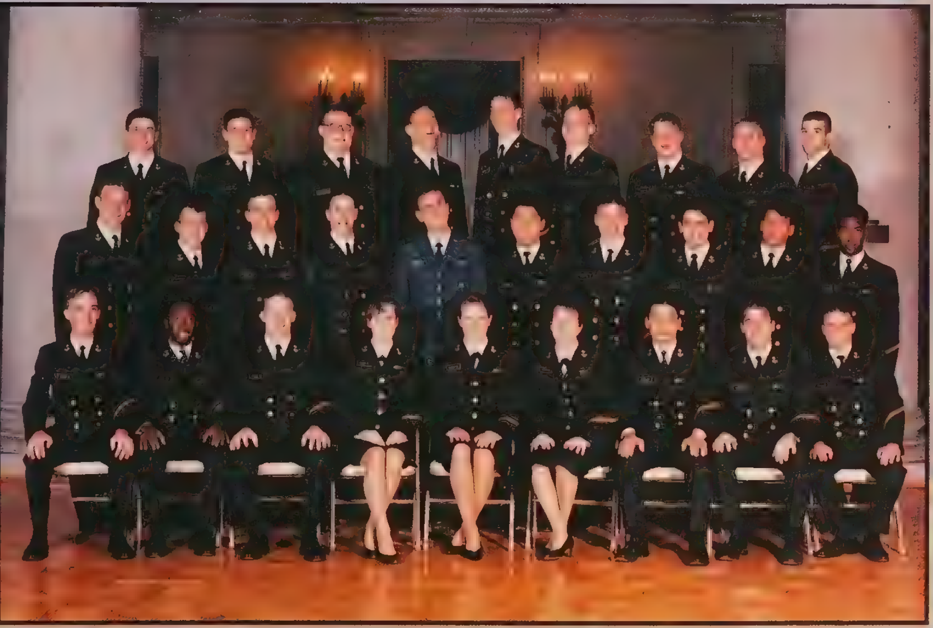
Back Row (L-R) Catherine Morgan; Mike Schnable; David Fowler. Front Row (L-R) Gregory Ezell; Peter Antonacci, Commander; Mason Parker.

Back Row (L-R) Dave Bolduc; Rich Weeden; Paul Stangl. Front Row (L-R) Kevin Jankowski, Commander; Jason Embree.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Chester Hom, Paul Stangl, Ernesto Gamboa, Gregory Ezell, Tara Kalfus, Catherine Morgan, David Garcia, Richard Weeden, Cristopher Hannan **MIDDLE ROW:** Michael Schnable, Kevin Jankowski, Roy Bartkovak, Leland Lutz, David Bolduc, Goddard Hampton, Jason Embree, Mark Raybeck, David Cox **BACK ROW:** Mason Parker, Kent Terrell, Anthony Miller, Geoffrey McDaniel, David Fowler, Cristopher Fisher, Peter Antonacci

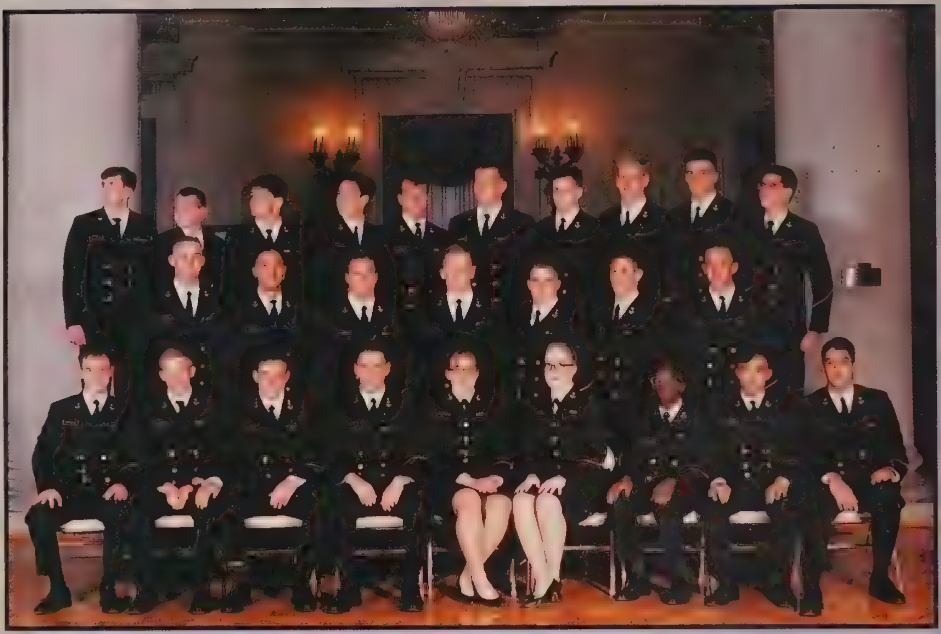


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : James Sievert, Christopher Kirk, Eric Gates, Kathleen Dunne, Amy Baranski, Elizabeth Jamison, John Duenas, Kyle Durand, Michel Santos **MIDDLE ROW:** Michael Davis, Jimmy Lewis, Brannen McElmurray, Sidney Park, Michael Anderson, Noel Curpus, Brian Peck, Jonathan Garcia, Jose Cabrera, Mark Williamson **BACK ROW:** Paul Thiry, Cristopher Reaghard, James Bates, Kyle Murray, Brian Kurzeja, Raymond Lipsky, Leslie Mansfield, Douglas Zembiec

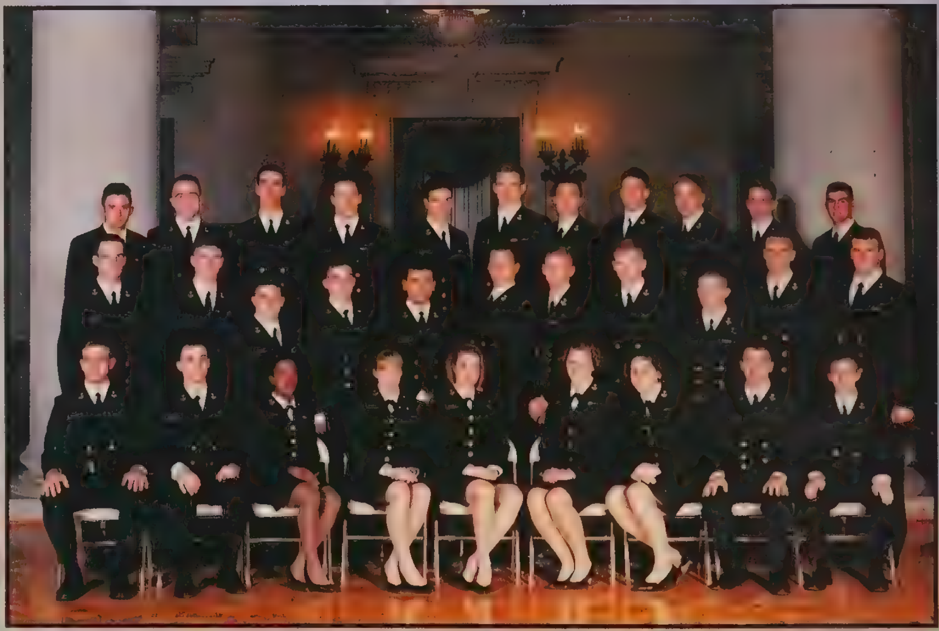
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

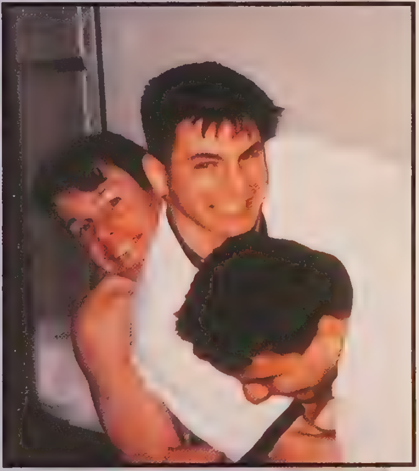
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Shawn Bohrer, Ian Schuster, John Ager, Jeffery Hart, Jennifer Goddard, Jenn Kidd, Tavin Green, Daniel Salvatierra, Isel Caro **MIDDLE ROW:** Leo Fitzharris, Juan Rodarte, John Williamson, John Lydon, Atrhur Kear, Ian Thompson, Toby Moore **BACK ROW:** Geoffrey Walker, Samuel DeCastro, Keith Alfieri, Charles Grant, Christopher Wynn, William Pennington, Daniel Hayes, Marc Germassmer, Brad Snodgrass, Michael Beckette



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Shane Tull, Jeremy Chapman, Trishette Hall, Jennifer Fraser, Karri Zaremba, Jolene Grove, Rita Pope, David Ausiello, Richard Pleasants **MIDDLE ROW:** Keith Powell, Cristopher Cox, Alexander Garcia, Joel Randolph, Motez Kamel, Arthur Hodge, Cristopher Childs, Todd Zenner, Shawn Grunwell, Michael Wolner, Jeffrey Smith **TOP ROW:** Albert Seeman, Mark Burns, Andrew Brown, Michael Ruth, Kristian Marquez, Bradley McNary, Brian Wiechowski, Paul Will, John Bancroft, Benjamin Aton, Joseph Buczkowski



Class of 1997



NINTH COMPANY

They can scatter us into the winds --
but they can't quiet our thunder!

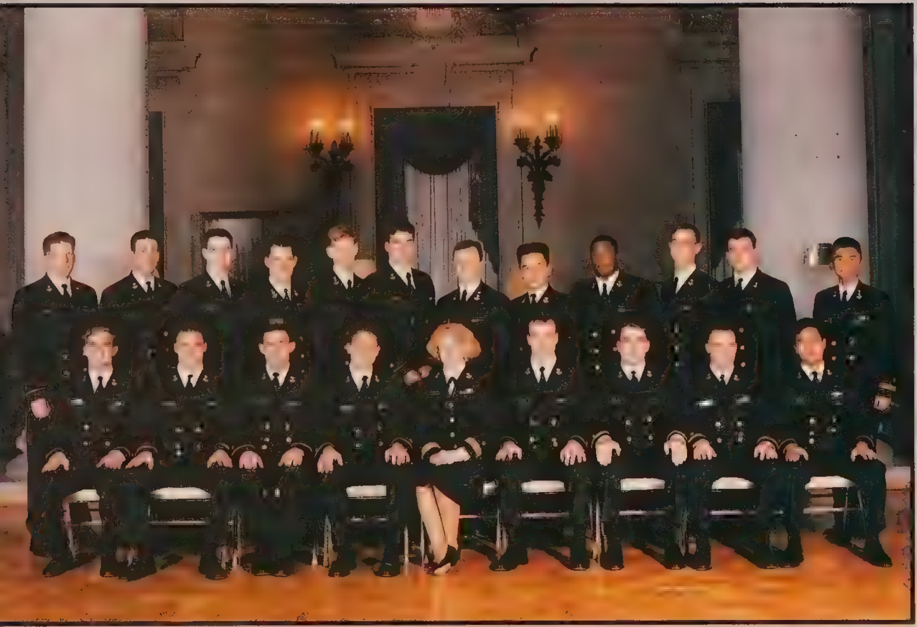
LONG LIVE CLOUD NINE!

Maj. L. B. Watson, USMC
9th Company Officer

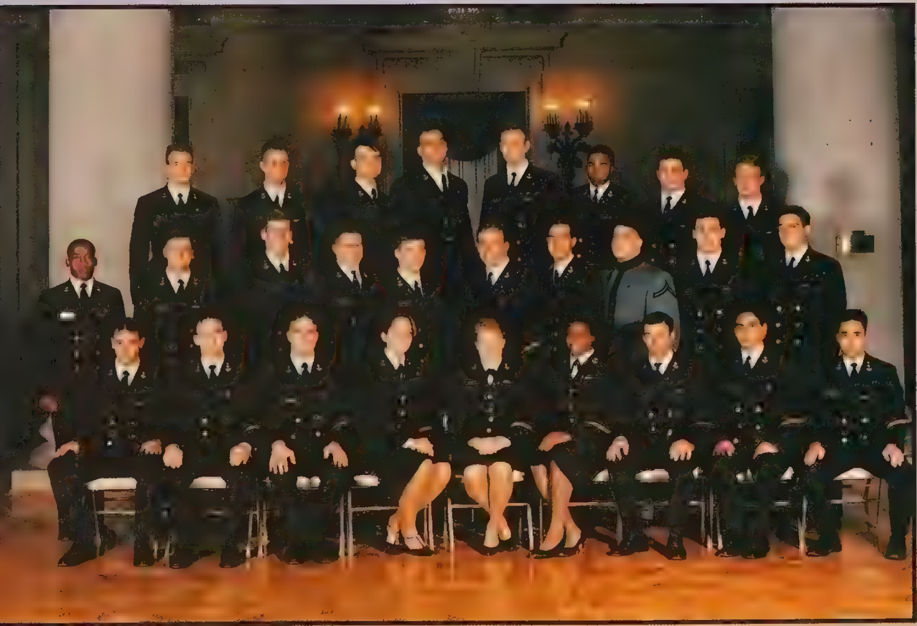
Back Row (L-R) David Ruppert, Patrick Growney; Julie Treanor Front Row (L-R) William Gotten; Jason Abell, Commander; Brian Bruggeman.

Back Row (L-R) Ray Rivera; Ian Thomas; Rick Valerga. Front Row (L-R) Steve Daczkowski, Commander; Matthew Kirby.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS FRONT ROW (l to r): Matthew Kirby, Brian Bruggeman, Jeffrey Symons, Brett Lessmann, Kyra Prawlocki, Matthew Edwards, Andrew Abell, David Ruppert, Raymond Rivera **BACK ROW:** Steven Daczkowski, Brent Beach, Ian Thomas, William Gotten, Douglas Lof, Todd Ellsworth, Rick Valerga, Vincente Garcia, Marcus Lee, Patrick Growney, John Peterson, Arnold Alqueza



SECOND CLASS FRONT ROW (l to r): Patrick Difillipo, Arnold Kiefer, Roberto Martinez, Katherine Schullian, Sara Santoski, Angelique Cary, Stephen Karson, Javier Hernandez, Polgeorge Mijares **MIDDLE ROW:** Carl Briley, Brian Fitzpatrick, Douglas Halter, Stephen Acosta, Henry Stephenson, David Petersen, Ethan Nuenschwander, Robert Coogan, Matthew Jerbi **BACK ROW:** Craig Clemans, John Rudolfs, Robert Fontenot, Kevin Hickman, Brigand Kline, Anton Orr, William Coleman, Edward Kinsella

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Stephen Haverlah, Carlos Montgomery, Jason Nunez, Sharon Eliassen, Tonya Barz, Annika Moman, Robin Kane, James Lawson, Troy Garwood **MIDDLE ROW:** Eric Kellum, Laurent Hayward, Sean Gallagher, Matthew Cristo, John Ferri, Carl Lucas, James Masterson, Russel Evans, Brian Schrum, Andrew Lodge **BACK ROW:** Chris Casltleman, William Wilhelm, James Dunbar, John Nimmons, Trevor Sterry, Robert Gomez, Grahame Dicks, Brian Ellison, Christopher Young, Michael Cornelius

FOURTH CLASS FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Vaas, Matthew Matthias, Thomas Wagner, Rhonda Leverett, Jennelle Holtz, Kerry Cummings, Glenn Hanks, Earl Goad, Christopher Perkins **MIDDLE ROW:** Jeremy Henrich, Darren Womacks, Robert Spath, Robert Armbrester, John Bright, Jon Voigtlander, Stephen Everage, Jeffery Walker **BACK ROW:** William Scott, Domitilo Pastorin, Joseph Chopek, Travis Wells, Kevin Martin, James Richardson, Adam Krysiewicz, Michael Berry, William Barrie

Class of 1997

TENTH COMPANY

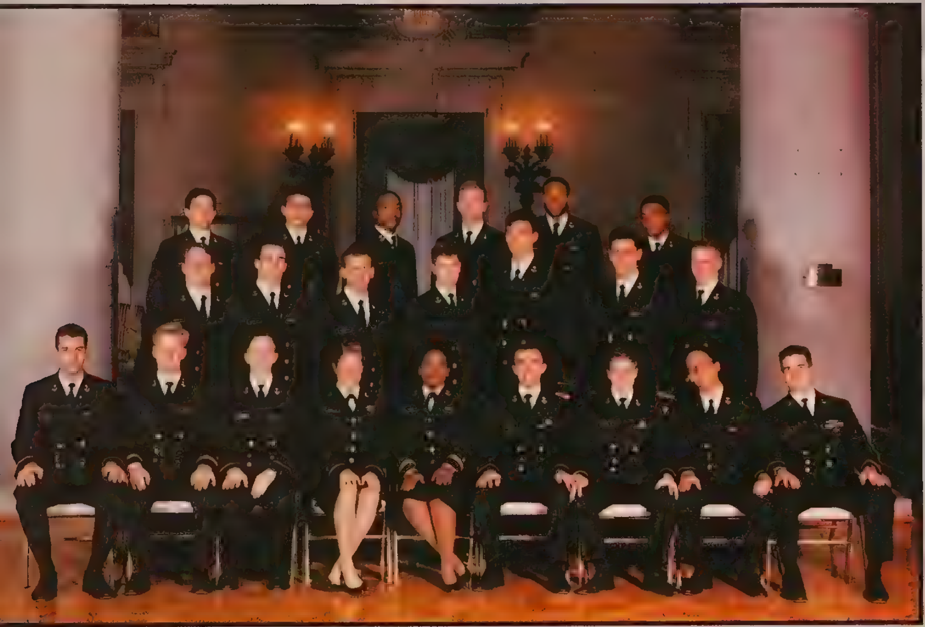
TOO FUN
NAVAL

LCDR W. Petty, USN
10th Company Officer

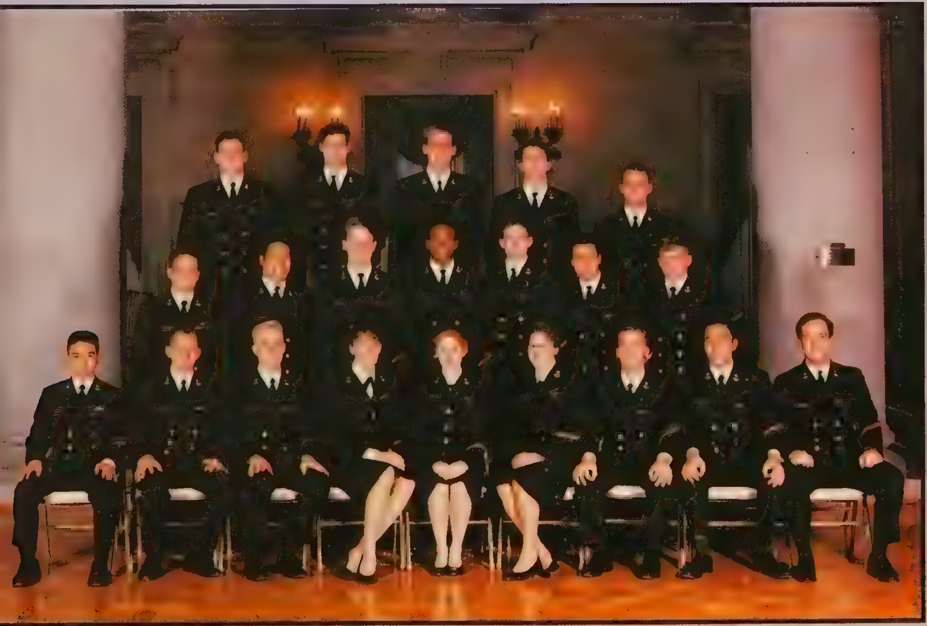
Back Row (L-R) James Morgan; Paul Peverly. Front Row (L-R) Robert Gentry; Sean Clark, Commander; Robert Wirth.

Back Row (L-R) Edward Ferguson; Paul Peverly. Front Row (L-R) Robert Wirth, Commander; Harold DuBois.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Dave Greenwood, James Morgan, Den Davis, Karyn Sandell, Desa Burton, Dave Smith, Hal Dubois, Shane Correa, Pete Barbor **MIDDLE ROW**: Jimmy Bishop, Sean Clark, Tim Renda, Travis Greene, Paul Peverly, Heath Dewitz, John Salmon **BACK ROW:** Fitz Gentry, Shenandoah Sanchez, Garret Jones, Bob Wirth, Ted Furguson, Robert Broadus

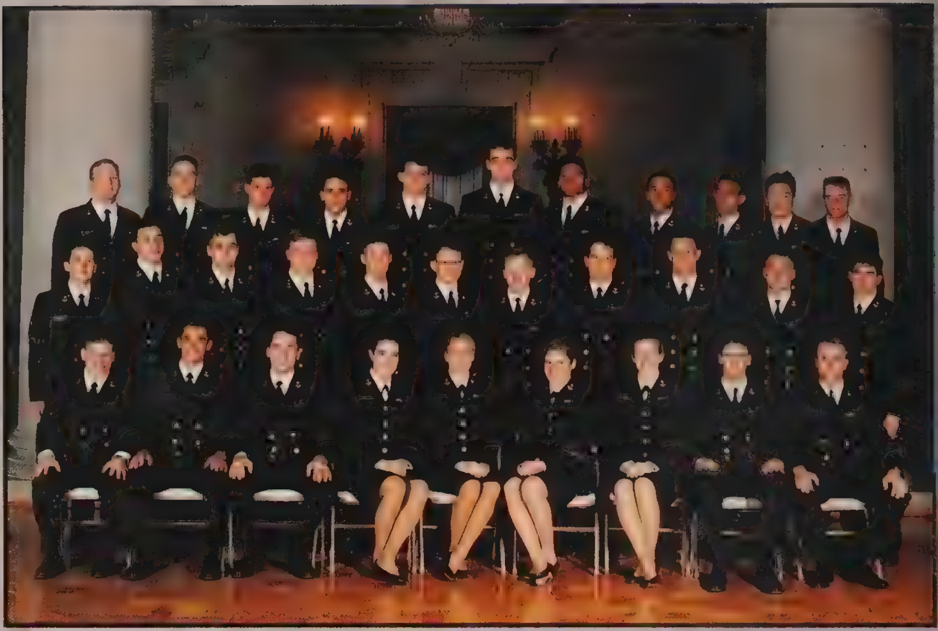


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Alex Salunga, Scott Luers, Rich Cochrane, Tiffany Williams, Krystin Murphy, Joe Girard, Jake Daystar, Jarrett Milsaps **MIDDLE ROW**: Russ Maynard, Denn Esanola, Paul Croci, Alvin Payne, Mike Chesterman, Dave Cisneros, Mike Roche **BACK ROW:** Andy Thomas, Brad Jackson, Brian Schultz, Mike Merideth, Doug Blackburn

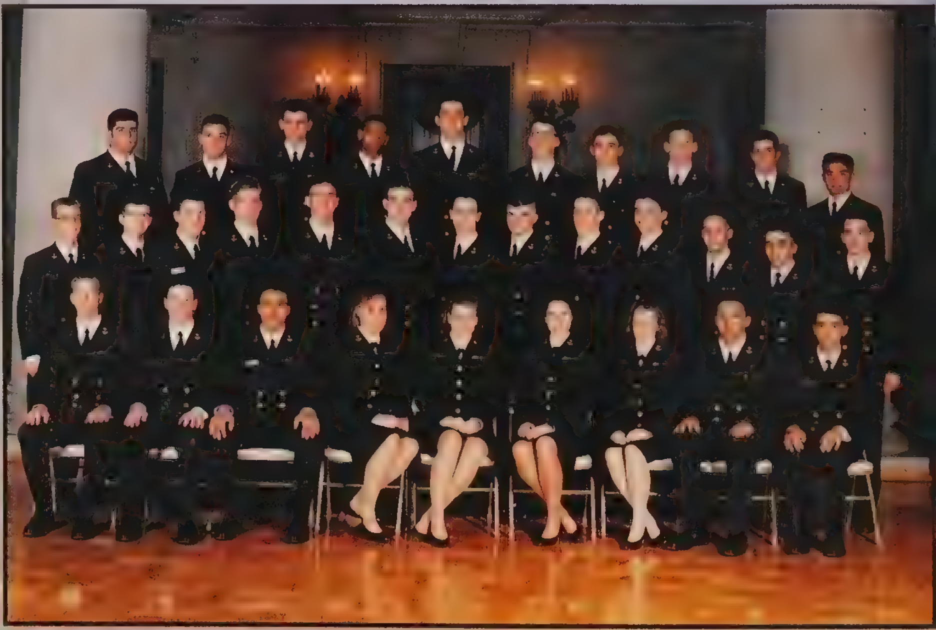
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Craig Brown, R.D. Burley, Brett Peeling, Holly Boren, Terri Fussner, Jill Perehinec, Jen Merrill, Ed Chandler, Paul Weide **MIDDLE ROW**: William Musser, Britt Colombo, Jed Conaster, Doug Moorehead, Jeff Grant, James Stobie, Mark Adams, Bill Breckenridge, Andy McNulty, Ryan Cech, Rob Holmes **BACK ROW:** Mike Gibson, Paul Kress, Josh Price, Jesus Torres, Eric Gardner, Anthony Bilotti, Walt Coley, John Wellington, Darius Carreon, David Loo, Tom Hood



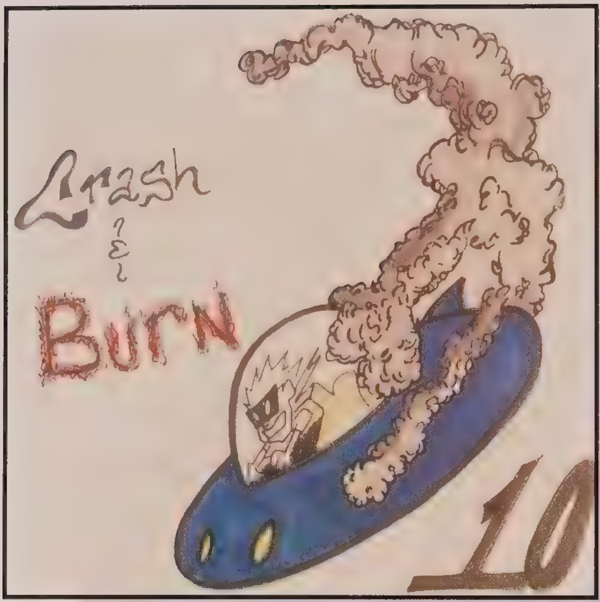
FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Loeffler, Glenn Todd, Jonathan Bradley, Christy Pope, Natalie Caruso, Mariangel Ibarra, Sharon Poole, Bernardo Guana, Hassachai Mangkang **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Russ, David Wolynski, Abe Younce, John Bruzza, Aaron Shelley, Lawrence Earney, John Tinning, Jason Smalley, Michael McGreevy, James Murphy, John Braddock, C. Sammarro, Andrew Richards **BACK ROW:** Gregory Schweitzer, Paul Datka, Johnathan Kaltwasser, Jaja Marshall, Theodore Purnell, Paul Dee, Paul Felini, Bradley Barr, David Beebe, Rommel Salgado



Class of 1997

AVY

E L E V E N T H C O M P A N Y



LT. A. Hermann, USN
11th Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Bryan Haas; Paul Trudell. Front Row (L-R) Ed Rizo; John Ross, Commander; Brad Cougher, Guest.

(L-R) James Hollingsworth, Commander; Armando Ramirez, Lawrence Meehan.

Class of 1994

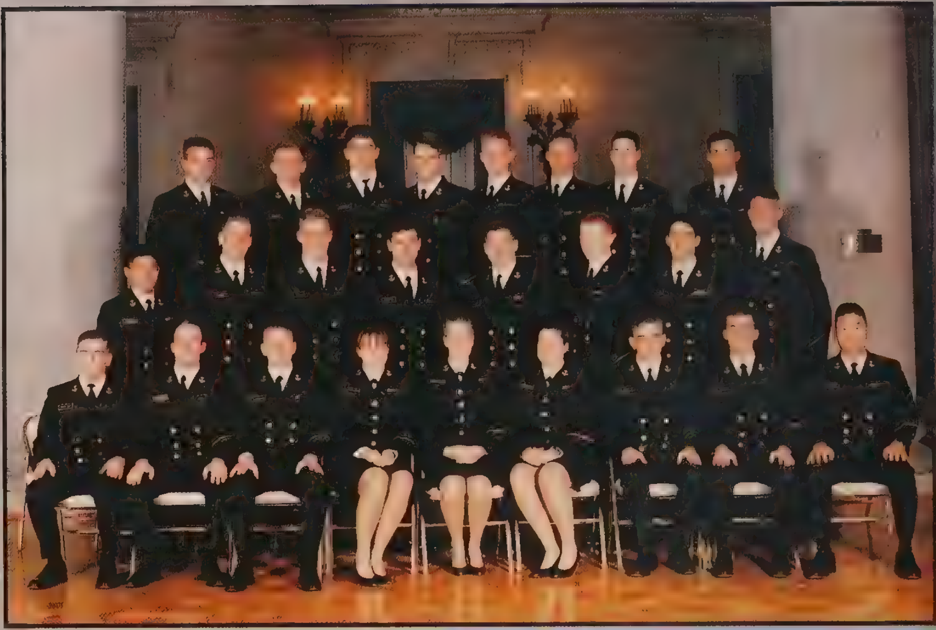
FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : E. Rizo, E. Lotterhos, A. Williams, C. Labacinski, R. Delhierro, L. Herath, J. Swanski, J. Nefflen, M. Ramirez **MIDDLE ROW**: S. Vogt, J. Ross, B. Hass, R. Merrill, D. Maxwell, M. Mattis, C. Evans, J. Hollingsworth, C. Smith, P. Alqoso, B. Buring **BACK ROW**: C. Farwick, P. Trudell, B. Hoffer, S. Cronin, L. Meehan, J. Martin, M. Garza, J. McIntosh, J. Salata, T. Zirkle

SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : G. Miller, J. Bernard, C. Basham, M. Winkle, T. Valdez, R. Herrera. V. Hare, R. Samuelson, D. Armstrong **MIDDLE ROW:** J. Mooreman, G. Hawkinson, F. Santana, W. Taff, D. Holman, P. Wagner, F. Lippert, W. Busby **BACK ROW:** c. Whittinghill, C. Burchill, B. Rothenbach,M. Lambert, J. Sexton, K. Peter, B. Austen, A. Chapman, M. Harper

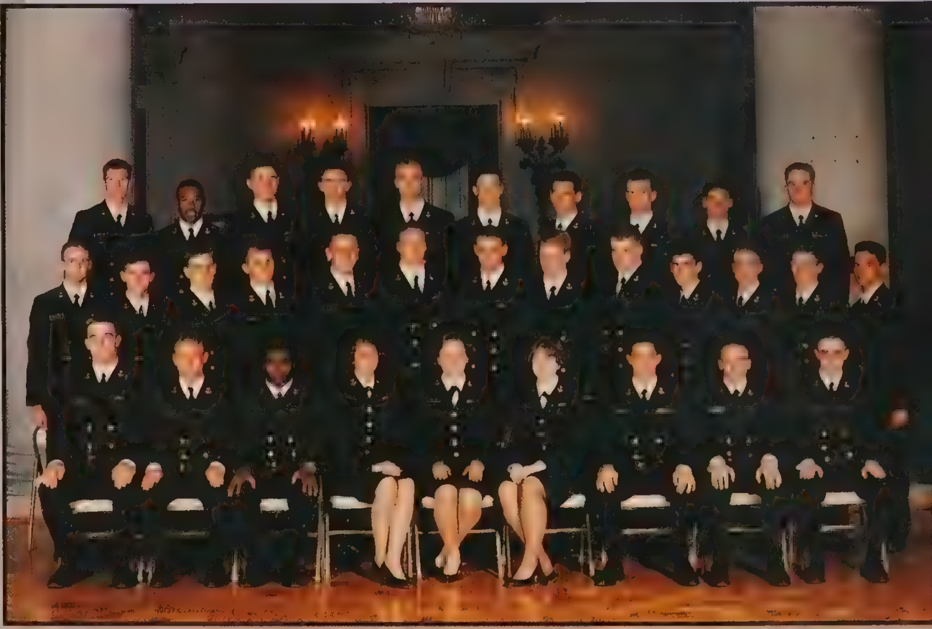
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r) : T. Baot, M. Anderson, J. Ellengson, M.Pratt, D. Corcoran, C. Speedling, E. Adame, D. Wallace, D. Park **MIDDLE ROW:** N. Galendez c. Bollmann, C. Sutton, H. Knight, M. Collins, J. Brandt, E. Bart, A. Dummock **BACK ROW:** M. Stiffler, J. Jenkins, J. Galdierr, J. Stiedle, M. Lanqbehn, M. Hanson, P. Hansen, J. Bahr



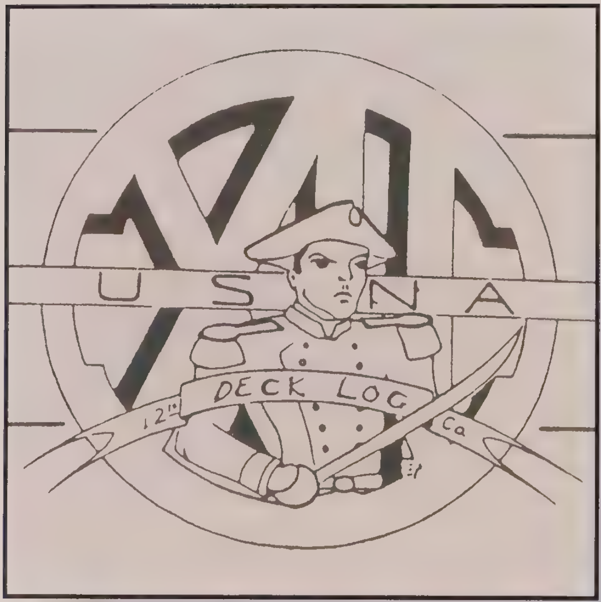
FOURTH CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r) : C. Benson, R. Zaletski, W. Smith, J. Black, K. Hill, J. Friend J. Rideout, M. Doughty **MIDDLE ROW:** D. Johnson, C. Burkhart, B. Burns, D. Lundahl, E. Pugh, S. Grout, C. Brown, J. Alton, S. Mcleod, T. Dye, T. Brown, C. Irwin, J. Muniz **BACK ROW**: R. Tink, E. Kidd, T. Catuogn, S. Foss, J. Wiedenhoffer, R. Phillips, D. Tovar, G. Sloan, B. Stevenson, S. Bryant



Class of 1997

NAV

TWELFTH COMPANY

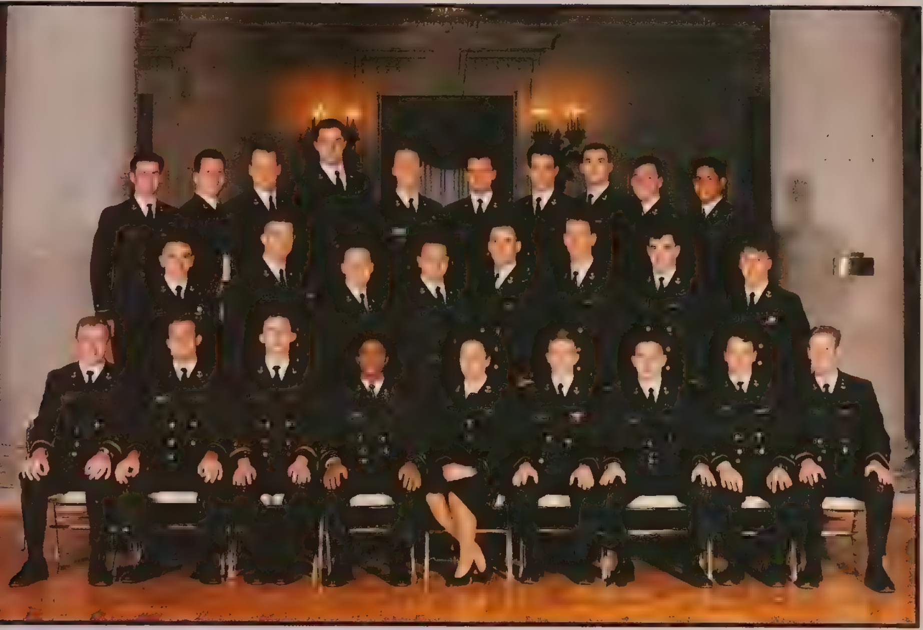


LCDR D. Lewellyn, USN
12th Company Officer

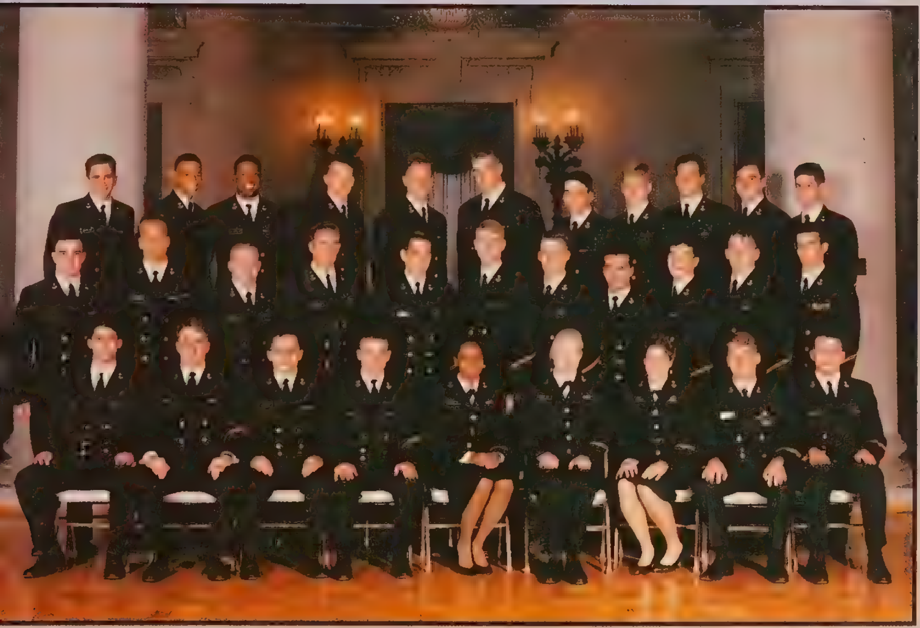
Back Row (L-R) James Gullion; William Pharis. Front Row (L-R) Matthew Hartkop; Patrick Hooper, Commander; Sean McKamey.

Back Row (L-R) Douglas Dyson; Edward Sinos. Front Row (L-R) Matthew Hartkop, Commander; William Tansey.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Mike Gullion, Sean McKamey, Craig Newton, David Owens, Raissa Wilson, Doug Dyson, Wilwwiam Pharis, Bob Falk, Matt Hartkop **MIDDLE ROW:** Mike Luckett, Jason Walker, Bill Tansey, Ramzey Ayachi, James Petit, Jim Spolyar, John Allcor, Joey Frontzen **BACK ROW:** Greg Mcconnell, Bill Murphy, Patrick Hooper, Brad Cougher, Brandon Hammond,Kevin Johnson, Matt Paschal, Stan Duplaga, Ed Sirios

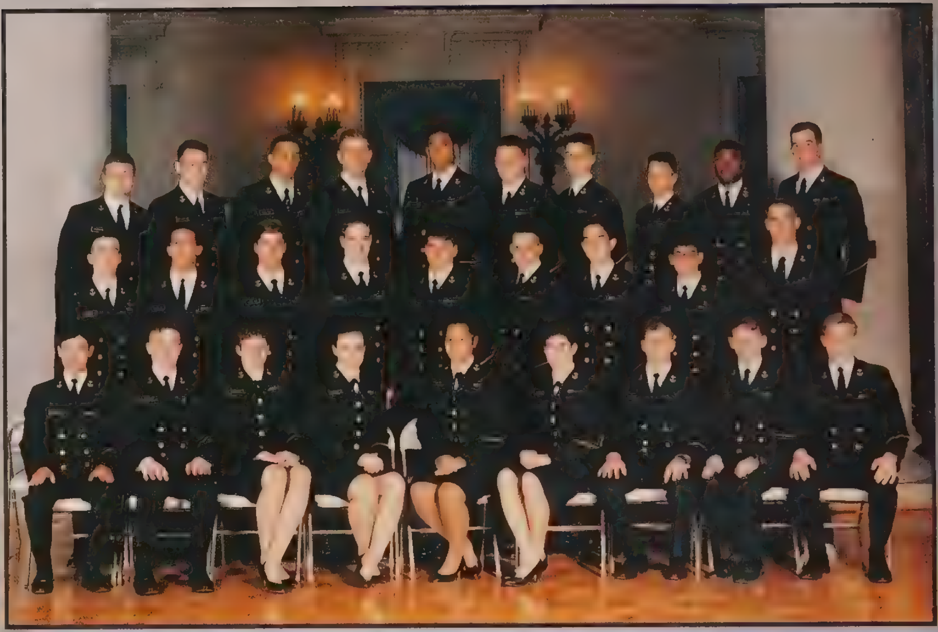


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Ray Albarado, Heath Epaloose, Dave Trujillo, Greg Jones, Pam Dozier, Julie Lompa, Amy Beaumann, Andrew Ledford, Jason Stripinis **MIDDLE ROW:** Paul Judge, Pete Lashomb, Jason Burkholder, Jim Butler, Pat Thien, Brian Harbison, Ryan Cox, Khaled Aboul-Seoud, Brian White, George Kesler, Grayson Morgan **BACK ROW:** Dan Jurta, Ken Leak, Joe Smith, Sam Scafe, Adam Kijek, J.J. Leonard, Mark Mattox, Bob Sites, Mike Kirwan, Stan Duplaga, Derin Espindle

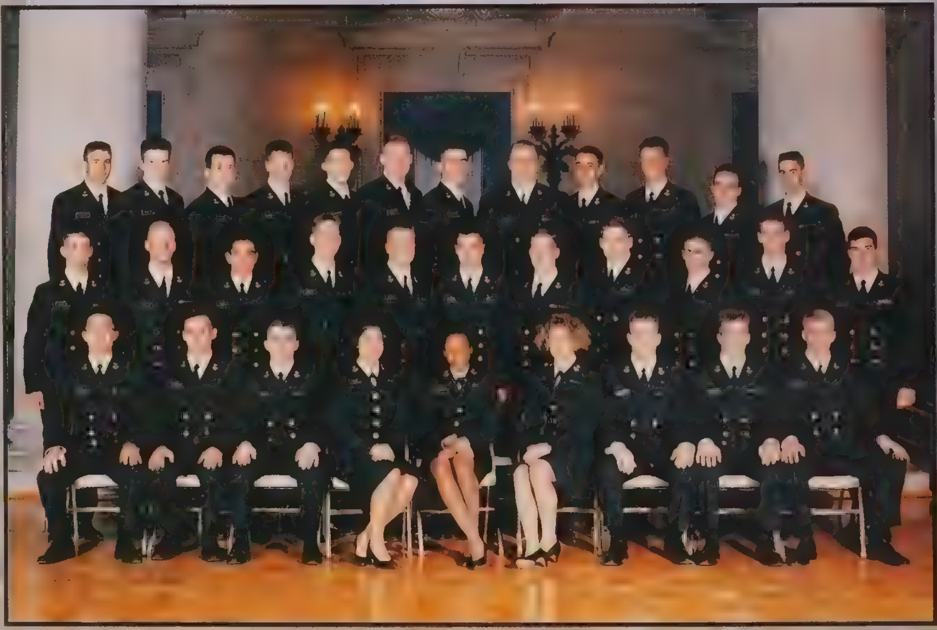
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : Pasit Somboonpakron, Stephen Painter, Shelly Loustaunau, Megan Gerstenfeld, Jennifer Tica, Cindy Duggan, Dan McKaughan, Greg Santell, Kyle Smoot **MIDDLE ROW:** Chuck Fernandez, Mike Glova, Rob Hall, Mickey Brons, Nick Cromwell, Jose Arce, Jamie Valdivia, Chris Abraham, Mark Kerber **BACK ROW:** Jason Gardner, Jim Phillips, Myles Gill, Jared Marsh, Kicon Eaton, Mike Billok, Patrick Shearon, Ryan Stone, Paul Deveraux, Matt Ranz



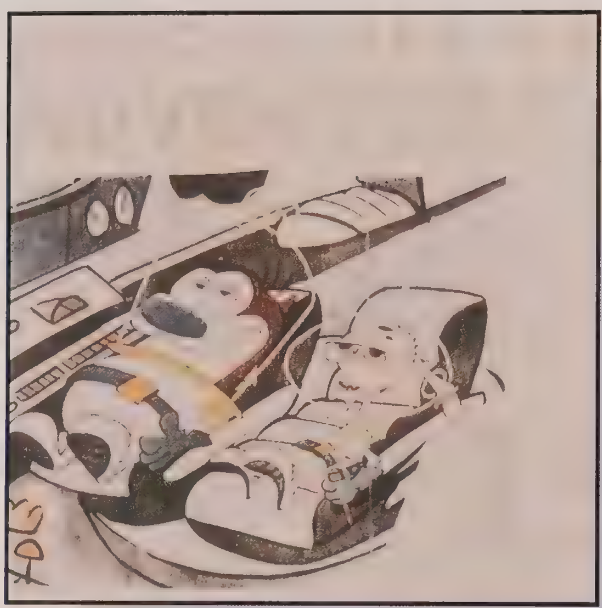
FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r) : John Yi, David Fields, Colby Ritter, Jamie Parker, Tamara Allen, Julie Gill, Tyler, Ladre, Mike Hollenbach **MIDDLE ROW:** Mitchell Greene, Lloyd Smith, alex Mabini, Andrew Dittmer, Carl Wharton, Leon Ingleright, Ted Johnson, Ben Phelps, Wade Deliberto, Mark Westmoreland, George Hartwell **BACK ROW:** James Watson, Charles Case, Bill Murphy, Andrew Kleeman, Matt Frauenzimmer, Neil Brooks, Chris Harrrey, Brandon Morris, Brandon Schirg, Joe Thompson, Dale Gregory, Patrick McCormick



Class of 1997

GO
GO NAVY
NAVY

THIRTEENTH COMPANY

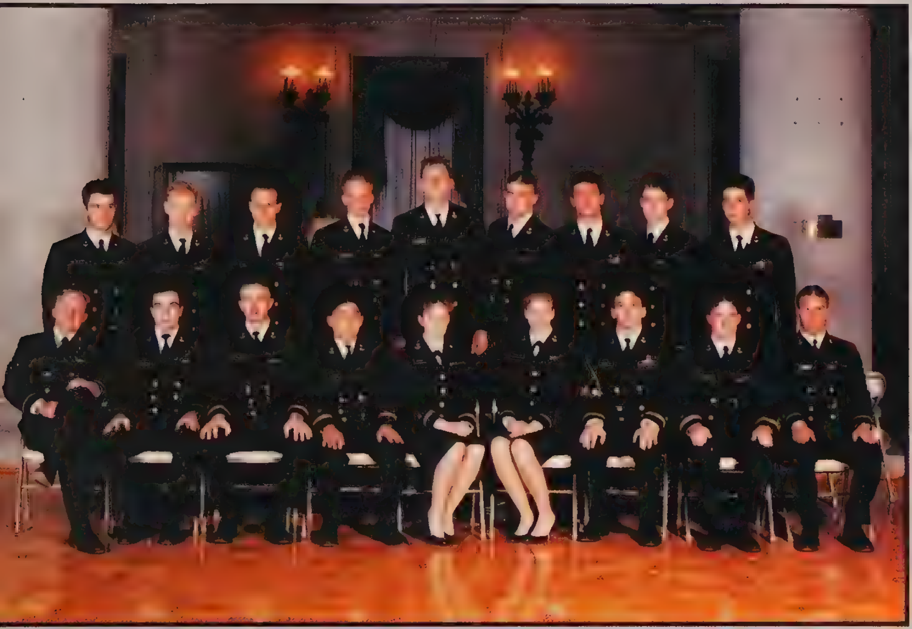


LCDR T. Malone, USN
13th Company Officer

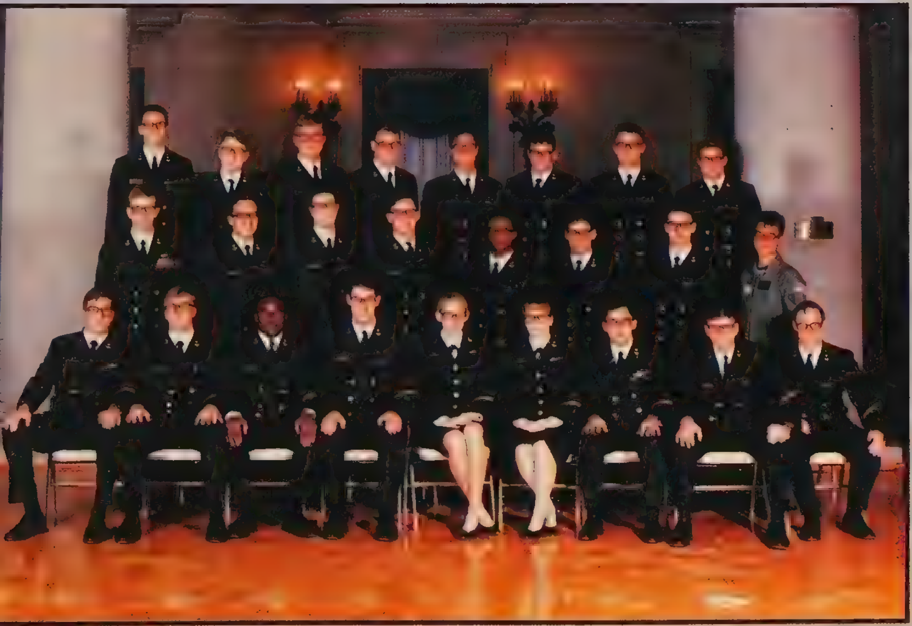
Back Row (L-R) Julie Preyer; Benjamin Cook; Robert Hartman. Front Row (L-R) Robert Moore; Michael Brooks, Commander; Brody Prieto.

Back Row (L-R) Robert Moore; Michael Brooks; Matt Poage; Gregory Cisz. Front Row (L-R) Robert Hartman, Commander; Christopher Taylor.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r) : Matt Poage, Brian Montgomery, Alan Taylor, Tom Yamamoto, Julie Preyer, Laura Kratz, Brody Prieto, Mike Brooks, Rob Hartman **BACK ROW:** Dave Rice, Chris Swindull, Ben Cook, Greg Cisz, Chip Patrick, Brad Hanner, Russ Fitzgerald, Rob Moore, Brad Baker



SECOND CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r) : Dan Morris, Ron Mahofski, Ibrahim Shehu, Zach Staples, Paula Losey, Kim Jagiello, Sean Fujimoto, Nate Spong, Ty Moxey **MIDDLE ROW:** Jim Bates, Gary Harsayni, Bob Henderson, T.W. Jackson, Mike Jefferson, Ray Kuyler, Matt Limbert, Walt Hattemer **BACK ROW:** Matt Robbins, Chris Truesdell, Tim Urban, Eric Brown, Jimmy Choi, Dan Deciechi, Mike Yorty, Jeff Heidsieck

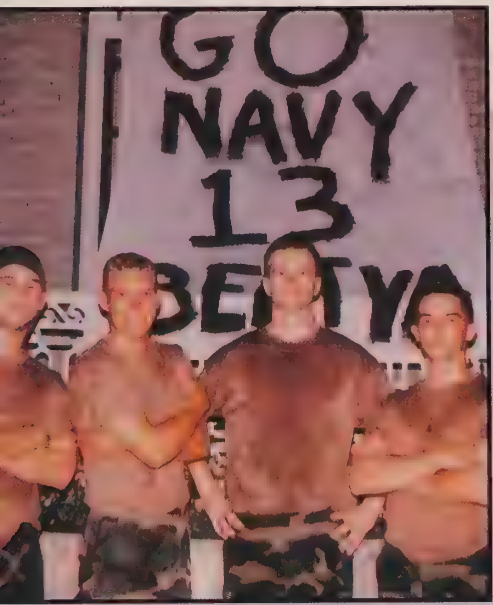
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

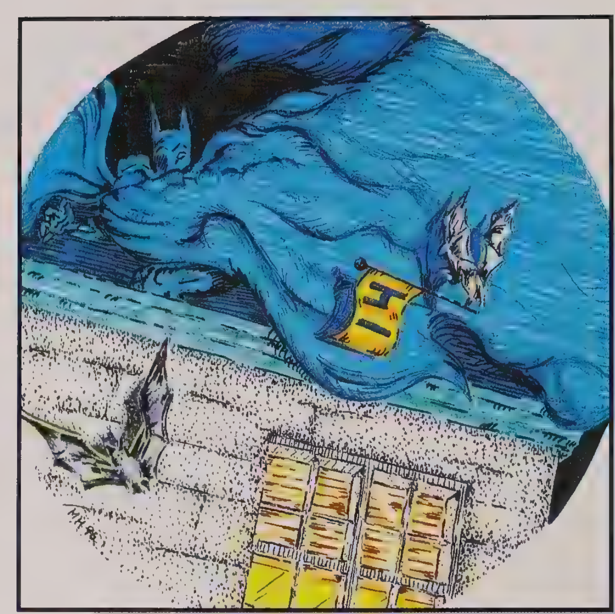
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Keith Oki, Jeff Dimmig, Lisa Sullivan, Lisa Gibellato, Elisa Barner, Madelin Spivey, Kelly Marsh, Wes Boose, Kevin Allen **MIDDLE ROW:** Hugh Winkel, Rob Parsons, Luke Kremer, Tom Leahy, Sean Desmond, George Latour, Andy Quarm, Matt Cook, Deke Egger, Rich Fischer **BACK ROW:** Stever Berger, Derrick McCoy, John Moe, Chris Hurst, Chris Cleary, George Miller, Alex Kohnen, Mike Majewski, Greg Lask, Jeff Shannon, Ken Grant

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Jerome Dixon, Andrew Meredith, Matthew Highland, Laura Almdale, Ingrid Muller, Megan Gandy, Sherri Rudinsky, John Comerford, Jeffrey Olesko **MIDDLE ROW:** Mark Franko, Senay Solak, Rick Vtipil, Kevin Carlson, Corey Koopman, Roland Denson, Adam Gresham, Aaron Roberts, Corey Taylor, Travis Thorp, Scott Harvey, Matt Crum **BACK ROW:** Brandon Bailey Brian Griffing, John Shepard, Andrew Speaker, London Avery, Chad Downard, Steve Morin, Ed Pavelka, Tom Shea, Alex Dutko, Eric Schuchard

Class of 1997


GO
NAVY
13

FOURTEENTH COMPANY



LCDR K. Miller, USN
14th Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Chris Dennis; Lee Baird; Zachary McMechan. Front Row (L-R) Sam Brooks; Gregory Blake, Commander; Patti Nichols.

Back Row (L-R) Chris Palmenberg; Rob Brooks; John Schedel. Front Row (L-R) Michael Graham, Commander; Van Chappell.

Class of 1994

FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r) : D. Pereira, L. Baird, S.R. Brooks, L. Nelson, H. Keane, P.J. Nichols, C. Jackson, J. Schedel, C. Harrel **MIDDLE ROW:** C.L. Davis, R. Pugh, J. Emmert, G. Hamill, M. Graham, N. Rapaway, T. Drummings, B. Lester, M. Steve, T. Sydnor, C. Dennis **BACK ROW:** D.J. Marzetta, C. Browning, Z. McMechan, M. Balow, V.K. Chappell, M. Bosshard, J. Knox, C.W. Palmenberg, G. Blake

SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r) : Joseph Geary, Baldomero Garcia, Michael Lapaglia, Megan McClung, Michele Lobritz, Angela King, John Dowd, Carl Parks, Chris Robb **MIDDLE ROW:** Dan Sullivan, Mustatah Uslu, Michael Horn, Scott Cockerham, Douglas Williams, John O'Leary, James Gilson, Kevin Messer, Daniel Hedrick, Adam Spillane, Gerald Santiago, Scott Stringer **BACK ROW:** Frank Pagura, Wil Mitchell, Michael Hassenger, Mathew Maupin, Stephen Brooks, Lea Brewster, Ward Tom

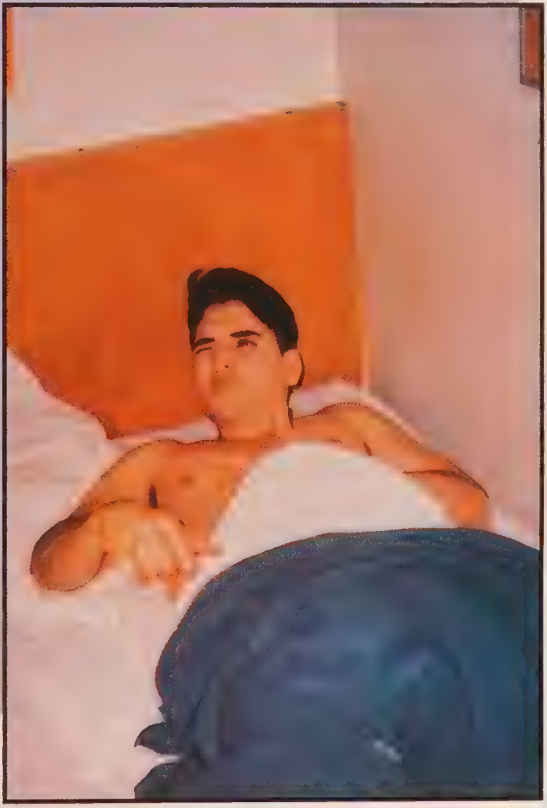
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

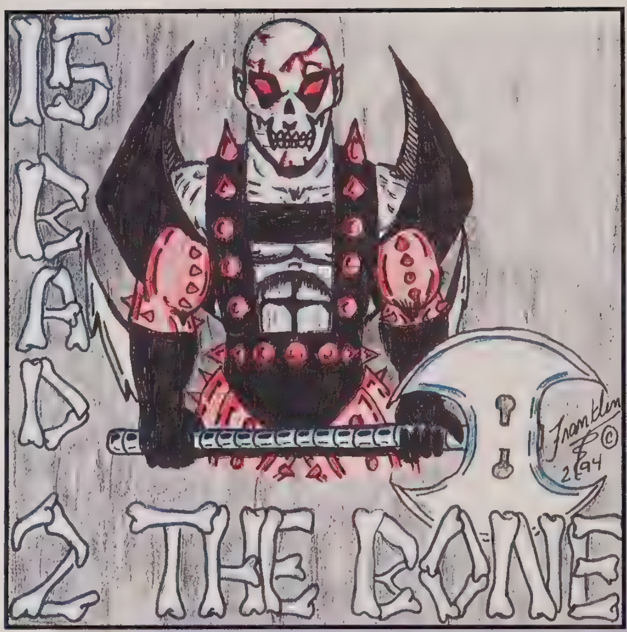
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Andrew Moulis, Anthony Ramirez, Kim Ard, Keidi Fearon, Stephanie Freccia, Beth Beede, Melissa Hockgrover, Justin Meltz, Paul Crawford **MIDDLE ROW:** Chad Reynolds, Gred Hodgron, Lou Camardo, Mark Debase, Liam Hulin, Drew Cooper, Matt Thompson, Eric Christian, Jeremy Thompson, Dan Lovelace, Rob Suh **BACK ROW:** David Hart, Jamie Achee, Matt Boland, Darren Wilkens, John Diumenti, Chris Martinez, Nick Russon, Spence Ryan, Anthony Grayson, Jeff Barrs, Yu-Chih Hsu

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): M. James, D. Diorio, L. McLaughlin, R. Jellema, K. Grey, P. Danluck, J. Raisbeck, J. Corriveau, E. Sone **MIDDLE ROW:** J. Waldron, B. Hausman, C. VanSomeren, J. Carvey, J. Delaroderie, A. Barlow, S. Voglesonger, A. Ross, B. Guerrieri, R. Schomer, J. Lamb, J. Mues **BACK ROW:** T. Berres, J. Kent, C. Ornee, K. Schmidt, P. Glynn, D. Poellnitz, B. Rhodes, D. Eavp, R. Fessele, J. Horner, M. Shea

Class of 1997



FIFTEENTH COMPANY

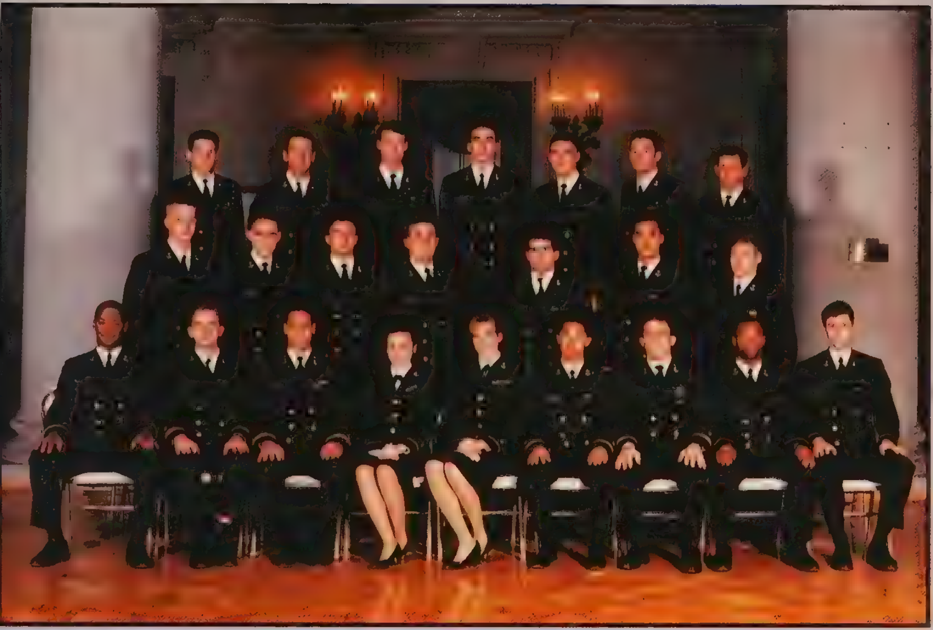


LT D. Vanwormer, USN
15th Company Officer

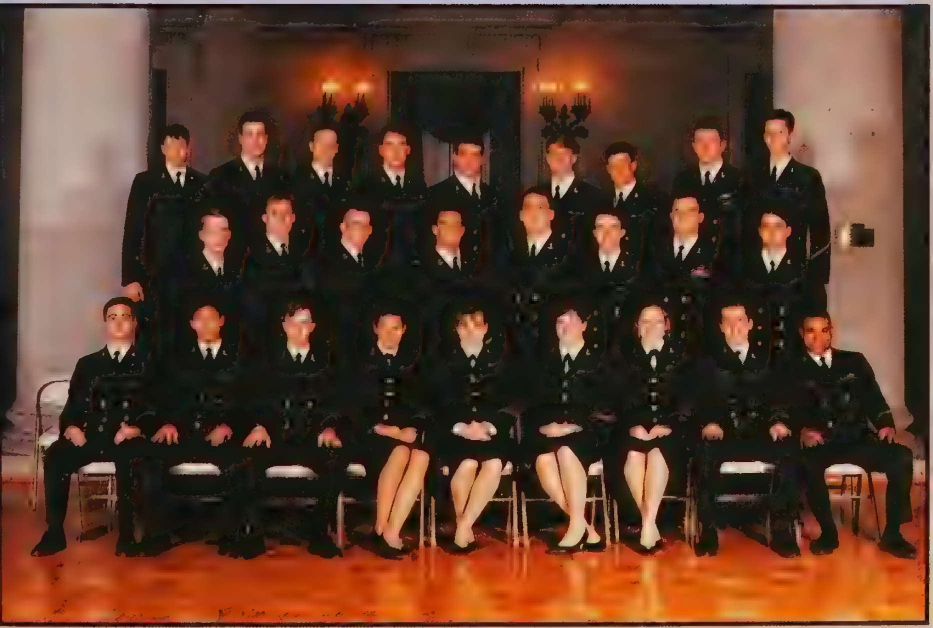
Back Row (L-R) Damien Bess; Brian Whittam; Andrew Eanniello; Derek Robertson. Front Row (L-R) Jose Lloren, Commander; Joe Nowicki.

Back Row (L-R) Ian Johnson; Charlie Bowser; Phil Schendler. Front Row (L-R) Shane Crase, Commander; Derek Robertson.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Julian Wilson, Derek Robertson, Jose Lloren III, Yolanda Wigham, Rebecca Sherrill, Andrew Eanniello, Brian Whittam, Jeffrey Williams, Ian Johnson **MIDDLE ROW:** Phillip Schendler, James Crimmins, Damien Bess, Michael Banaszewski, Michael Marchese, Keith Fernandez, Charles Bowser **BACK ROW:** Joseph Nowicki, Gregory Foster, Luke James, Christopher Senenko, Charles Crase, Jon Gabrielson, Todd Smith



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Jeffrey Callery, Richard Rodriguez, Jeffrey Parsons, Blanca Funes, Carolyn Shull, Carla Jones, Rebecca Allan, Thomas Hoover, Douglas Lemott Jr. **MIDDLE ROW:** Thomas Lawrence, Eric Hamstra, Ronald Gaines, Bradley Soper, John Smolen, Michael Digman, Michael Tirone, John Lowell **BACK ROW:** Christopher Weller, Alex Chehansky, Boris Shapiro, Andrew Priddy, Steven Bellack, James Burke, Michael Santomauro, Brian Schinazi, Douglas Abernathy

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Richard Weeks, Timothy Eldridge, Sonja Washington, Jennifer Hoyte, Jean LeBlanc, Marnyka Blair, Stacey Haynes, Tom Pham, Fredric Morrison **MIDDLE ROW:** Michael Cooper, Stephen Tankersley, Kent Tranter, James Flanagan, Jonathan Vorrath, Edward Floyd, Lindsey Baker, Ismael Cardenas, Alan Morris, Robert Chiaruttini, Nagel Sullivan **BACK ROW:** James Kennedy IV, Christopher Johnson, Kashan Iftikhar, Richard Olszewski, Michael Borcherding, Neal Plaskonos, Chad Reed, Michael Baker, Edward Hernandez, Samuel Messinger, Odin Klug, Michael Chenoweth

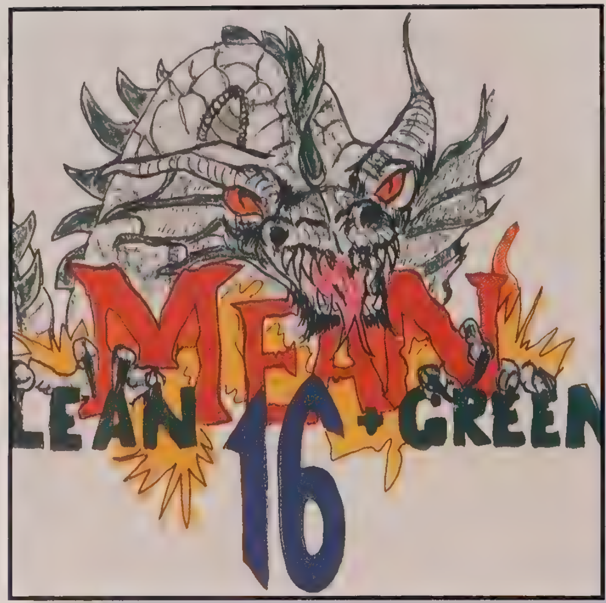
FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Jason Ziebold, Bret Lowry, Kathryn Parsons, Jane Goodhue, Kelli Hooper, Nikki Peoples, Tamara Mason, Franklin Meyer, Spencer Robinson **MIDDLE ROW:** Marc Dunivan, Ryan Connolly, David Fairleigh, Joseph Davenport, Jonathan Gilhooly, Brett Garland, Brian Wood, Thomas Cowan, Andre Rowe, Joe Ertel, Robert Bibeau **BACK ROW:** Robert Mazzarella, Jeremy Clauze, Ryan Luzak, J. Collins, Chad Holzapfel, Scott Zimmerman, Kenneth Graf, Michael Gagnon, Andrew Baxter, Gary Lawson

Class of 1997

USMA
N.VY
NAVY

NAVY

SIXTEENTH COMPANY

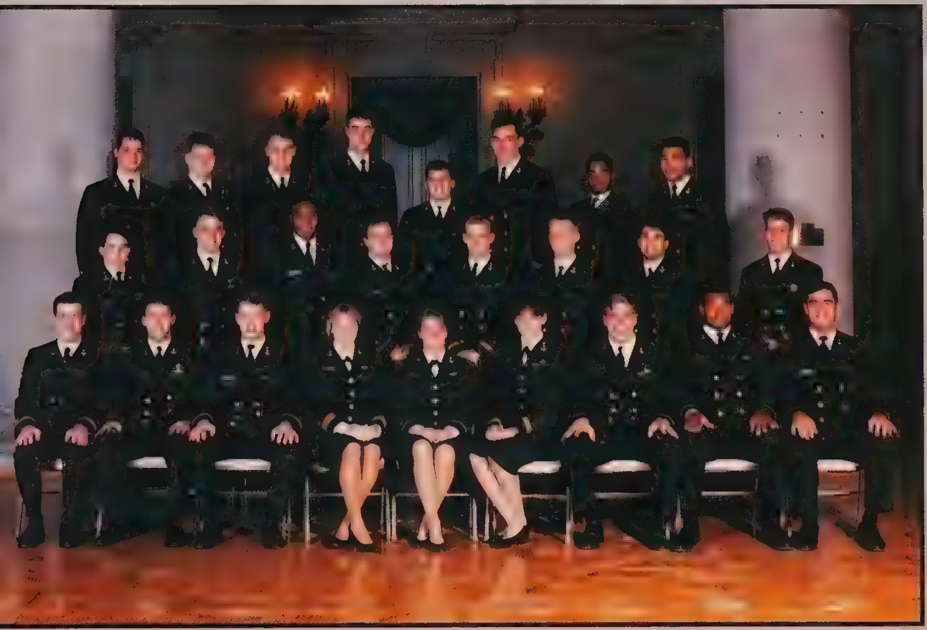


Capt. R. Pope, USMC
16th Comapnny Officer

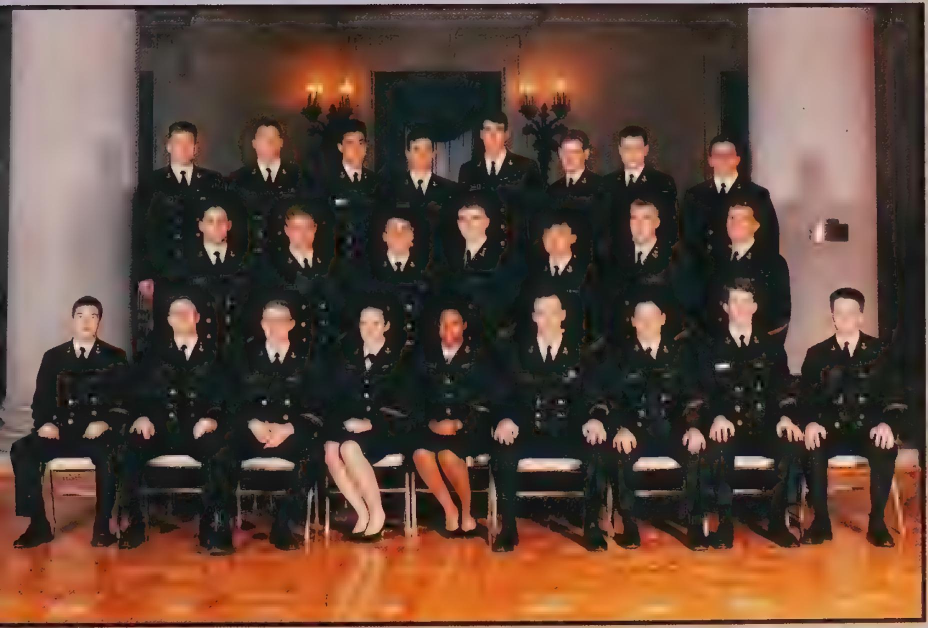
Back Row (L-R) Jason Davis; Michael Makela; Ryan Murphy. Front Row (L-R) Michael Barker; John Kochendorfer, Commander; Ryan Hurt.

Back Row (L-R) Ron Dowdell; Mike Harris; Jason Davis. Front Row (L-R) Mike Barker, Commander; Antonio Martinez.

Class of 1994



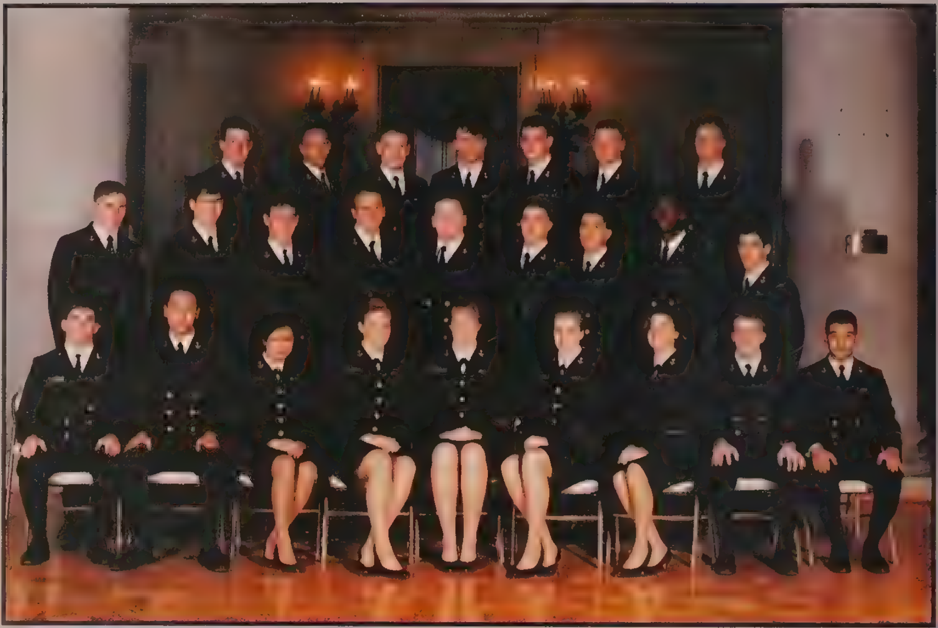
FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): M.D. Troup, J.P. Gans, M.J. Barker, E.L. Niedermeier, K.M. Hallman, J.K. Hausvik, G.A. Wise, S.W. Yopp, R.E. Kreh **MIDDLE ROW:** R.C. Murphy, R.C. Hurt, E.E. Robinson, A. Martinez, G.D. Miller, A.T. Lahaie, M.P. Makela, C.B. Bassel **BACK ROW:** M.D. Delgrosso, R.D. Dowdell, B.A. Shockney, M.K. Harris, J.H. Davis, J.N. Kochendorfer, B.R. Cannon, F.D. Rochleder



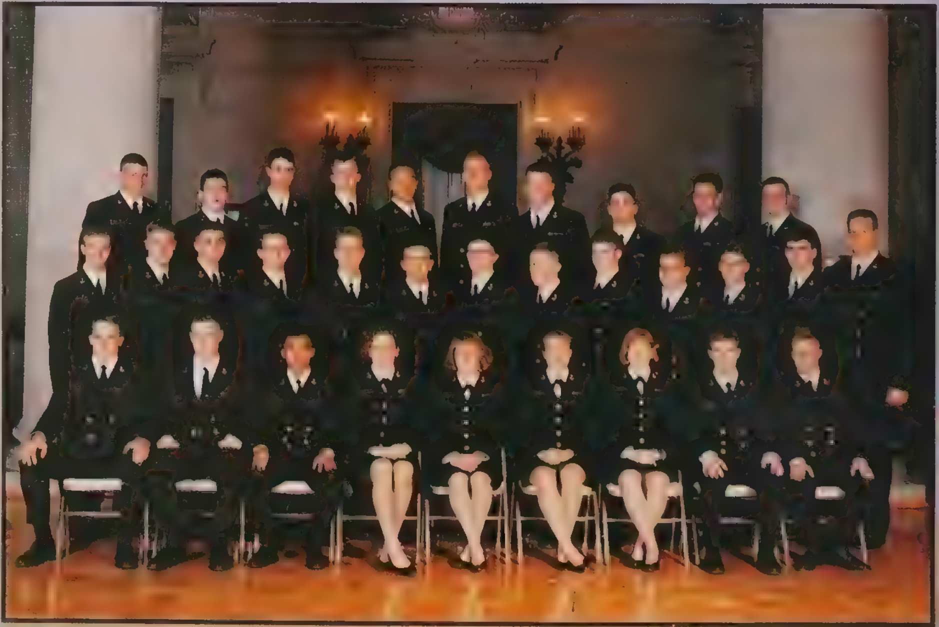
SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): E.L. McDowell, C.A. Worthley, W.A. Hildebrandt, A.B. Chasteen, M.T. Howard, E.S. Jakubowski, P.K. Stout, G.M. Betit, T.D. Tippett **MIDDLE ROW:** F.A. Rhodes, R.A. Acevedo, B.D. Swanson, M.G. Parets, F.S. Jiong, R.E. Coe, M.P. O'hara **BACK ROW:** D.A. Moore, K.C. Williams, R.M. Viayra, A.T. Dombrowski, H.E. Galloway, B.C. Roberts, S.D. Kremier, R.C. Hernandez

Class of 1995

Class of 1996



THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): M. Labert, E. Kim, D. Garcia, S. Utton, L. McClelland, K. Zimmer, J. Farkasfalvy, J. Tunison, M. Megaly **MIDDLE ROW:** J. James, J. Van Jaarsveld, C. Bugg, C. Stillion, E. Wenschlag, J. Fontana, J. Olivas I. Williams, A. Saperstein **BACK ROW:** B. Downey, J. McIver, J. Yarborough, M. Elliot, K. Nelson, G. Van Airsdale, J. Sarno

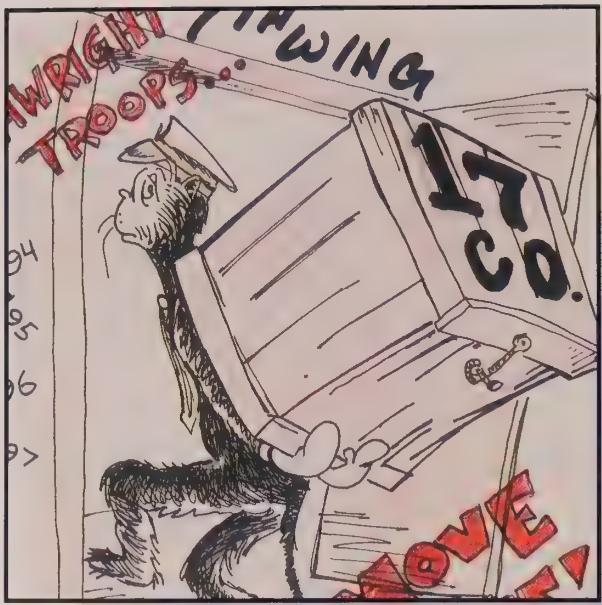


FOUTH CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r) : S. Gage, G. Provencher, S. Carino, S. Gritsavage, K. Kast, B. Volz, C. Collins, B. Sprague, P. Stevens **MIDDLE ROW:** M. Rutherford, B. Nichols, T. Keefer, E. Byers, V. Rypel, D. Betancourt, M. Conquest, O. Glister, R. Tomlinson, P. Sheehy, T. Castro, E. Evans, H. Jones **BACK ROW:** R. Kent, B. Robertson, W. Dougherty, E. Bronson, D. Neal, P. Saxton, I. Nesbitt, S. Yemm, M. Smith, A. Leppert

Class of 1997

RUTGERS

SEVENTEENTH COMPANY

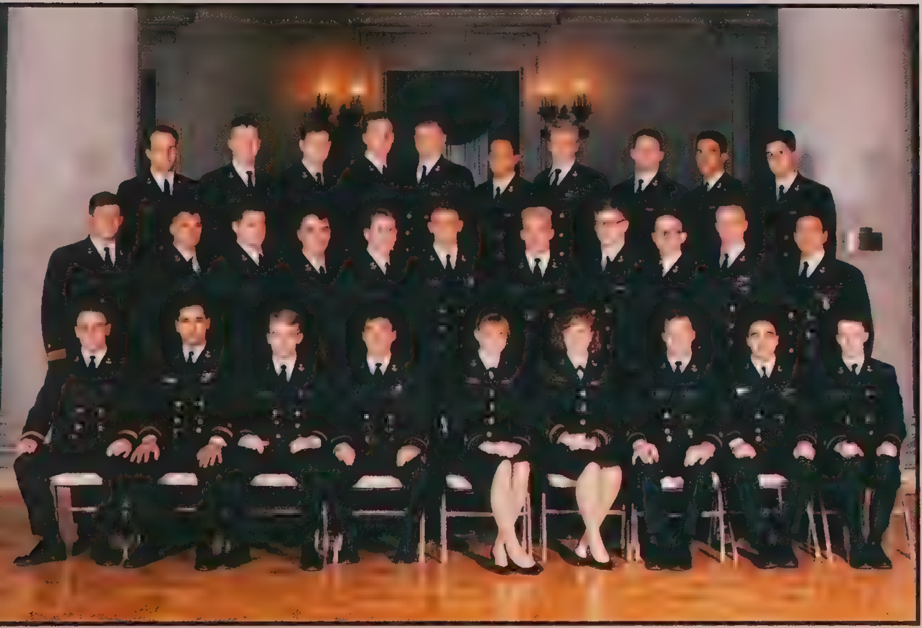

WRIGHT TROOPS...
7th WING
17 CO.
94
95
96
97
MOVE

LT R. Jackson, USN
17th Company Officer

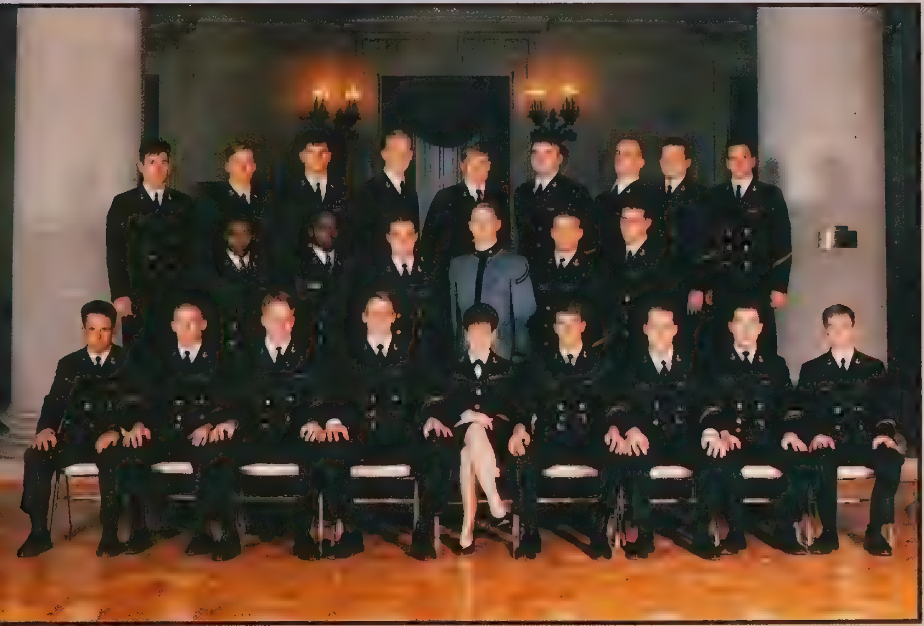
Back Row (L-R) George Segredo; William Williamson; Brian White. Front Row (L-R) Meghan Mariman; Allen Grinalds, Commander; Shawn Cunningham.

(L-R) Eric Watson; Ryan Smith; Rudy Quiles.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Matt Seay, George Segredo, Ryan Smith Chong Cho, Jenny Gravesm Meghan Moriman, Brian week, Rudy Quiles, Brian White **MIDDLE ROW:** Rich Daquette, Brett Allred, Bill Williamson, Andy Barry, Joe Carilli, Brian Johnson, Mark Palmauist, Matt Jackson, Steve Miller, Chris Kennedy, Dan Subia **BACK ROW**: Mark Christenson, Dave Van Brunt, John Adams, Matt Friedlander, Allen Grinalds, Joey Deguzman, Ed Northway, Shawn Cunningham, Eric Watson, Jeff Carty

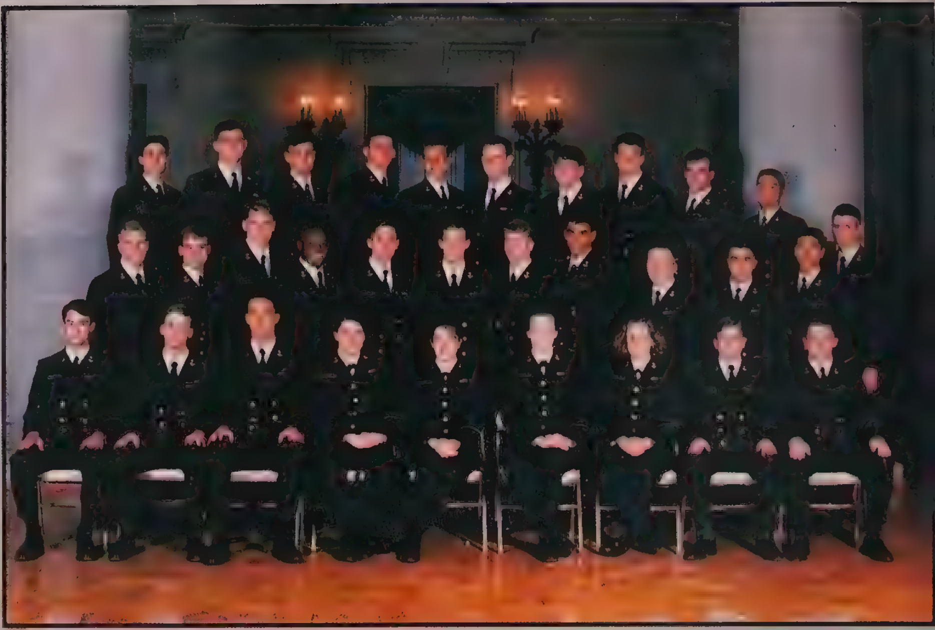


SECOND CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Perdo Paz, Dan Hughes, John Bingham, Doug Munz, Tamara Chase, Bria Fitting, Eric Widman, Jeremy Rabitor, Matt Piorkowski **MIDDLE ROW:** Kedric Webster, Arvis Owens, Garrett Campbell, Dave Bell, Grag Roberts, Jay Hildebrandt **BACK ROW**: Basil Blastos, Brad Artery, Robert Simone, Jon Jagielski, Brian Anderson, Joe Fox, Dean Workman, Ray Santacruz, Seth Walters

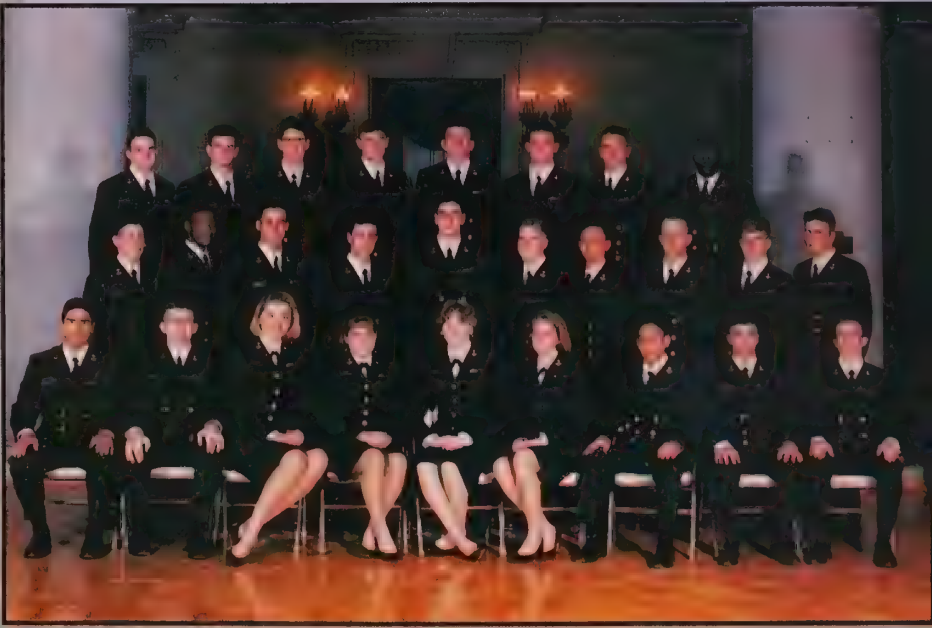
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Joseph Gagliano, Bryan Kelly, James Harney, Debra Kauffman, Nichole Battaglia, Tanya Thompson, Jessica Lane, David Kurtz, Joshua Hall **MIDDLE ROW:** Michael Keenan, Gragory Miller, Brian Hoke, Christopher Flynn, William Pritchett, Rory Berke, Clark Craine, Ravi Vemulapalli, Piotr Niec, Luis Alva, Salvador Convento, Luke Hofacker **BACK ROW**: Joseph Paccapaniccia, Robert Bauge, Sean Neally, Robert Daniels, Michael Goad, Brian Lichtenstain, Andrew Trout, Jeffrey Melody, Christopher Ruwe, Brian Stites



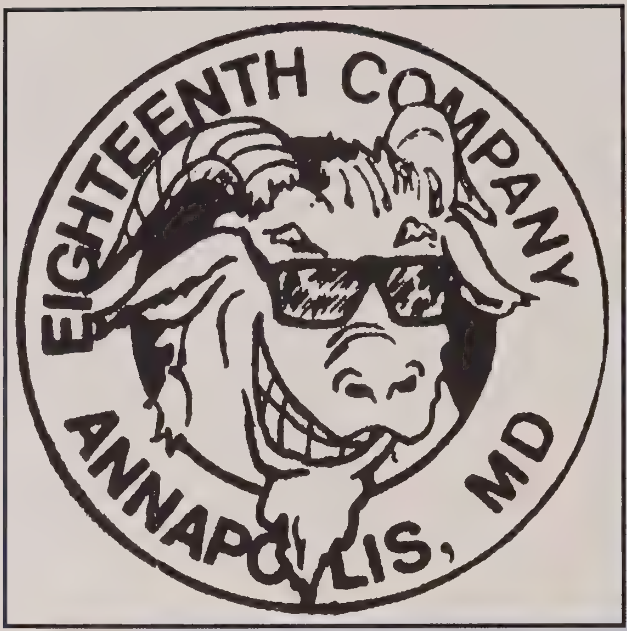
FOURTH CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Eric Pacheco, Stacey Sutton, Katarzyna Jasiurkowski, Jennifer Meyer, Rebecca Zuwallack, Andria Johnson, Rafael Miranda, Daniel Hajek, Eugene Kramer **MIDDLE ROW:** Micah Newton, Carlton, McClain, Steven Djunaedi, Todd Peasley, Michael Anzalotti, Franklin Hooks II, David Durazzo, Jodi Dunham, Gragory Smith, Patrick Perdue **BACK ROW**: Scott Buchar, Mark Litkowski, Matthew Heisel, Samuel Wartel, Sean Smith, Benjamin Brandt, Motale Efimba



Class of 1997

NAVY

EIGHTEENTH COMPANY

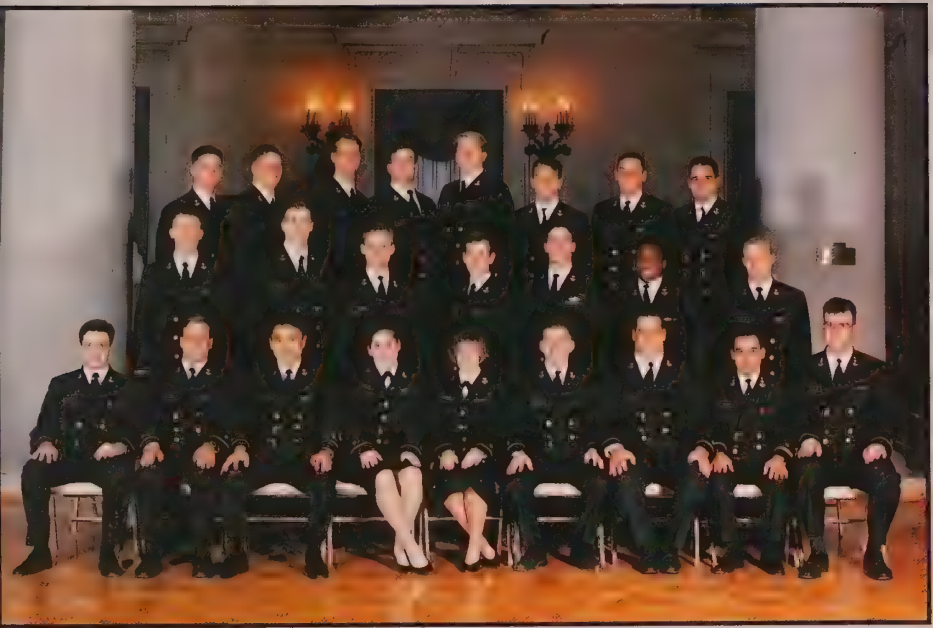

EIGHTEENTH COMPANY
ANNAPOLIS, MD

LT R. Clarke, USN
18th Company Officer

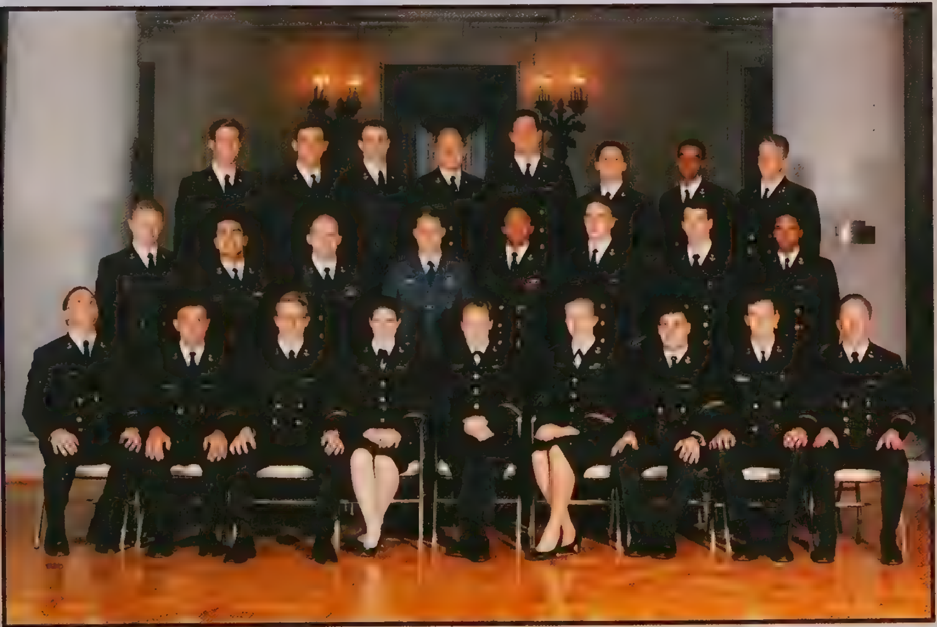
Back Row (L-R) Greg Hryniewicz; Harry Fulton. Front Row (L-R) James Aleman; Adam Treanor, Commander; Mark Bluestein.

Back Row (L-R) Kimi Shook; John Meneses; Joanna Sprtel. Front Row (L-R) Keith White, Commander; Mark Bluestein.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): Robert Middleton, Daniel Emery, Johnny Meneses, Joanna Sprtel, Kimi Shook, Bradley Alaniz, Charles Puglia, James Aleman, Markus Dale **MIDDLE ROW:** Scott Gray, Brian Fish, Brian Germann, Mark Bluestein, Brian Murphy, Samuel Taylor, Keith White **BACK ROW:** Adam Treanor, Brent Gaut, Gregory Hryniewicz, Harry Fulton, Brian Wineke, David Lohr, Armondo Hedrick, Robert Ballister

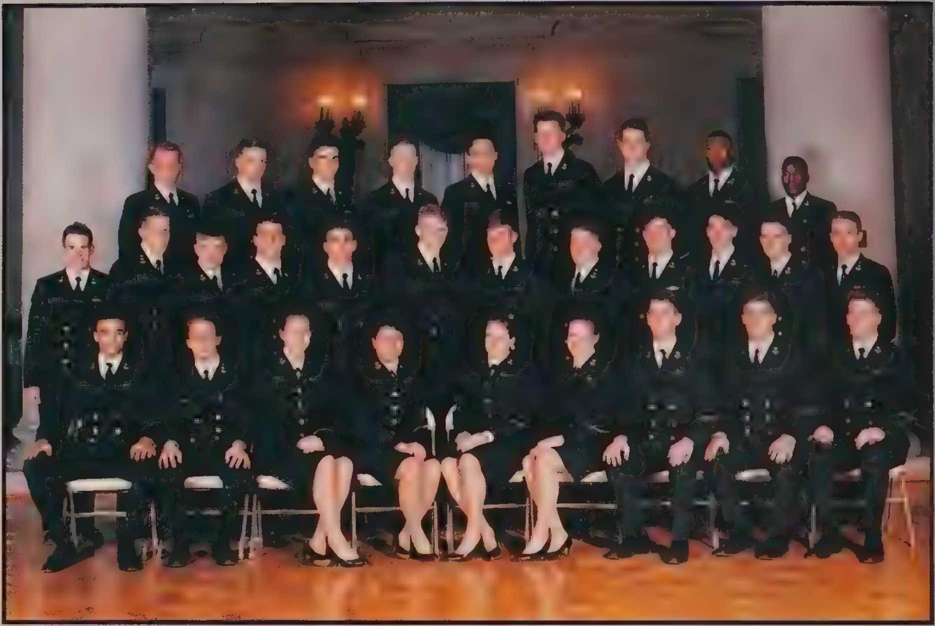


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r): James Patterson, Robert Rivera, Edward Mayle, Caroline Magee, Giovanna Kostrubala, Molly Boron, Frankie Delgado, John Brattain, Garth Smelser **MIDDLE ROW:** Parke Paulson, Mario Salinas, Keith Kelley, Paul Landess, James Brown, Christian Katzenmiller, Gordon Lyssy, Byron Woodard **BACK ROW:** John Montagnet, Mark Elfers, Kevin Queen, Michael McGarity, Neil Koprowski, David Orlosky, David Law, Brendon Drew

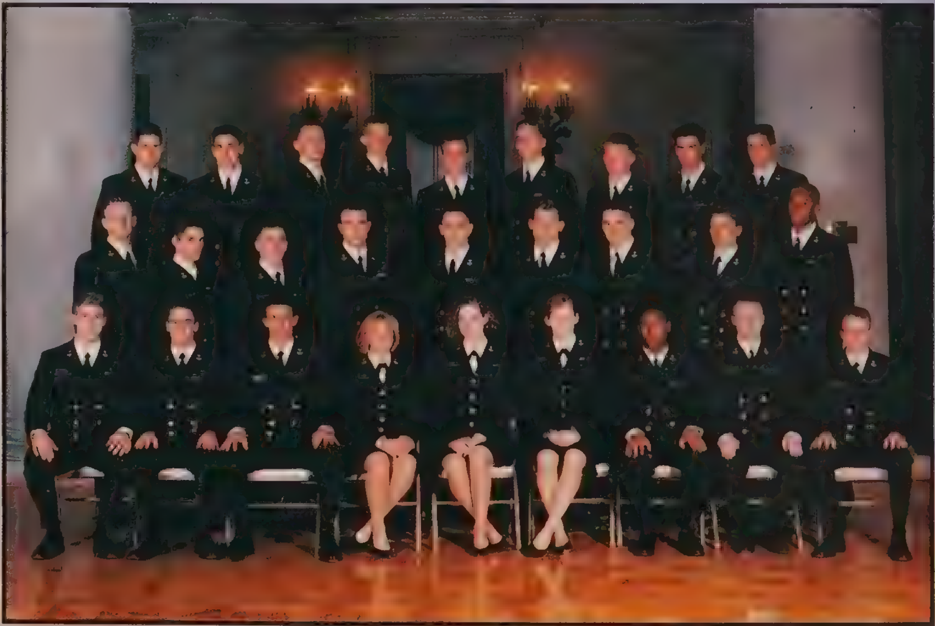
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r) : James Gladden, James Marsh, Patricia Despain, Kimberly Mitchell, Jennifer Campion, Jennie Caruso, Patrick Bennett, Tyler Dunaway, Lawrence White **MIDDLE ROW:** John Dietter, James Hodges, Jeffrey Cabana, Daniel Crooks, Ralph Conte, Christian Clasan, Joseph Knoop, John Cordone, Brett Dresden, Michael Bisbee, Lawrence Edell, Ayhan Senturk **BACK ROW:** Edward Chapman, Michael Adams David Baird, Kevin Evans, Ernest Wilson, Robert Berner, Mark Hammond, Joseph Speed, Anthony Harrell



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW: (l to r) : Mark Dunbar, Anthony Cassino, Joshua Hipsher, Ann Luers, Laura Booth, Penny Arrington, Brandon Fears, Jason Schwarzkopf, Brian Nordin **MIDDLE ROW:** Bryan Roach, Thomas Sicola, Christopher Pommerer, David Ellis, Matthew Swanson, Jeremy Alukonis, Shannon Durrett, William Fleischer, Astor Heaven **BACK ROW:** Brian Wilson, Ronald Mims, Thomas Strenge, Scott Richert, Karl Kirkeby, Mark Peterson, Charles McGill, Joseph Ortega, Joseph Greentree



Class of 1997

NAVY

NINETEENTH COMPANY

LT L. Gallagher, USN
19th Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Erik Ostmo; Jim Jackson; Robert Holloway. Front Row (L-R) Leonardo Day; Patrick Mowles, Commander; Kevin Kirin.

Back Row (L-R) Phil Armas; Erik Ostmo. Front Row (L-R) James Jacobs, Commander; Brian Weisker.

Class of 1994

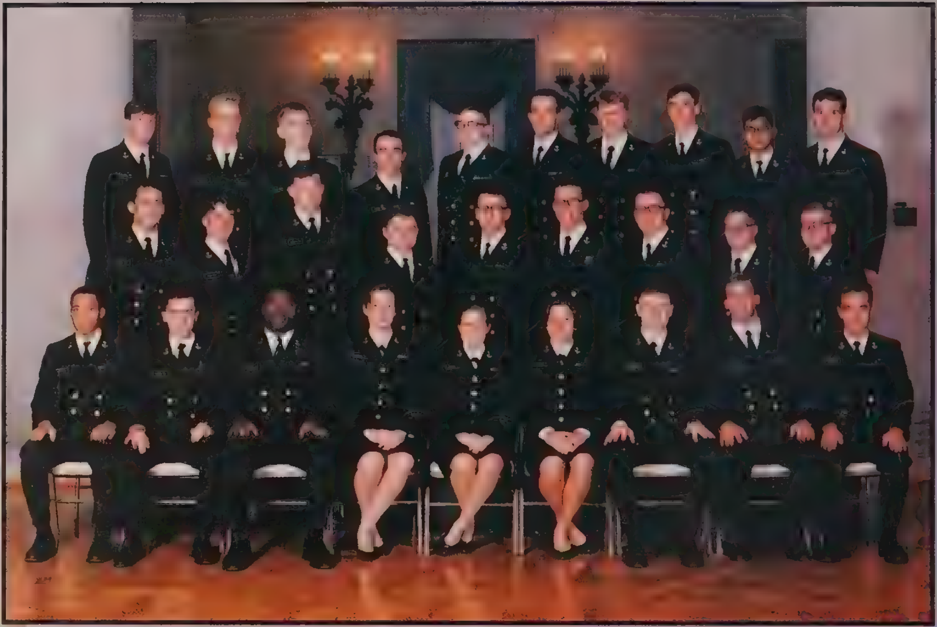
FIRST CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Nardo Day, Daryl Gobble, David Hazlehurst, John McClellan, Jason Hedberg, Erik Ostmo, Robert Holloway, Jason Van Matre, Bill Scally **MIDDLE ROW**: Rob Tidwell, Ryan Peugh, Brooks Newsome, Brian Weisker, Chris Nash, Patrick Mowles, Jim Jacobs, Andrew Patterson, Chad Burke **BACK ROW**: Tony Acosta, Phil Armas, Kevin Kirin, Justin Francis, Wes Philbeck, Scott Wilson, Chester Parks, Jim Jackson, Nicholas Stanton Pate

SECOND CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): John Tully, Heather Converse, Kelley Fredrickson. Rose Becksey, Ethel Longmire, Marcia Bailey, Stacie Milark, Jay Astle. Chris Smith **MIDDLE ROW:** Ted Mullin, Kevin Casto, Chris Erskine, Rob Vroman, Mac Bullock, Mike Stinson, Corey Turner, Djamal Pullom **BACK ROW**: Jon Anderson, Mike Szilard, Mike Flynn, Shaun Cox, Jeremy Hill, Kurt Rinehimer, Alec Avera, Scott Sheppard, Bryan Hyde

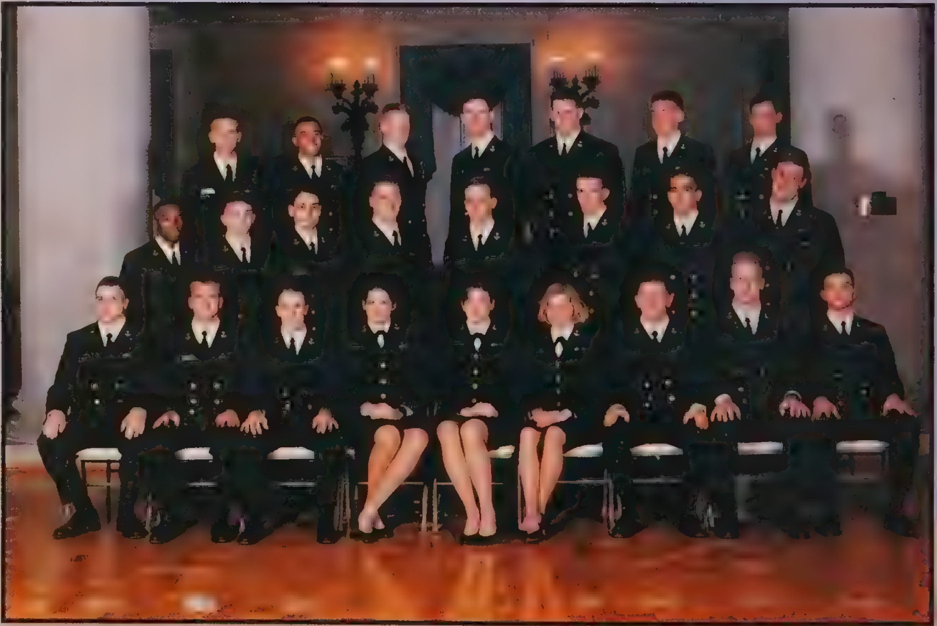
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

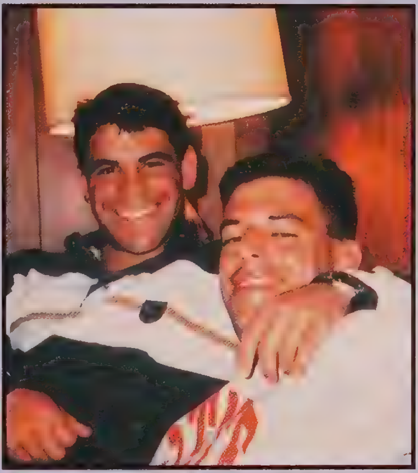
THIRD CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Corey Johnson, Dan Branch, Bem Tabala, Kim Mackenzie, Karen Mazure, Ann Chamberlain, Billy Bushman, Ray Schlauch, Chris Wunch **MIDDLE ROW:** Rich King, Tim Gill, Andy Liggett, Erick Knezek, Jay Ledoux, Brian Koch, Jay Caldwell, Randy Buurleson, Erwin Dick **BACK ROW**: Paul Zambelli, Jeremy Andrew, Nathan Scheider, Wayne Homan, Robert Dewitt, Tyler Bush, Ryan Rasmussen, Dan Morken, Juantio Boyden, Brian Bennett



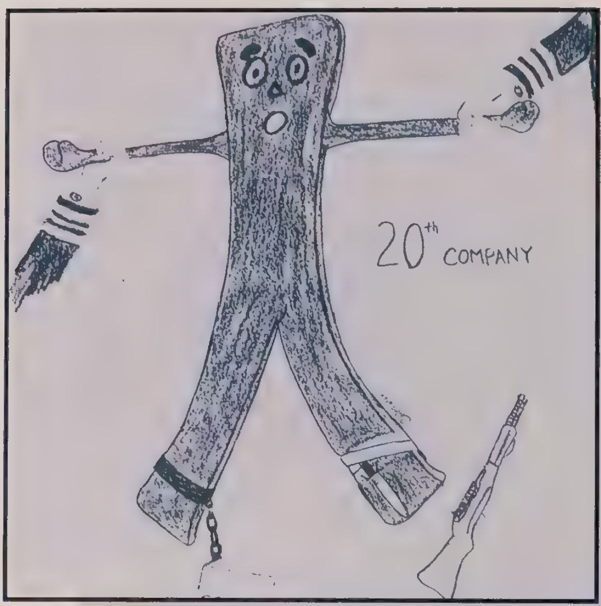
FOURTH CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Bruce Barker, Steve Koslowski, Paul Algeir, sarah Loughead, Lauren Lanier, Jennifer Vest, Josh Taylor, Robb Tolliver, Joe Johnson **MIDDLE ROW:** Dan Pryor, Bill Urban, Rudy Casals, Grag Kirwan, Ashley Schwartz, Chris Bizzano, Eric Roe, Will Jablowmie **BACK ROW**: Trey Brown, Henry Dangerfield, Mike Kahn, Luke Norris, Pete Koprowski, Ray Stromberger, Kevin Marchak



Class of 1997



TWENTIETH COMPANY

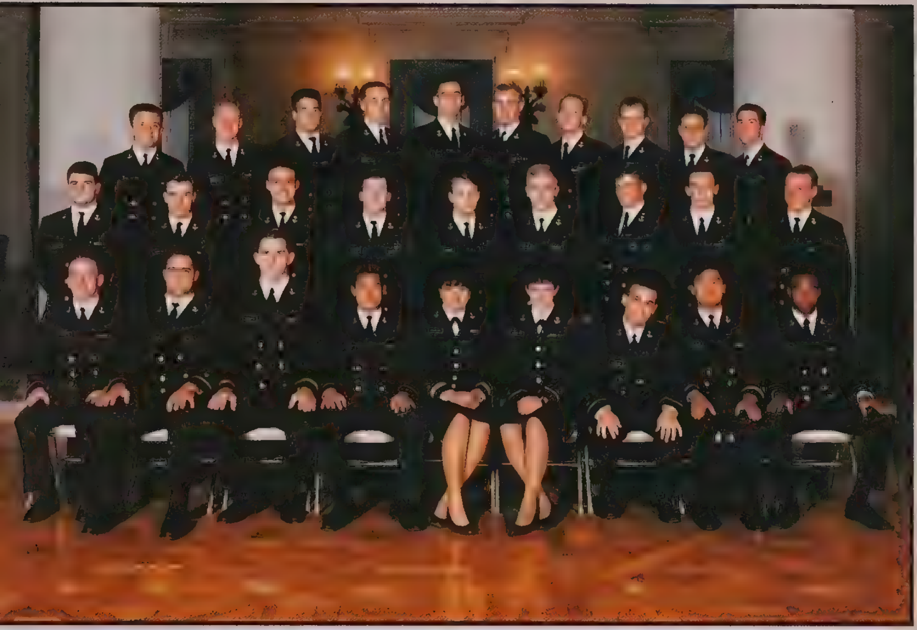


LCDR R. Miller, USN
20th Company Officer

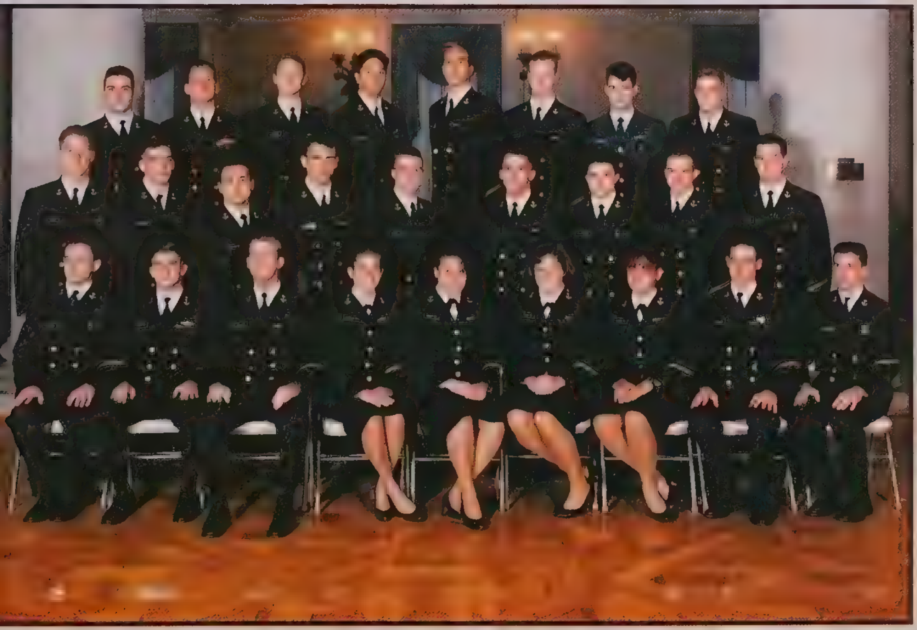
Back Row (L-R) Robert Konold; Robert Dudley. Front Row (L-R) Ben Le; Thomas Moninger, Commander; David Skinner.

Back Row (L-R) Thomas Hayghe; Andrew Marcelis. Front Row (L-R) Bart Marsh, Commander; Christopher DeMay

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Thomas Hayghe, William Rayburn, Jeffrey Hoaglund, Ben Le, Elizabeth Testa, Christine Medel, Elliot Avidan, Roland Deguzman, William Washington
MIDDLE ROW: Richard Birmingham, Scott Hurt, David Skinner, Andrew Marcelis, Thomas Stroud, Todd Bode, Michael Miller, Bart Marsh, Clinton Moxey
BACK ROW: Ozgur Altunbulak, Thomas Moninger, Eric Taylor, Robert Trauger, Robert Konold, Alan Swanton, Bradley Andros, Eric Green, Philip Windust, Christopher DeMay



SECOND CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Brendan Conlon, Brian Delutio, Raymond Donnelly, Tracie Andrusiak, Michele Bennett, Megan Hines, Susan Reddick, Michael Santini, Harold Young
MIDDLE ROW: Zachary Gillen, Thomas Musselman, John Strickland, Darren Spehr, Christopher Dubbelde, Brian McPheeters, Jay Driskell, Joseph Goodman, Dennis Farrell
BACK ROW: Ronald Finch, Gene Coryell, William Turner, Ryan Mahelona, William Sena, Dwight Warnock, Timothy Conners, James Gillis

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): William Carter, Zachary Williams, Schon Zwakman, Tabatha Trotter, Lori Kelley, Jill Cesari, Kevin Phillips, Brennan McKernan, Joseph Torian **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Visted, Raymond Donnelly, Ned McKinley, Rodney Yerger, Patrick Geschke, Bradley Hicks, Jared Hannum, Michael Brady, Michael Sitter, Andrew Thompson, Timothy McDonald **BACK ROW**: Matthew Lowe, Jesse Espe, Stephen Dolgos, David Posehn, Christopher Howard, Kyle Langbehn, Joshua Jacobsen, Michael Shepard, Jason Stillwell

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Joseph Jankowski, Jeffrey Krone, Alfie Nazario, Summer Jones, Natalie Pastorin, Christine Goodwin, Charlotte Welsch, Paul Johnson, Jeffrey Chiow **MIDDLE ROW**: Robert Tetreault, Brannon Bickel, Gregory McGee, Robert Hanvey, Andrew Gladieux, Christopher Hunter, Thomas Zerr, Dereck Brown, Jason Arrowood, Daniel Sarner **BACK ROW**: Samuel Ray, John James, John Joseph, Mark Alexander, Mark Venzor, Richard Lombardi, William Ryan, Matthew Hall, Aaron Lee

Class of 1997

Cinnaba

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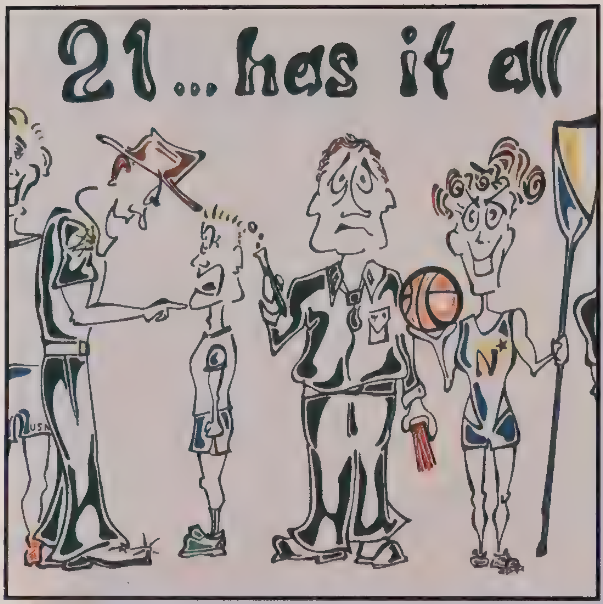
TWENTY FIRST COMPANY

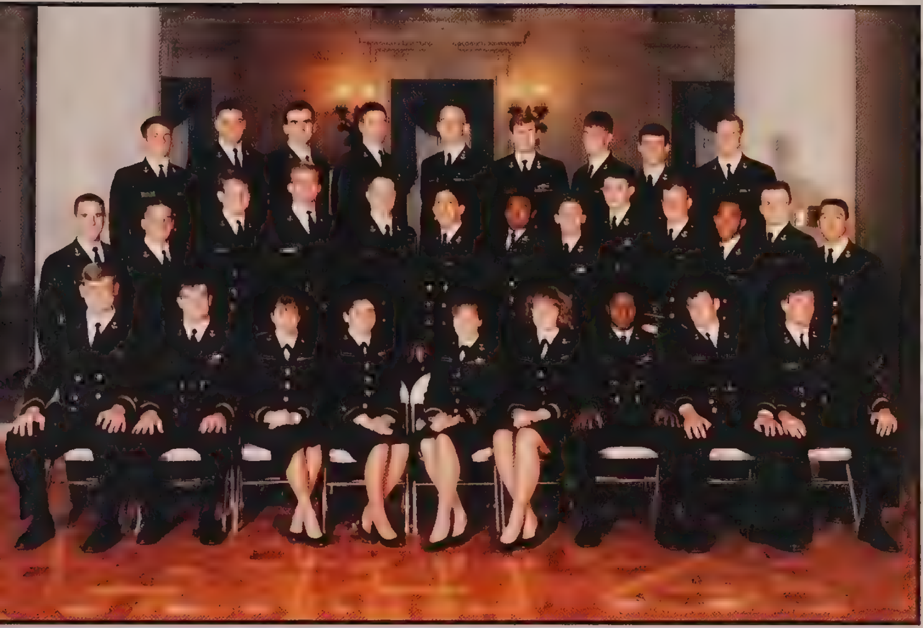


LT A. Varallo, USN
21st Company Officer

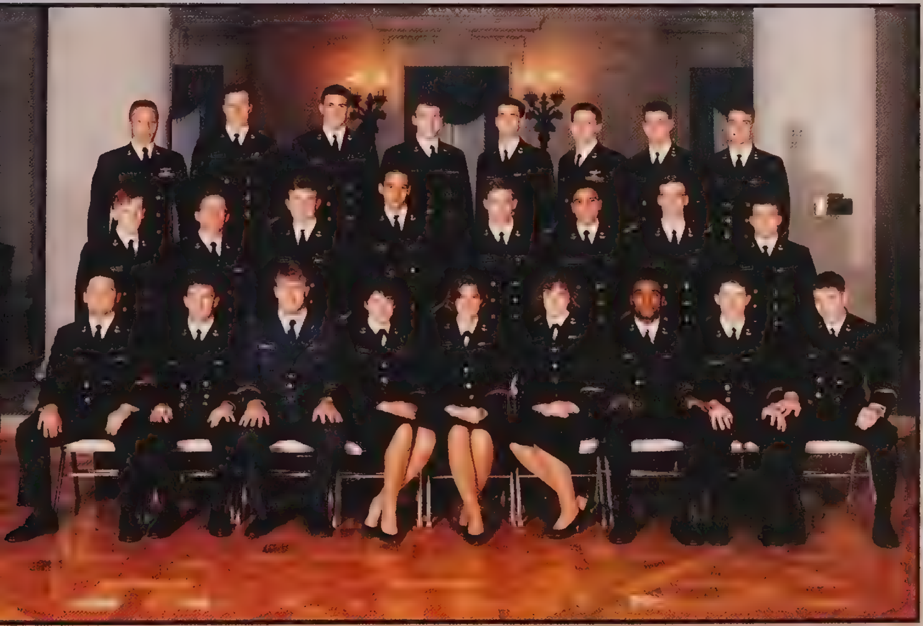
Back Row (L-R) Candi Cunningham; Troy Cable; James Carroll. Front Row (L-R) Christine Westrich; Jeffrey Carpenter, Commander; Todd Lyman.

Back Row (L-R) Richard Morin; Daniel Bilow; Donald Chudzik. Front Row (L-R) James Carroll, Commander; Sean Day.

Class of 1994



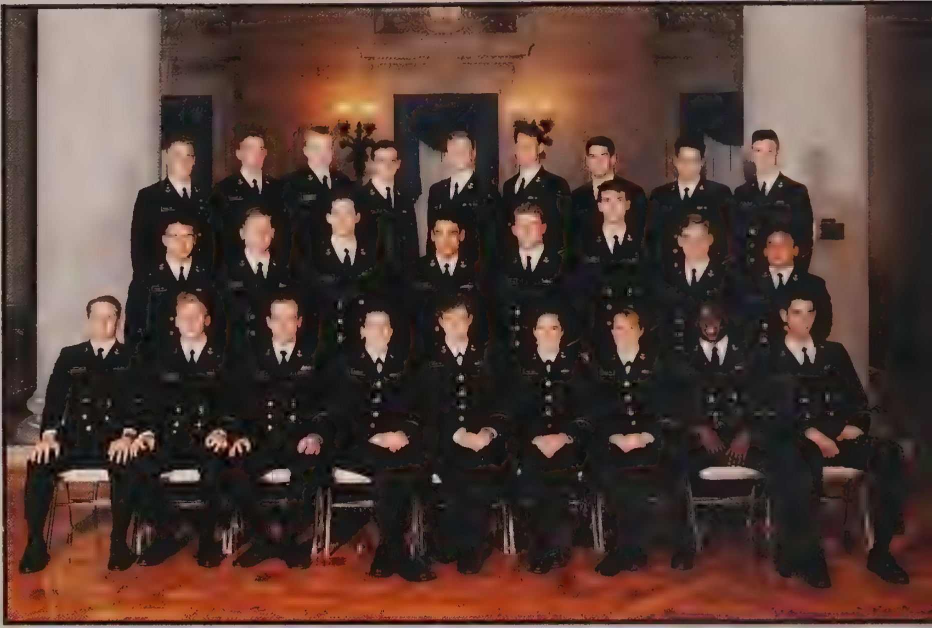
FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Daniel Massey, Brian Laird, Christine Westrich, Peggy Dotolo, Candice Cunningham, Karen Heine, Byron Alexander, Billy Darrenkamp, James Carroll **MIDDLE ROW**: Sean Fahey, Robert Yarosz, Drake Henderson, Dennis Duckworth, Matthew O'Brien, Rich Morin, Tyrrel Croughter, Daniel Billow, Chris Proulx, Todd Lyman, Sean Day, Joel Robertson, Jose Mercado **BACK ROW**: Donald Chudzik, Michael Hearther, Todd Stinson, Scott Mayfield, Jeffrey Carpenter, Jon Lunglhoffer, Troy Cable, Kevin Delano, Billy James



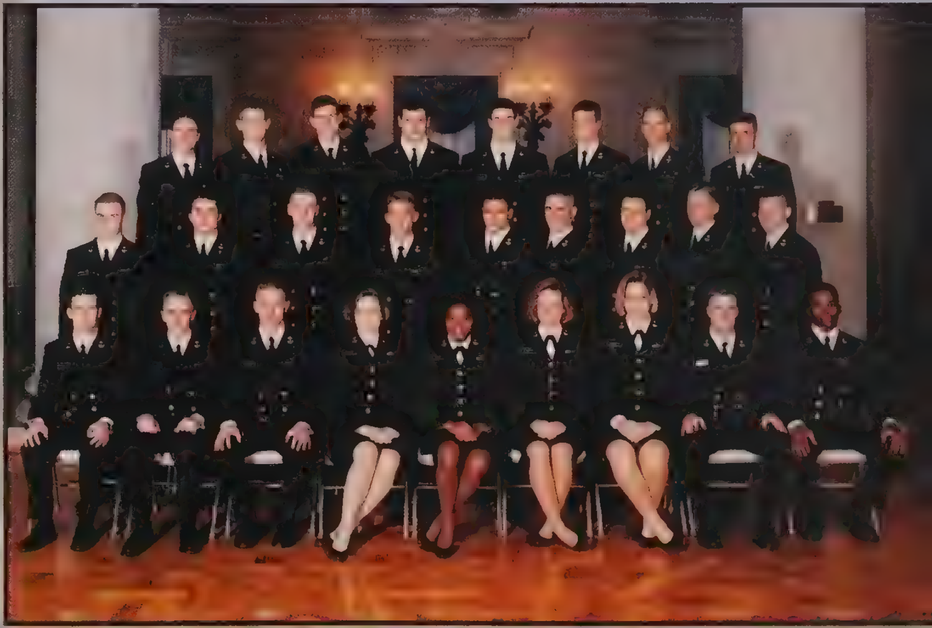
SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Enrique Molina, Vinnie Martino, Larry Harris, Julie Bergess, Jenn Anderson, Tina Mock, Tyrone Hollins, Matt Senn, Ryan Torgimson **MIDDLE ROW**: Todd Fink, Charles Smith, Bill Reed, Martin Roberts, Jeff Boaz, Anthony Gonzalez, Matt Beran, Brett Wilcox **BACK ROW**: Chris Hayle, Dan Valascho, Dan Nowicki, Nathan Burns, Shawn Smith, Craig Mattingly, Jon Myers, Greg Pavylak

Class of 1995

Class of 1994



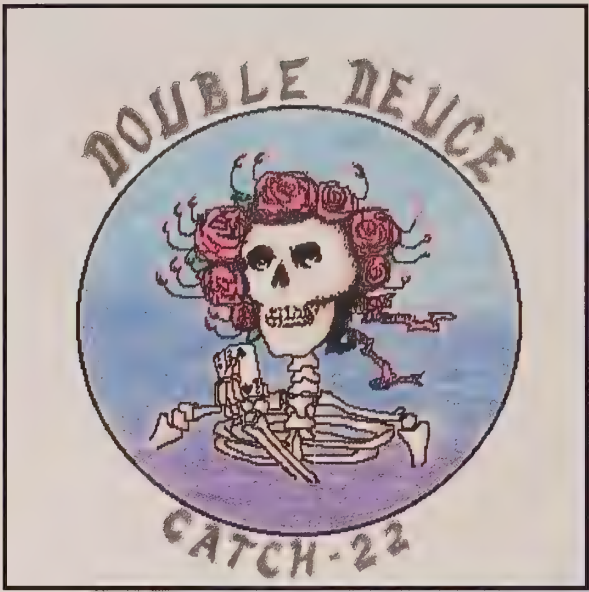
THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Toby Lemerande, William Lacivita, Tim Kinsella, Amy Bertas, Kate Wells, Amy Jo Roy, Rebecca Blake, Irvin Pollard, Blake Coleman
MIDDLE ROW: Mike Sabol, John Berrigan, Denny Ellis, Mauricio Perez, Aaron Still, Matt Mauaczewski, Mike Amstuitz, Rich Guzman
BACK ROW: Mark Mhley, Ryan Blomeley, Ryan Witcofski, Dan Smith, Stuart Blanchette, Rob Robinson, Mark Christino, John Alex, Scott Breen



FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Dean Driskill, Jason Tomasovic, Josh Clayton, Laurel Robinson, Tasya Young, Amanda Kuehne, Adi Schneck, Luke Workman, Brian Walker
MIDDLE ROW: Kevin Harbison, Chris Polk, Rob Gamble, Brian Benney, Chris Gubitosa, Cory Martin, Dave Howe, Brett St. George, Rick Brown
BACK ROW: Eric Bronner, Pat Cronyn, Chris Bates, Clint Bruce, Fred Turner, Will Pressley, Kevin Galloway, Joe Salus

Class of 1995

TWENTY SECOND COMPANY

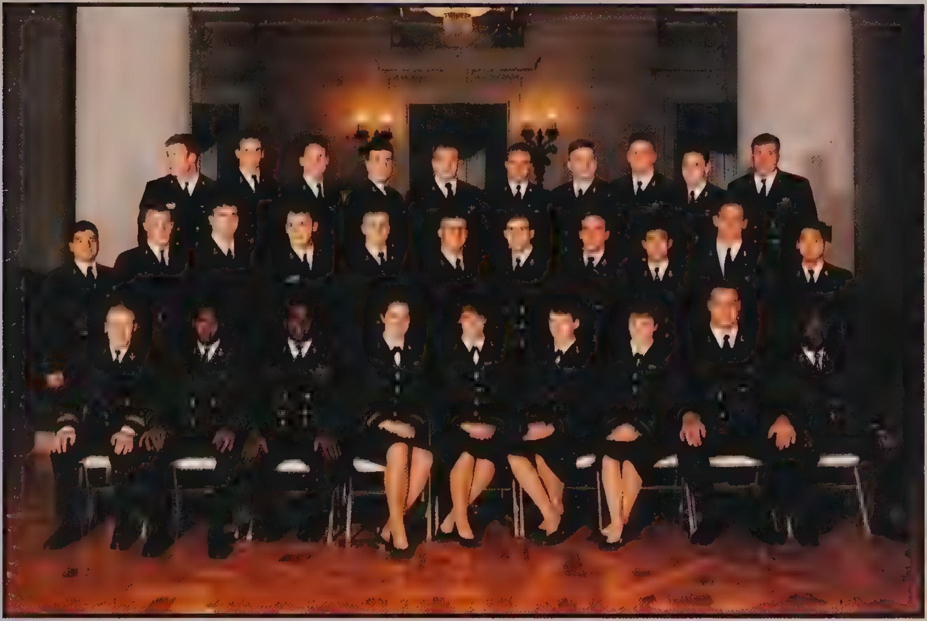


Capt. D. Gethers, USMC
22nd Company Officer

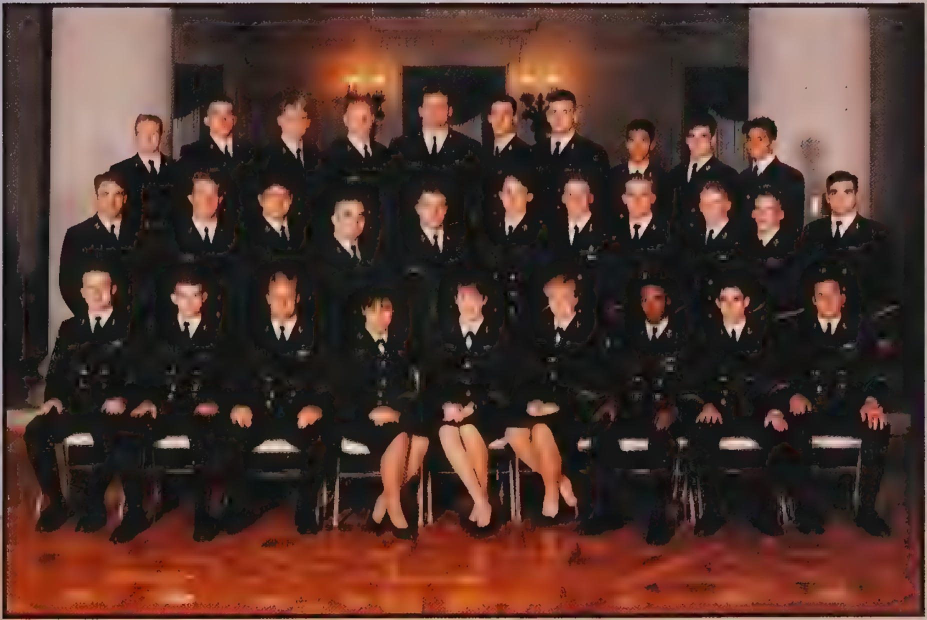
Back Row (L-R) Kendra Herber; Kirk Clermont; Joseph Dantone. Front Row (L-R) Darren Wu; Patrick Turner, Commander; Wade Wiegel.

Back Row (L-R) Stephen White; Eddy Ha. Front Row (L-R) M.C. Harrington, Commander; Juan Gil.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Pat Turner, Chris Shaw, Kirk Clermont, Kendra Herber, Kerry Kuykendall, Sarah Crouse, Mellissa Jackson, Blair Sokol, Steve Payne **MIDDLE ROW**: Juan Gil, Randy Pugh, Will Reynolds, Lan Martin, Wade Wiegel, Mike Harrington, Todd Hoot, Steve White, Darren Wu, Sean Henderson, Eddy Ha **BACK ROW**: Ross Mackenzie, Jeff Morossetti, Eric Smith, Al Angel, Brian Lawrence, Mike Wimer, Mark Zipsie, Pete Dalve, Jay Dantone, Matt Keefe



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): James McMullin, Jason Scneider, Brit Wanick, Christine Salonga, Mike Carlon, Krista Richardson, Rueben Brigety, Mike Orr, Tony Gonzalez **MIDDLE ROW**: James, Fabiszak, Tucker Turner, Rick Escandon, David Anderson, David Batista, Jesse Kemp, Brian Gilhooly, Kevin Doney, Jon Rembold, George Lawler, Brian Burgess **BACK ROW**: David Raehnle, Ted McDonough, Mike Arnold, Stephen Lewis, David Gordon, Eric Short, Stephen Shedd, Al Lopez, Kurt Kyle, Joe Williams

Class of 1995

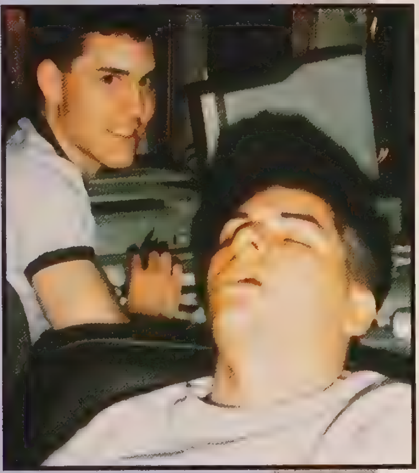
Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Scott Smith, Javier Garcia, Steve Saunders, Becky Dengler, Ana Lafferty, Cindy Deiterly, James Palma, Josh Tribble, Patrick Kelly **MIDDLE ROW**: Dominic Iacono, Jon Butler, Jason Eister, Dennis Volpe, Justin Hendrickson, Spiro Nifakos, Theron Renfro **BACK ROW**: Rob Kerfoot, Joe Davis, Jim Hamilton, Derek Cotten, Scott Powell, Sam Messer, Jon Hoppes

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): John Marinovich, Miles Woodard, Jack Pritchett, Lysa Stewart, Sarah Schopp, Kayla Lee, Ray Marshall, Jeff Kremer, Jon Sagaser **MIDDLE ROW**: Jason English, Irvin Gray, Nate Shenck, Ted Brenner, Scott Tasin, Jon Perkins, Luis Briones, Scott Roberts, John Cremins, Jon Hager **BACK ROW**: Sam Zager, Mike Turner, Chris Rogers, Vince O'Hara, Mike Lee, Brian Antonelli, Tarey Gettys, Ben Moglen, Ted Bohl

Class of 1997

GO NAVY



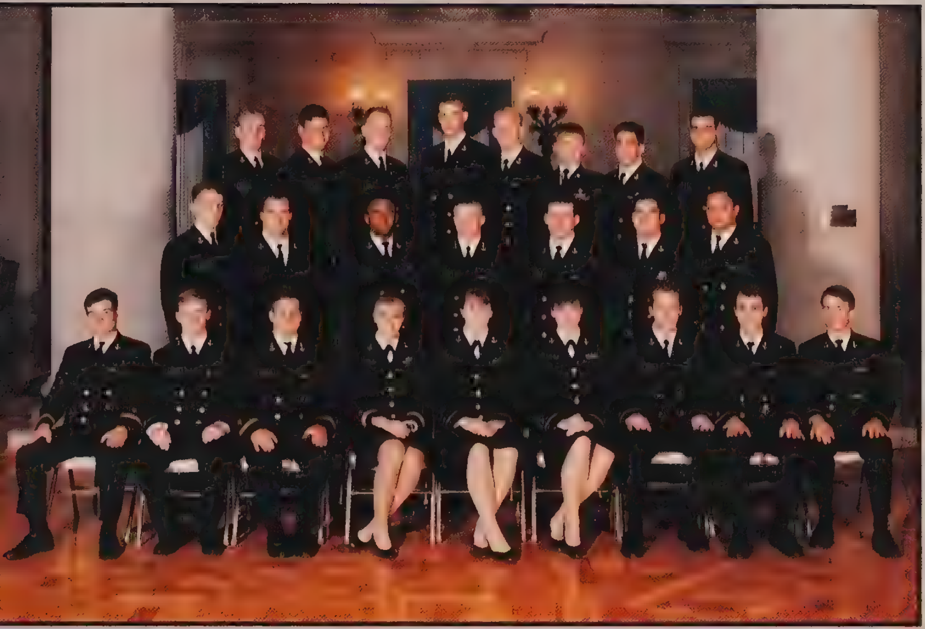
TWENTY THIRD COMPANY

LT S. Conerly, USN
23rd Company Officer

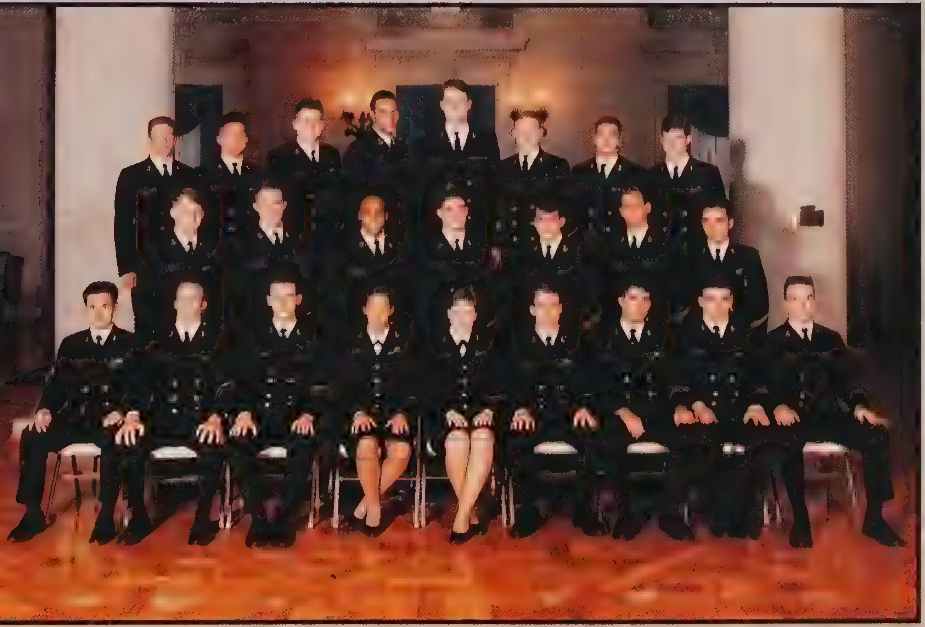
Back Row (L-R) James Keck; Johnny Vanslyke; Christopher Caudill. Front Row (L-R) Sean Kranick; Tara Caroselli, Commander; Adan Cruz.

Back Row (L-R) Paul Urbine; Tara Caroselli; Adan Cruz. Front Row (L-R) Steve Jaureguizar, Commander; Bart Greene.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): James W. Keck, Daniel S. Sameit, Christian M. Horak, Tara A. Caroselli, Erin M. Nickles, Tracy L. Clark, Mark D. Johnson, Matthew J. Wukitch, Eric J. Lednicky **MIDDLE ROW**: Bartt G. Greene, Sean M. Kranick, Paul B. Bryant, Grant G. Goodrich, Christopher L. Caudill, Johnny A. VanSlyke, Adan G. Cruz **BACK ROW**: Lewis P. Rhodes, Garth P. Devries, Frank L. Sprude, Steven M. Jaureguizar, Mark C. Perrault, Kevin D. Glathar, Paul W. Urbine, Todd C. Owens

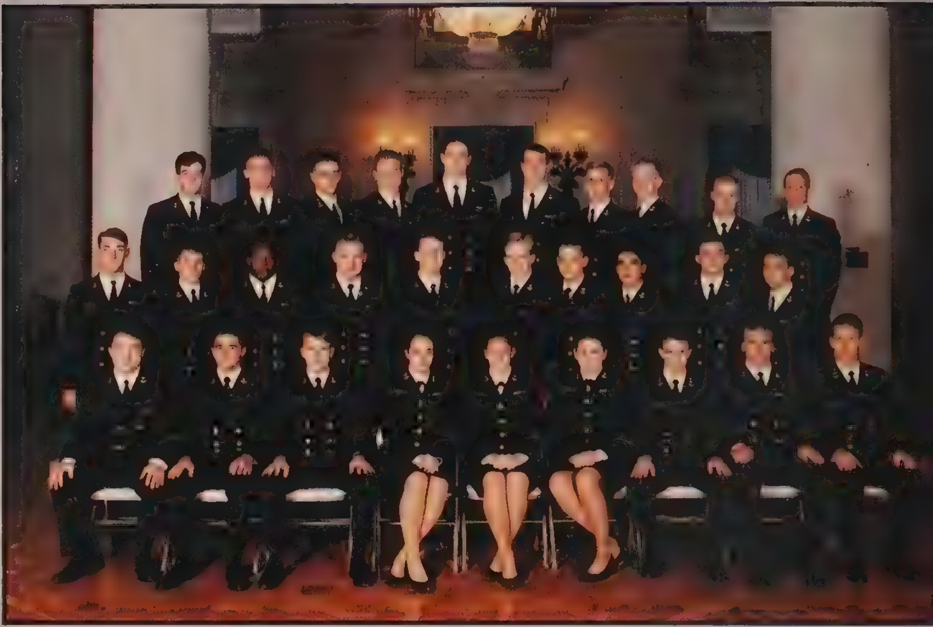


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Angus P. Forbes, Jonathan D. Price, John E. Smith, Samya V. Cruz, Kristin M. Scherr, John E. Campbell Jr., Forrest O. Young, Christpher D. Flis, Jason E. Rimmer **MIDDLE ROW**: Eric D. Hayes, Ryan T. Hardee, Nathaniel T. Millsap Jr., Chris H. Wheeler, William E. Maske, Eric C. Thiel, Cesar G. Rios **BACK ROW**: Michael L. Baker, Sowan S. Ahn, Brian J. Cochran, Larry R. Green Jr., Brian E. Frey, Richard A. Costello, Gary J. Huss, Steven E. Milewski

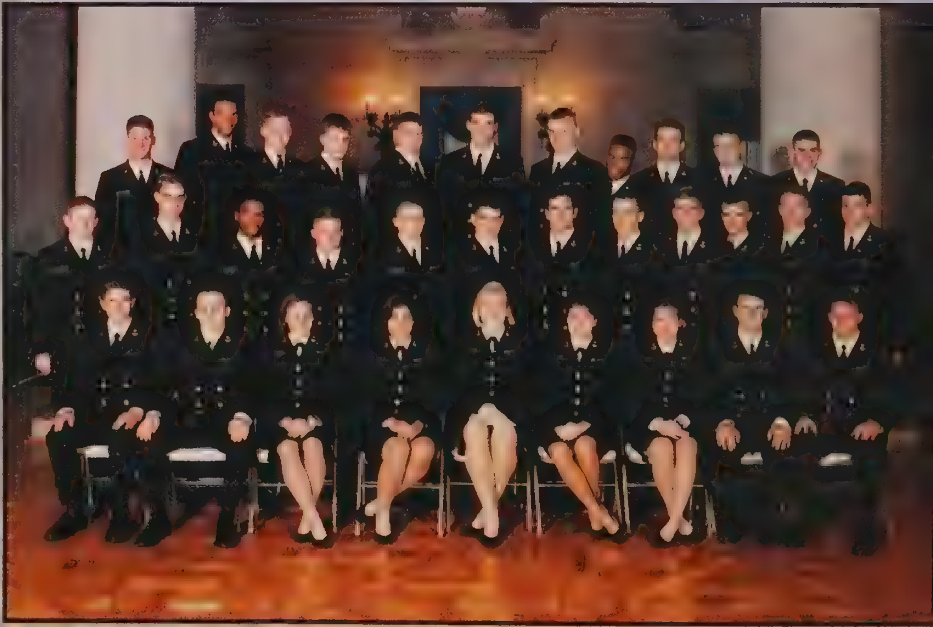
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Joshua Horner, William Selk, Dustin Hamilton, Leslie Schreiner, Phaedra Haussler, Ghislaine Williams, Glen Lininger, Marc Amos, Dale Klein **MIDDLE ROW**: Robert Flickenger, John Jackson III, Marcus Raven, Kyle Knapp, Michael Coker, John Calvert, Matthew Koerber, Jacob Madore, Joseph Ruzicka, Matthew Cutter **BACK ROW**: Matthew Tritle, Curtis Craig, Joshua Prueher, Stephen M. Williams, Joseph Ernst, Garrett Smith, Darin Twete, Brian Facquet, Thomas Heck, Steven Werner

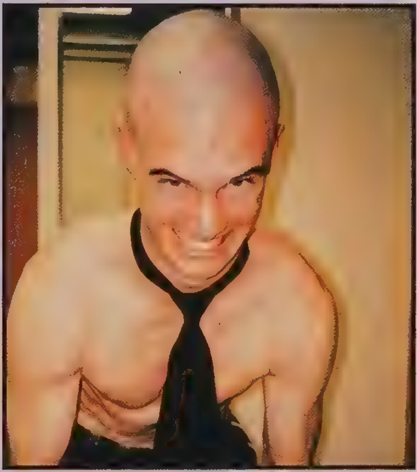


FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Christopher Fotos, Stephen Fisher, Emily Hornsten, Meghan Bueno, Anna Blaszczyk, Jodi Wycoff, Lori Krsulich, Richard Normandin, Wesley Johnson **MIDDLE ROW**: Martin Hill, Charles Eaton, Llonie Cobb, Bryan Jones, Brian Hathcoat, Adam Krause, Mark Laubach, Jason Chuderewicz, Thomas Swaim, Kevin Graves, Andrew Wylie, Donald Wetherbee **BACK ROW**: John Wicklund, Willis Jackson, Phillip Drumand, Justin Sauer, David Baucom, Paul Celani, Dean Phillips, Ike Ofodile, James Vega, Jeffery Chapman, Eric Bowen



Class of 1997

205



TWENTY FOURTH COMPANY

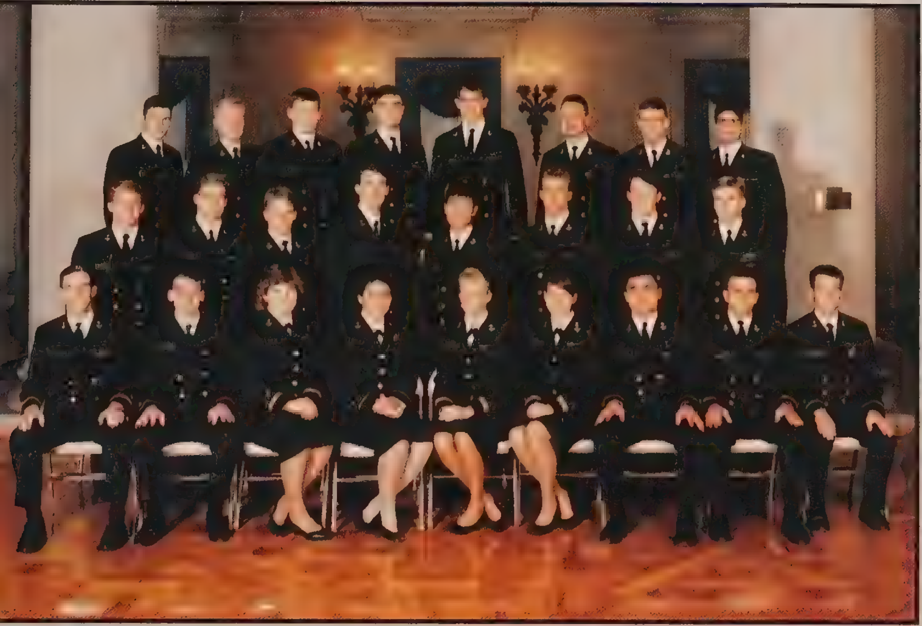
TAKE A WALK
on the
24
WILD SIDE

LCDR W. Trimble, USN
24th Company Officer

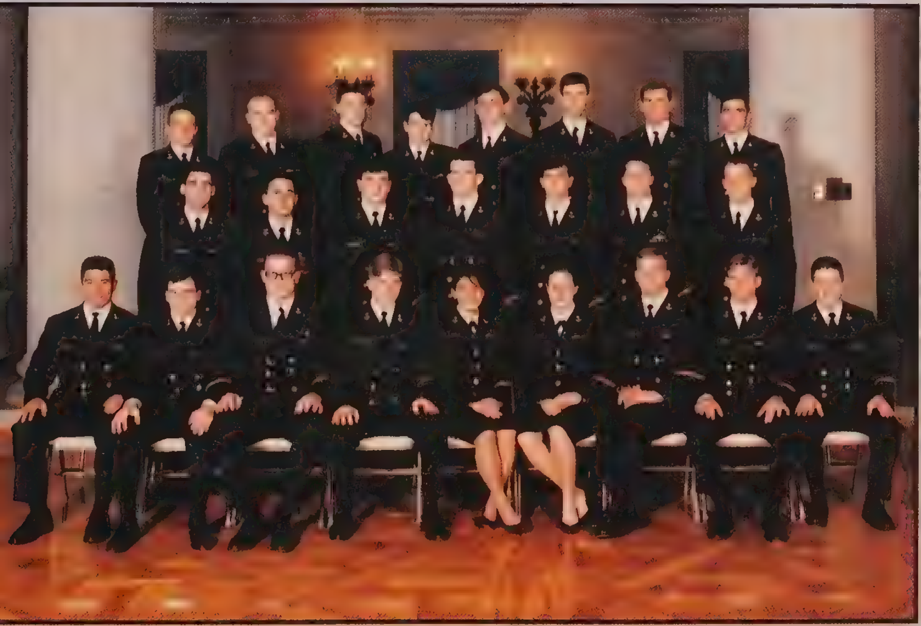
Back Row (L-R) Garrett Lunde; Josh Dittmar; Barry Palmer. Front Row (L-R) Thomas Landis; Amy Bauernschmidt, Commander; Roger Hardy.

Back Row (L-R) Jeff Urban; Amy Bauernschmidt; Leon Higgins. Front Row (L-R) Ricardo Miagany, Commander; Rod Messick.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Roger Hardy, Rick Doudy, Kim Ude, Elizabeth Okano, Amy Bauernschmidt, Michelle Montgomery, In Ha, Tom Landis, Greg Lane **MIDDLE ROW**: Beau Palmer, Tom Rosko, Jeff Stepanic, Jeff Urban, Joe Eckstein, Jason Testa, Seth Evans, Stu Blair **BACK ROW**: David Wallis, John Holmes, Garrett Lunde, Scott Patterson, Josh Dittmar, Leon Higgins, Mike Johnson, Ricardo Miagany

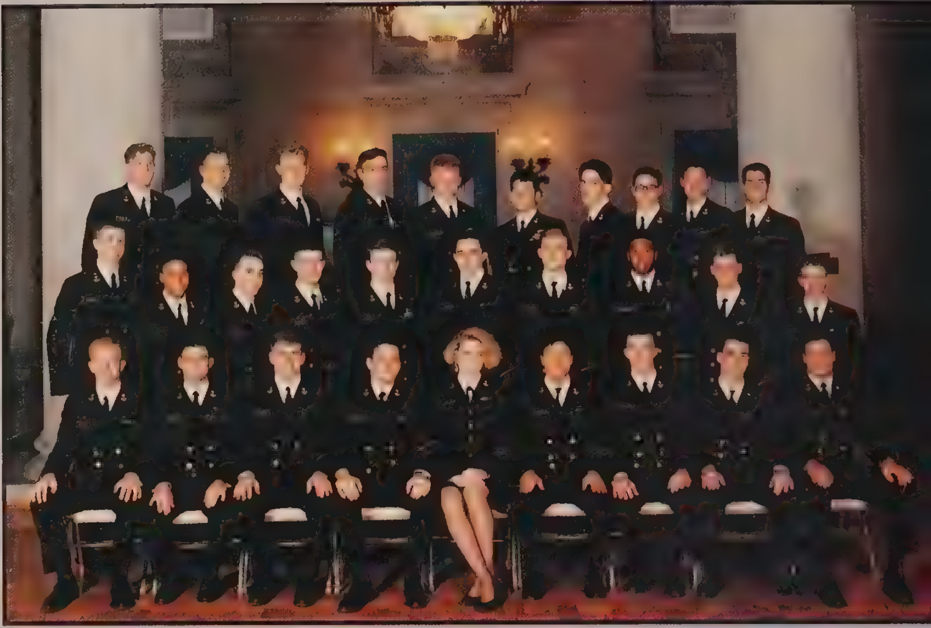


SECOND CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Eugene Orlanes, Sylvester Heath, Christopher Cox, Joseph Krause, Jessica Osborne, Amy Salness, Joshua Sager, Robert Sherwood, William Bucey **MIDDLE ROW**: Eric Goralnick, Jeffery Villanueva, Dean Castillo Jr., David Maruna, Jason Fitch, Eric Lowman, Emmitt Schitte **BACK ROW**: Andrew Gnau, David Dull, Erich Wagner, Bernard Meehan, Charles Bertrand, Chad Dean, Brent Strond, Theodore Voltz

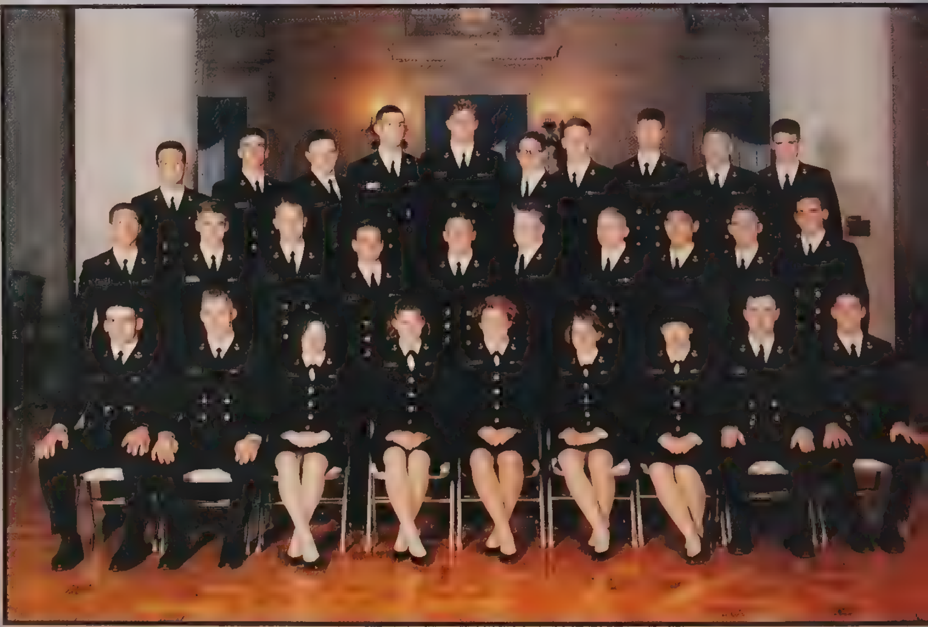
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

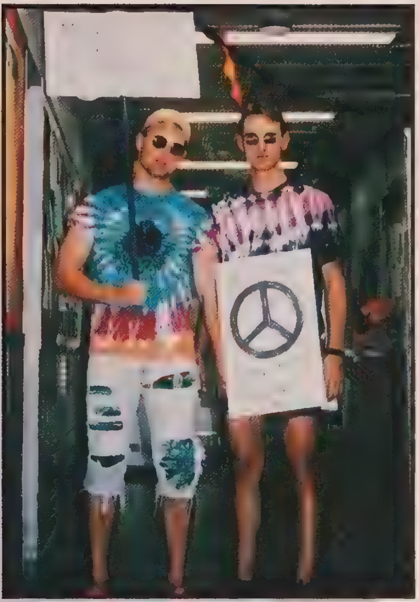
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Meeks, Drew Fullerton, Nathan Knoke, Travis Kindred, Erika Kisil, Christopher Kavanagh, Rory Tucker, Kevin Kelgo, Ted Farrell **MIDDLE ROW**: Kyle Hastings, Mario Wilson, Brian Gustavson, Peter Heidelberger, John Hentze, Brian Taddiken, Michael Jarrett, Sharif Calfee, Brian Genton, Clark Childers **BACK ROW**: James Norris, Garrett Luebker, Christopher Waters, Guy Fredrick Ormsby, Erik Estenson, Jeff Farlin, Joseph Casey, Az Holz, Kevin Pickard, Carter Richardson



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Matthew Lapointe, Dan Kelly, Angela Tuttle, Hilary Niceswanger, Kathryn Stonelake, Patricia Dienhart, Michelle Nakamura, Michael Wheeler, Karsten Da Ponte **MIDDLE ROW**: Kyle Meer, Shawn Schnyder, Mark Dennison, Peter Feher, Aaron Angell, Robert Sinram, Randy Stabb, James Bae, Kevin Macy, Bruce Casey **BACK ROW**: Forrest De Spain, Jeffery Buchanan, Michael Holland, Jared Voneida, Diz Nutez, Matthew Davy, Willaim Snyder, Ryan Roberts, Cory Gaconnet, William Getchius



Class of 1997



NAVY
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NAVY

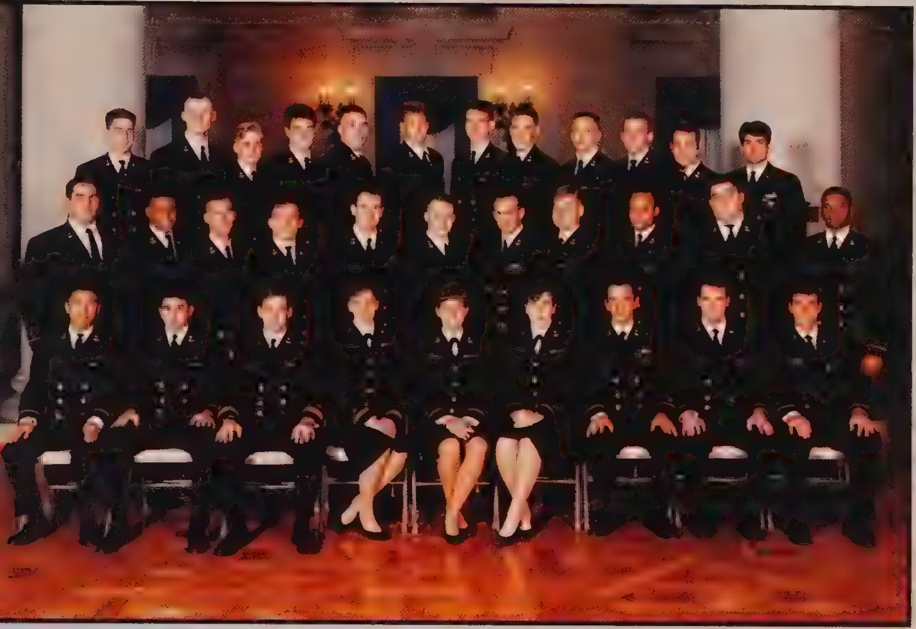
TWENTY FIFTH COMPANY

LCDR D. Braswell, USN
25th Company Officer

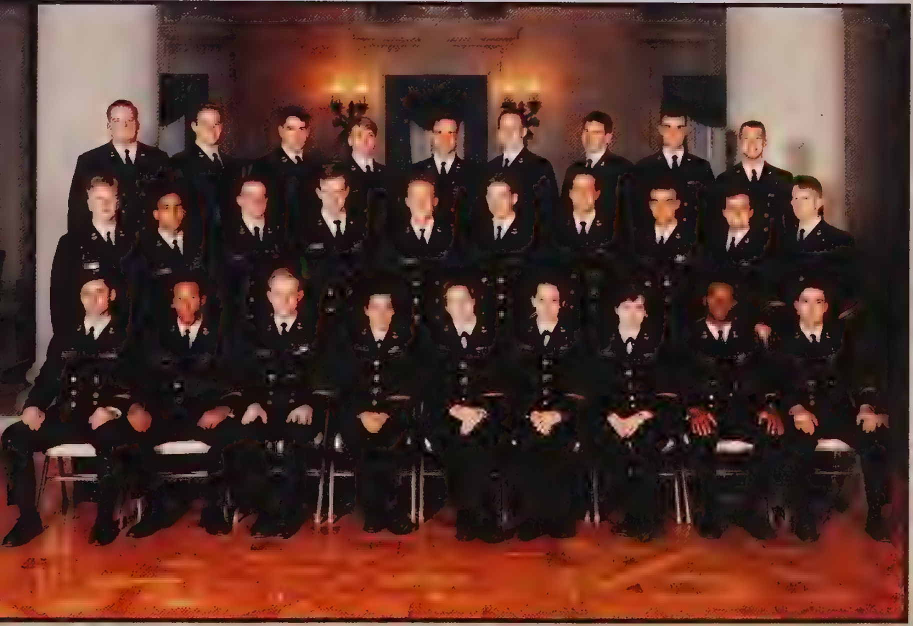
Back Row (L-R) Jack Perrin; Nicole Tonnessen; Frank Bronson. Front Row (L-R) Michael Supko; Ryan Carron, Commander; Ashley Steele.

Back Row (L-R) Jack Perrin; Robert McMillen; Anthony Tucker; Christopher Dean. Front Row (L-R) Eric Peterson, Commander; Michael Carter.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Allen Escobar, Rich Rivera, Brent Sadler, Alicia Lynch, Niki Tonnesson, Cindy Talbot, Chris Dean, Ashley Steele, Dave Fagen
MIDDLE ROW: John Formoso, Mike Carter, Chad Hixson, Todd Huber, Rob Doherty, Ryan Carron, Mike Supko, Chris Williams, Anthony Tucker, Dan Pidgeon, Chris Rounds
BACK ROW: Pat Greene, Jack Perrin, Jeff Gantar, Brian Pirko, Nathan Strandquist, Dan Turnbow, Mike Sharp, Ted O'Harrah, Eric Petersen, Frank Bronson, Josh Payton, Rob McMillen

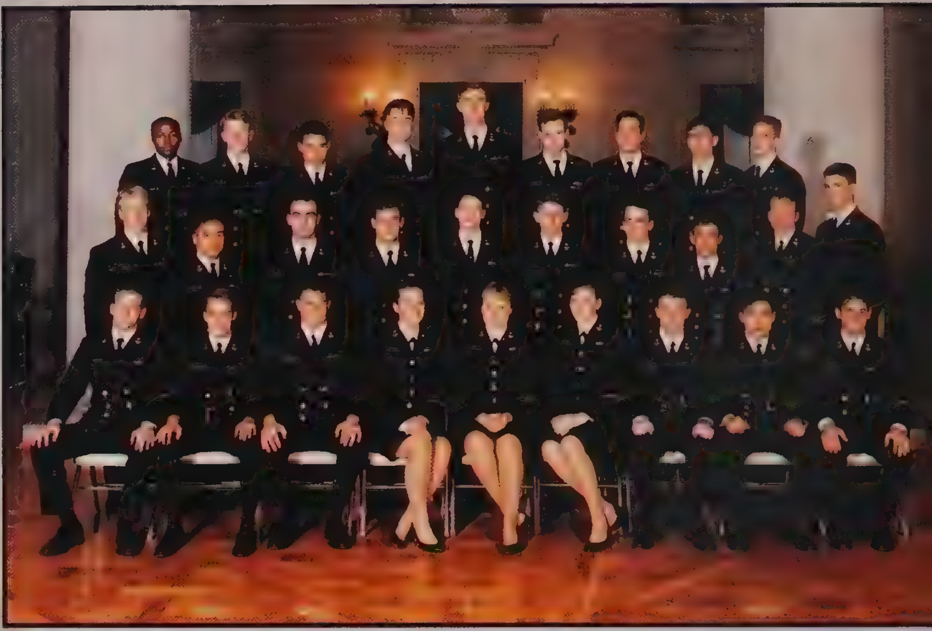


SECOND CLASS:
FIRST ROW (l to r): Jason Williscroft, Art Brown, Hartley Postlewaite, Andrea Quy, Penny Donnelly, Sandy Stevens, Amy Hewett, Cory Avens, Scott Cargill
MIDDLE ROW: Jon Troyer, Jim Douglass, Hugh Dainier, Rob Hawthorne, Brent Fulton, Josh Hilby, Mike King, Ralph Amendola, Chad Sloan, Brandy Brown
BACK ROW: Jeff Anderson, Jim Loreto, Brian Lindoerfer, John Dougherty, Chris Schmidt, Tom Page, Marco Trevino, Charlie Jones, Scott Stephens

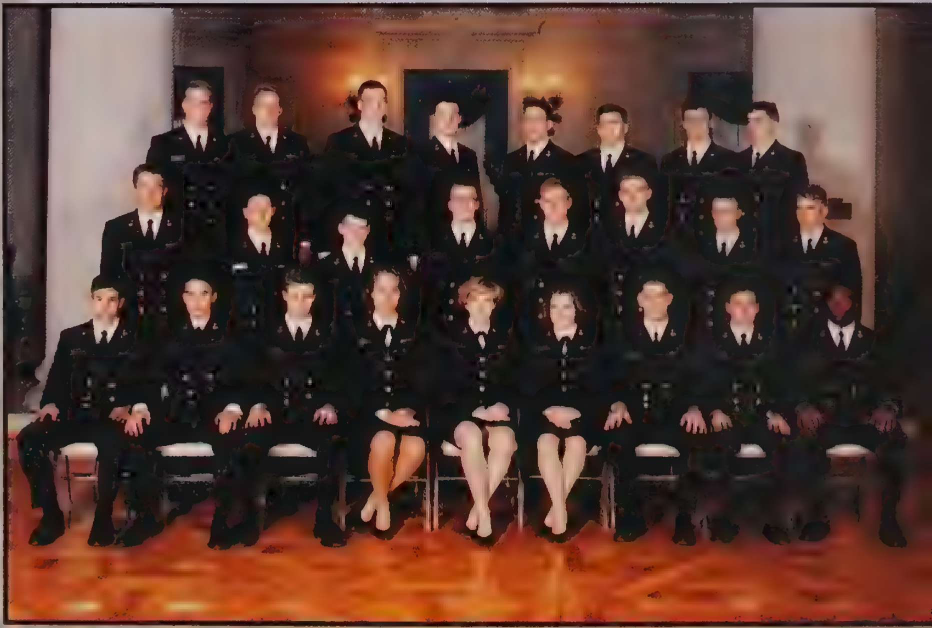
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Craig Erlanger, Cliff Raushenberg, Pete Arrobio, Jill Quinton, Laura Stout, Jennifer Smith, Tony Yanero, Pete Kim, Marty Fisher **MIDDLE ROW**: Pete Riebe, Lawford Ricafort, John Baehr, Scott Ward, L.G. Black, Dave Sweida, Corey Huyssoon, Paul Frontera, Wes McCall **BACK ROW**: Art Sherrod, Colin Day, Trey Lundy, Scott Gleason, Scott Snyder, Jim Keating, Britt Watson



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Robert Liotta, Michael Toribio, Bert Prosser, Amy Ruzauskas, Shannon Smith, Dede Zallnick, Charles Mclenithan, Ben Domoto, Howard Bryant **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Herbert, Stephen Ciccarelli, Bryan Tannehill, Tom Adams, Eric Biggers, Tim Fox, Jason Farinelli, Eric Nelson **BACK ROW**: Foster Carlile, Keir Stahlhut, Judd Krier, David Belew, Benjamin Alexander, Keith Baravik, Ryan Miller, Matt Souliere



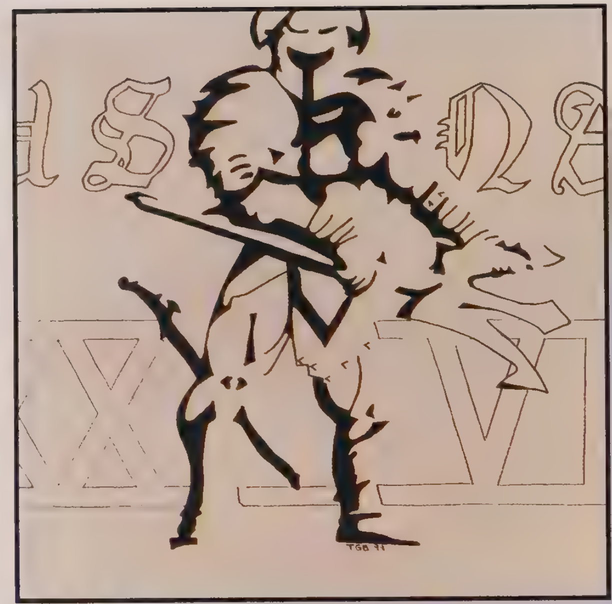
Class of 1997

MARINES

NAVY
ANNAPOLIS

NAVY

TWENTY SIXTH COMPANY

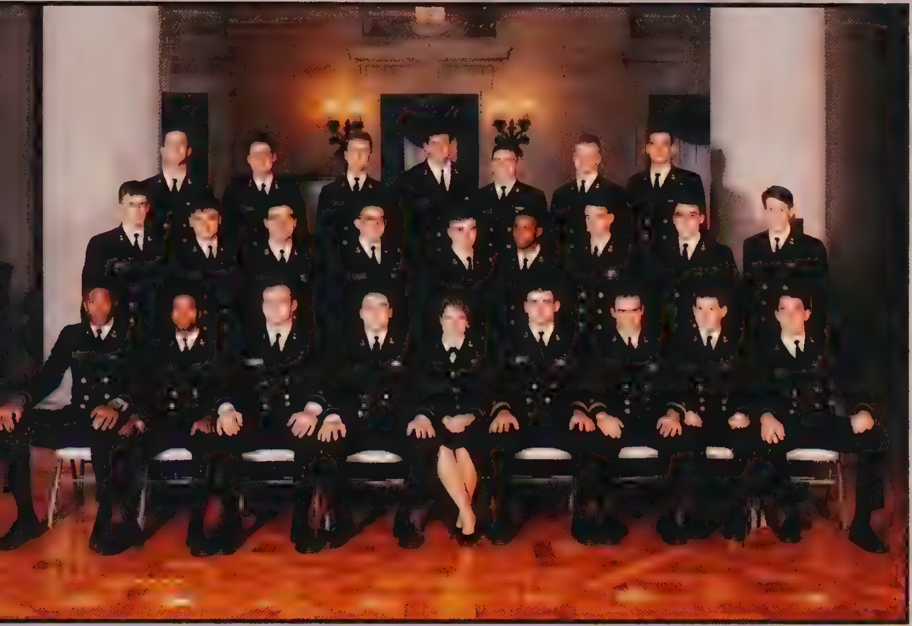


Capt. C. Peet, USMC
26th Company Officer

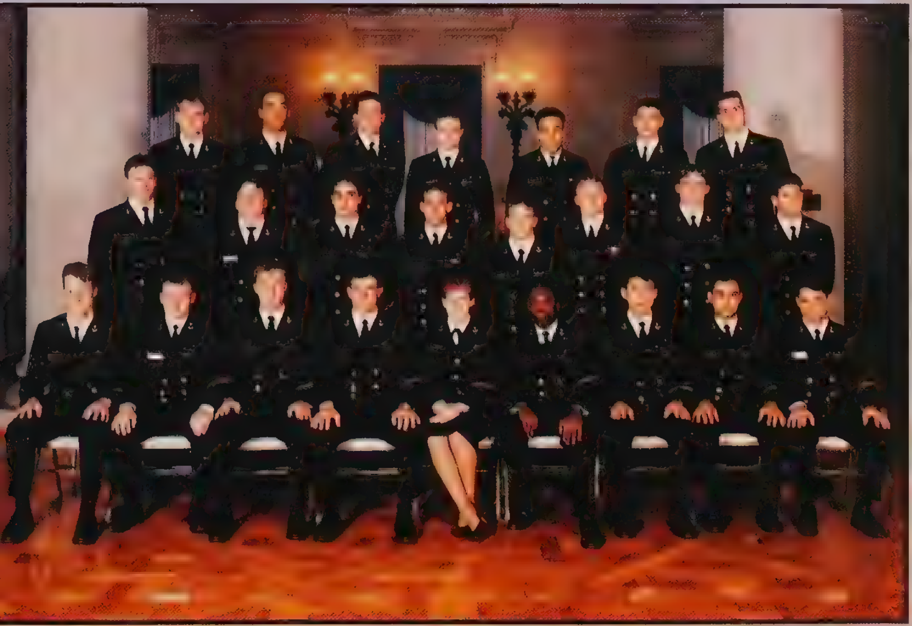
Back Row (L-R) John Hackel; Philip Campbell. Front Row (L-R) Eric Jones; Marcus Startzel, Commander; Jennifer Vanduren.

Back Row (L-R) Chris McMillian; Patrick McCaslin; Eric Jones. Front Row (L-R) Tobin Butler; Christopher Lovell, Commander.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Robert Catten, Eric Jones, Mark Spencer, Todd Brill, Katherine Pruitt, Marcus Startzel, Neil Keegan, Scott Koenig, Jeffrey Cooper **MIDDLE ROW**: John Hacker, Oscar Avila, James Tran, Matthew Hawks, Charles Dockery, Earl Young, John Renning, Michael Gleeson, Kevin Hagan **BACK ROW**: Tobin Butler, Kylan Juffman, Richard Johns, Tristan Rizzi, D. Paul Davis, Christopher Lovell, Philip Campbell

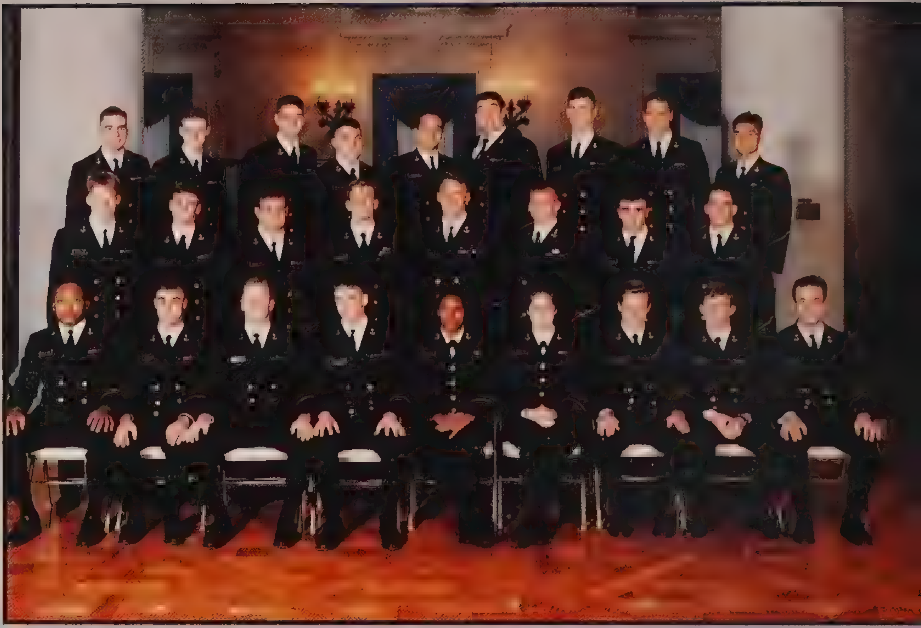


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Kirk Schneringer, Mike Masica, Chris MacMillan, Erin Sullivan, Megan Humbert, Harold Blackmon, Mark Kim, Murzy Morris, Troy Hamilton **MIDDLE ROW**: Courtney Kinnan, Matthew McClay, John Skarin, Andrew Carlson, William Reagan, Robert Dinunzio, Robert Klemeyer, Anthony Solliday **BACK ROW**: Michael Hritz, Tom Scheer, Daniel Devos, Robert Monahan, Brian King, Richard Lawson, Richard Harrison

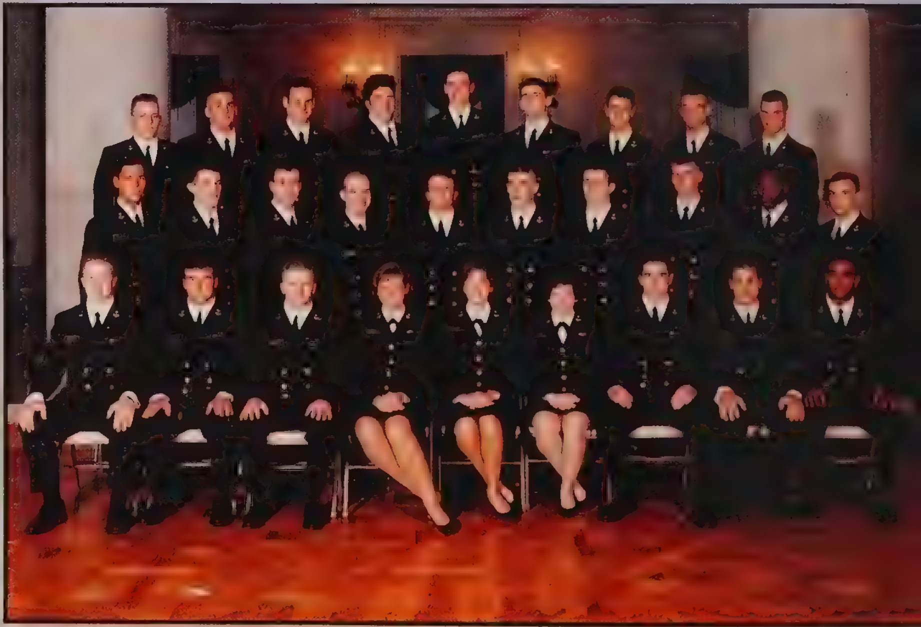
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

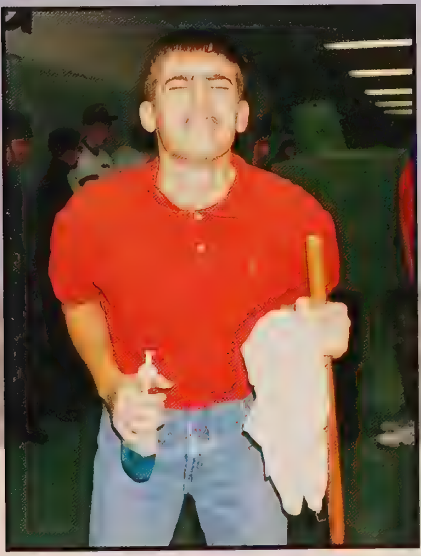
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Cornelius Gray, Bradley Carr, Gregory Petrovic, Patrick McBride, Delora Brooks, Tracey Hoyte, Christopher Wells, Patrick Clark, Alan Dix **MIDDLE ROW**: Thomas Conroe, Brian Masterson, Travis Wilcox, Patrick McCaslin, Richard Archer, Russel Geraldi, John DiAnni, Quincy Munos **BACK ROW**: Adam Robinson, Charles Ehnes, Todd Hickman, Aaron Kelley, Arturo Sanchez, Alex Domino, Ryan Brown, Brian Benedict, What Nguyen



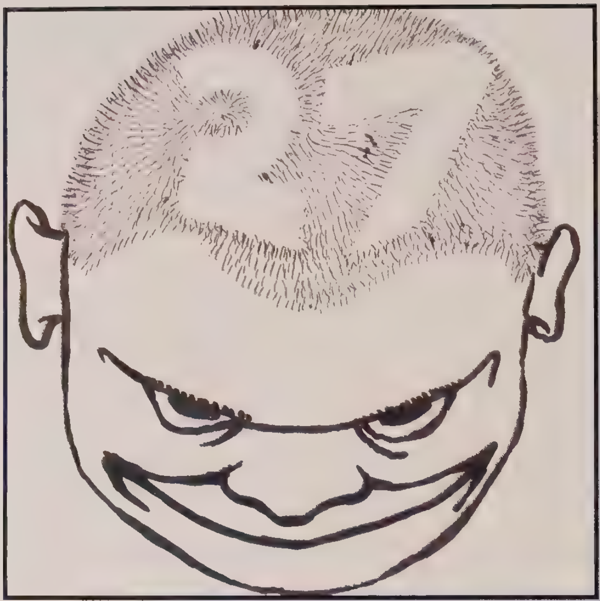
FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Joseph Matison, Erik Cyre, Taos Taylor, Jennifer Pietrowski, Kimberly McGreevy, Cassandra Gaston, Kevin Brink, Daniel Freedman, Wesley Garrison **MIDDLE ROW**: Erik Odom, Christine Nash, Woodrow Nesbit, Warren Wattles, Jacob Abrams, Matthew Horr, Steve Cussen, Mark Symmes, Robert Green, Thomas O'Malley **BACK ROW**: Vaden Cobb, Michael McKinsey, Lary Roth, Kristopher Martin, Scott Diguisto, Sean Vanmeter, Christopher Merrill, Aaron Drummond, Matthew Wilder



Class of 1997



TWENTY SEVENTH COMPANY

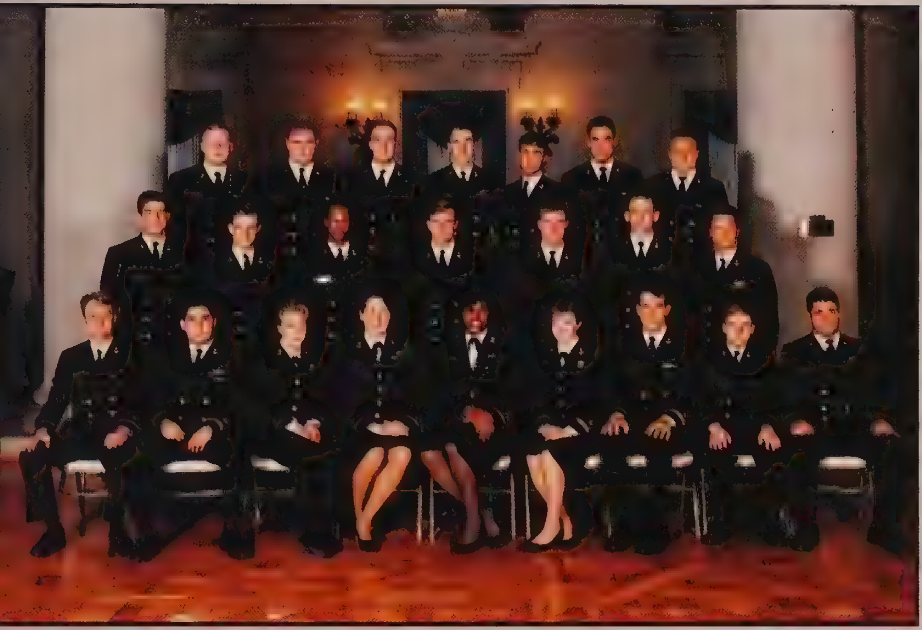


LCDR D. Burger, USN
27th Company Officer

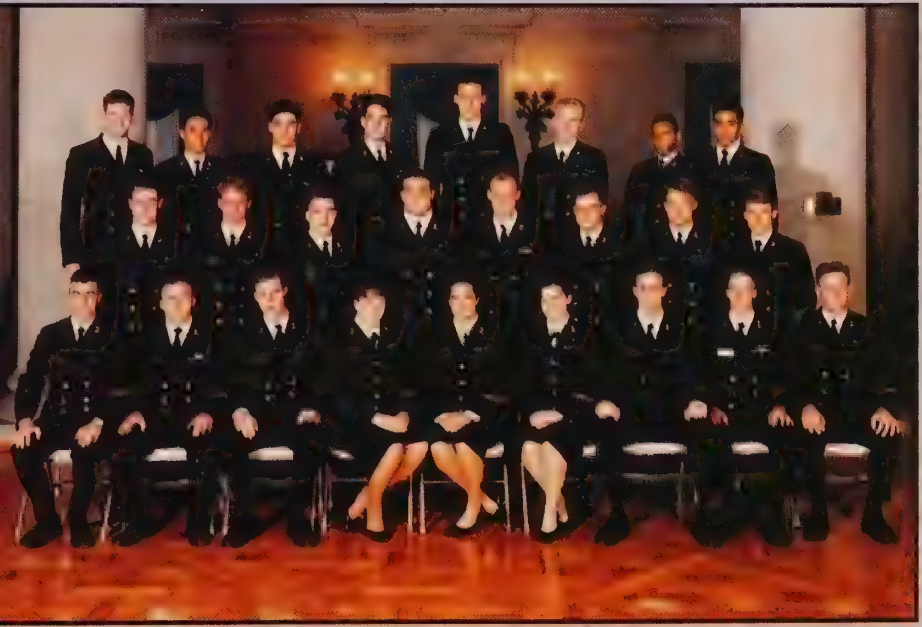
Back Row (L-R) Chris Slattery; Patrick Donahue. Front Row (L-R) Richard Matyskiela; Michael Sweeney, Commander.

Back Row (L-R) Christopher Kelson; Kevin Hamilton; Danielle McNaughton. Front Row (L-R) J.D. Denney, Commander; Homer Denius.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Robert Treis, Jr., Philip Flores, Brauna Rosenberg, Maria Pallotta, Kimberly Cowling, Danielle McNaughton, Homer Denius, III, Carl DeGrace, Andrew Soterakis **MIDDLE ROW**: Chris Kelson, Christopher Slattery, Victor Lake, Michael Sweeney, David Bartell, Brandon Dominguez, John Denny, Jr. **BACK ROW**: Sean Boyle, Kevin Hamilton, Lawrence Young, Richard Matyskiela, Patrick Donahue, Vique Caro, Erik Nilson

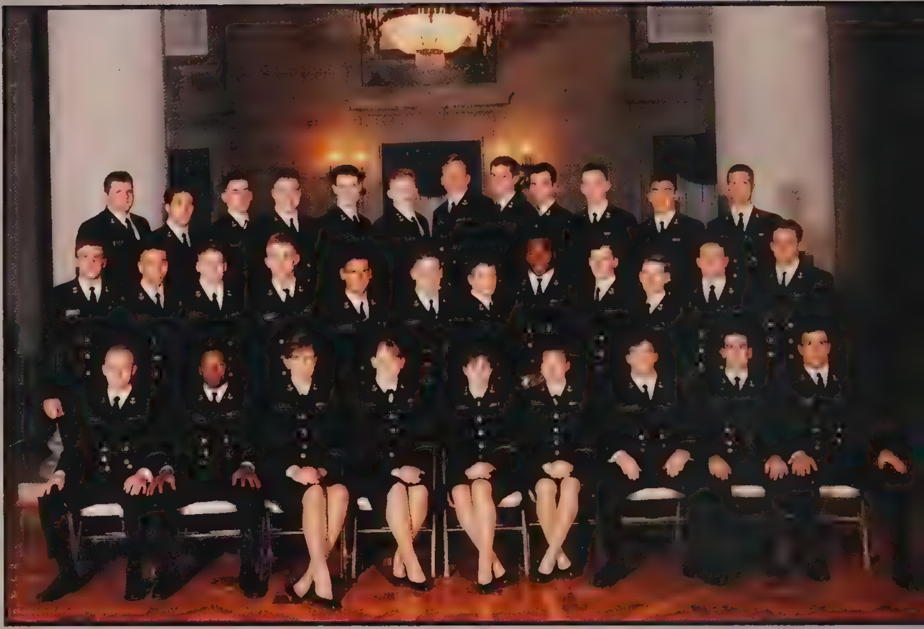


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Lance Lantier, Gregory Zima, Jonathon Hurst, Trisha Buchinger, Kelly Cantley, Krista Murphy, Christopher Sambar, Thomas Henneberg, Jonathon Frey **MIDDLE ROW**: Todd Yound, Charles Smith, Scott Carmody, Joseph Hicks, Gregory Martin, Matthew Frick, Theodore Andrews, Timothy Buller **BACK ROW**: Edward Groth, Benjamin Tolerba, Richard Villareal, Gregory Meyer, Adam Scott, Benjamin Shupp, Carlton Hoye, James Collins, Jr.

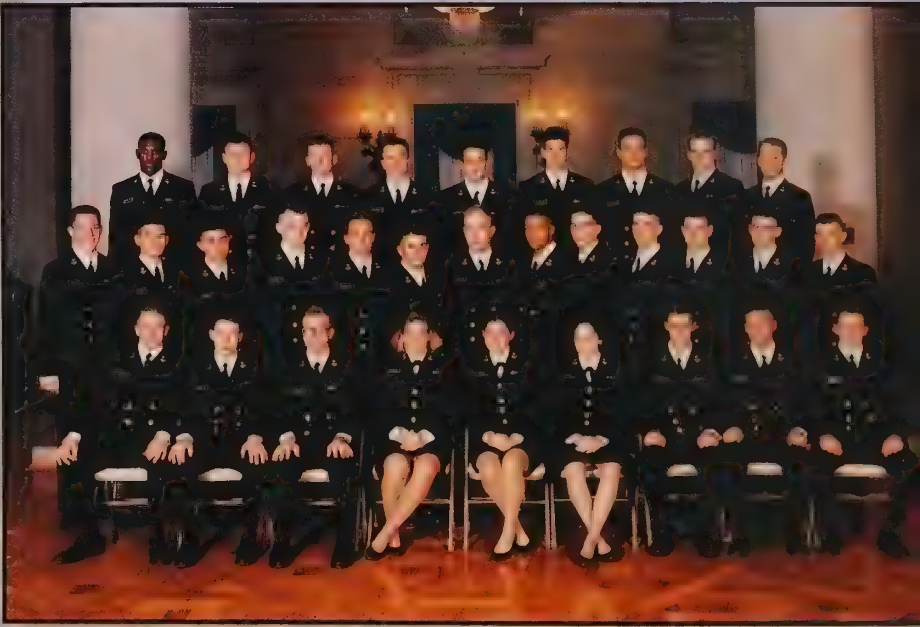
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): J. Michael Woods, William Simmons, Tracey Delk, Elizabeth Allee, Erica Hoffmann, Cara Albright, Cory Brummett, Daniel McCoy, Allan Brooks
MIDDLE ROW: Steven Johnson, David Eisen, Mark Crowe, Terrence Nawara, Johathan Kuntz, Adam Schnitzer, Jaesen Yerger, Fernando Harris, Jason Stapleton, David-Tavis Pollard, Thomas Thoma, Michael Cathey
BACK ROW: Timothy Roberts, Thomas Beckley, Kevin Mulligan, Thomas Donovan, Ian Selby, Jay Mihal, Dean Stouffer, Dwight Clemons, James Roach, IV, David Carnal, Thoedore Diamond, Matthew Parsons



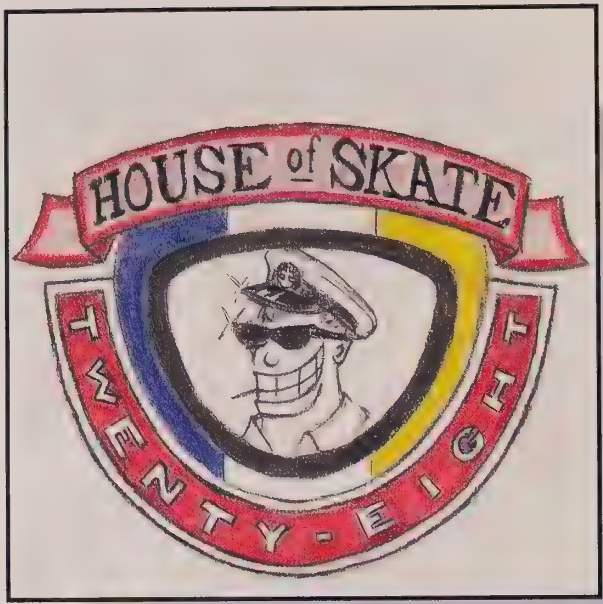
FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Christopher Holloway, Timothy Burke, James O'Brien, Carla Sopper, Sari Messier, Katherine Sillin, Joel Mlinar, Robert Coulter, Jason Walker
MIDDLE ROW: Jason Salinas, Matthew Percy, Vincent Fortunato, Jake Spruance, Kristian Kearton, Sean Seltzer, Gail Carter, Jr., Mark Harrison, Michael Darcy, Robert Armbruster, Stephan Walborn, David Behnke, Darin Bivens
BACK ROW: John Quartey, Christian Jensen, Spencer Padgett, Christopher Mandernacki, Ronald Richardson, Steven Fulton, Richard Worthington, Hugh Edmonson, Scott Davis



Class of 1997

UNITED STATES MARINES

TWENTY EIGTH COMPANY



LT M. Wright , USN
28th Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Debbie Miller; Max Luter; Bert Steele. Front Row (L-R) Thomas Dixon; Adam Young, Commander; Scott Beltz.

Back Row (L-R) Daniel Herlihy; Darren McClurg; Gillian BrestVanKempen; Brenna Baker. Front Row (L-R) Thomas Sheppard, Commander; Bert Steele.

Class of 1994

FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Alex Bullock, Scott Beltz, Jennifer Whereatt, Brenna Baker, Debbie Sue Miller, Gillian A.C. Brest VanKempen, Angela Luzier, Maxwell Luter, Thomas Dixon **MIDDLE ROW**: Matthew Nanes, Adam Young, Bert Steele III, Thomas Sheppard, Adam Messer, Hunter Hawver III, Brent Kinman, Lance Stewart Barnes **BACK ROW**: Fredrick Janny Regan, Duke Ingraham, Michael McAbee, Steven Schairer, Darren McClurg, James Harrell, David Snider, Daniel Herlihy, Cortland Esch

SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Patrick Brophy, Robert Connors, Michael Davies, Patrick Olsen, Sarah Wright, Rebecca Tschampl, Jose Reta, Darron Lee, James Mill **MIDDLE ROW**: Clinton Smith, Timothy, Brosnan, Blair Keithley, Cale Holman, Eric Tansky, David Weinstein, Eric Fessler, Robert Pierone **BACK ROW**: Matthew Eby, Donald Orlandoni, Jerald Tex Froehner, Scott Drayton, William Miskelly, Matthew Hill, David St. Pierre, Jeffrey Webb, Timothy Patterson

Class of 1995

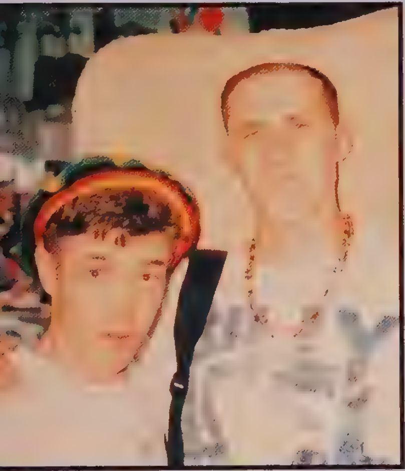
Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Seth Miller, Mark Muller, Nick Hernandez, Julie Nichols, Pauline Pimentel, Roderick Benson, Benjamin Bryant, Sean Boyles, Gregory Donofrio **MIDDLE ROW**: William Donnelly III, Ryan Norris, Shane Jennings, Christopher Wright, G.E. Goyette, Matthew Smith, Joseph Amaral, Todd Rupp, Brian Graham, Clifford Ohl **BACK ROW**: Jack Hartnett, Brendan Collins, Darin Fox, Todd Copeland, Wayne Andrews III, Daniel Newberger, Clayton Robinson, Carl Bryson

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Brian Rosemark, Joey Jackson, Michelle Milley, Suzanne Dondero, Jennifer Drake, Renee Tanaka, Corey Henton, Matthew Willburn, Aaron Price **MIDDLE ROW**: John Olover, Jason Hall, John Cooke, T.A. Ryno, Mathew Pfeffer, Brian Sandberg, Christopher Sylvester, Scott Jackson, Nicholas Green, Christopher Cosby, Greg Szepe **BACK ROW**: John Samuel Haas, David Espeut, Frank Goertner, Brad Butler, Justin Hodges, Casmer Ratkowiak, Gregory Martin, Chris Christensen, Thaomas Fries

Class of 1997

USM



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OR THE WEEK
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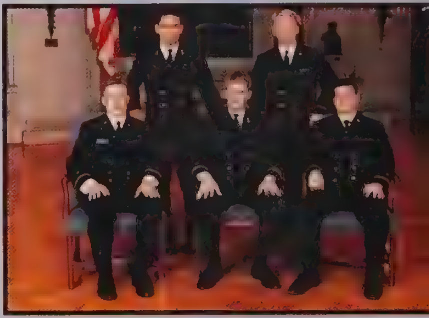
COMP

TWENTY NINTH COMPANY

29
RETURN TO SENDER

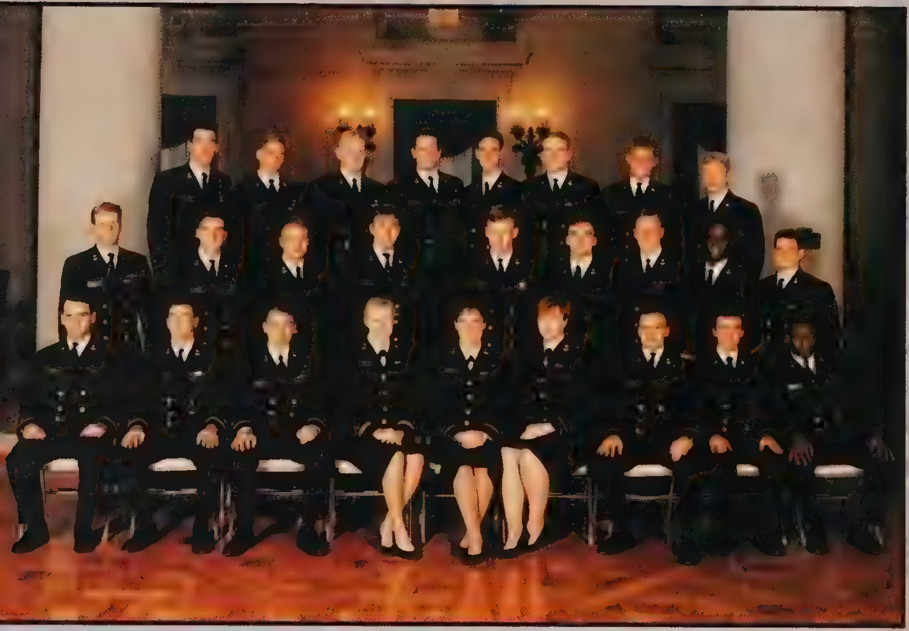
LT M. Hickey, USN
29th Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Kennett Moses; Nathan Reed. Front Row (L-R) Patrick Burger; Scott Armentrout, Commander; Seth Yost.

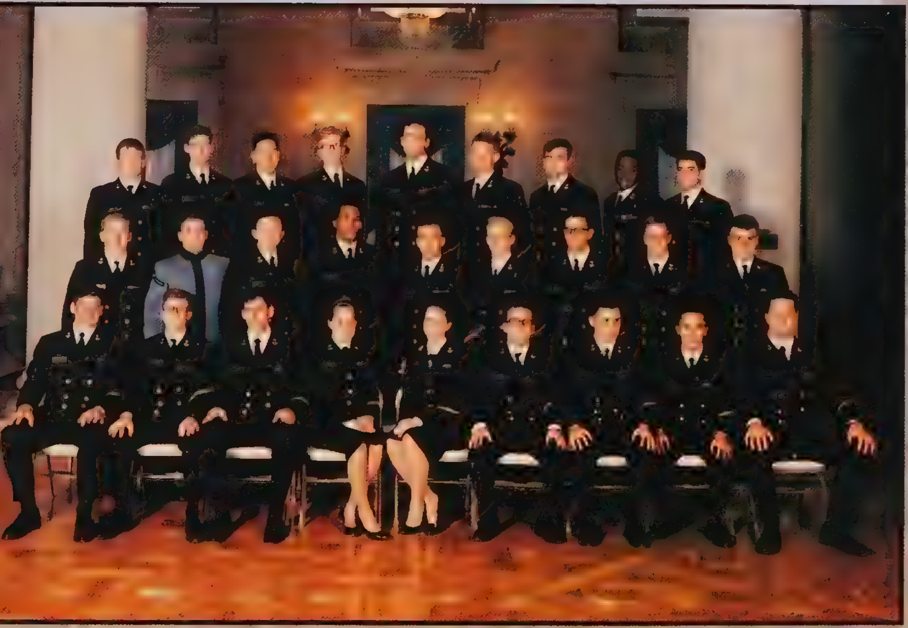


Back Row (L-R) Rob Mason; Sakura Okuri; Michael Kennedy. Front Row (L-R) William Holmes, Commander; Eric Riddle.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Steven Hernandez, John Philip Langis II, Eric Riddle, Jennifer Jones, Paula Hildebrand, Deatra Thompson, Michael Perez, Cheston Riley, Sakura Okuri **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Kennedy, Michael McGurr, Robert Mason, Jr., James Hail, John Rochford, William Holmes, Patrick Burger, Bruce Frame, Seth Yost **BACK ROW**: Scott Lazenby, Demian Bailey, Joseph Buss, Matthew Reimann, Michael Davila, Brian Pummill, Scott Armentrout, Nathaniel Reed

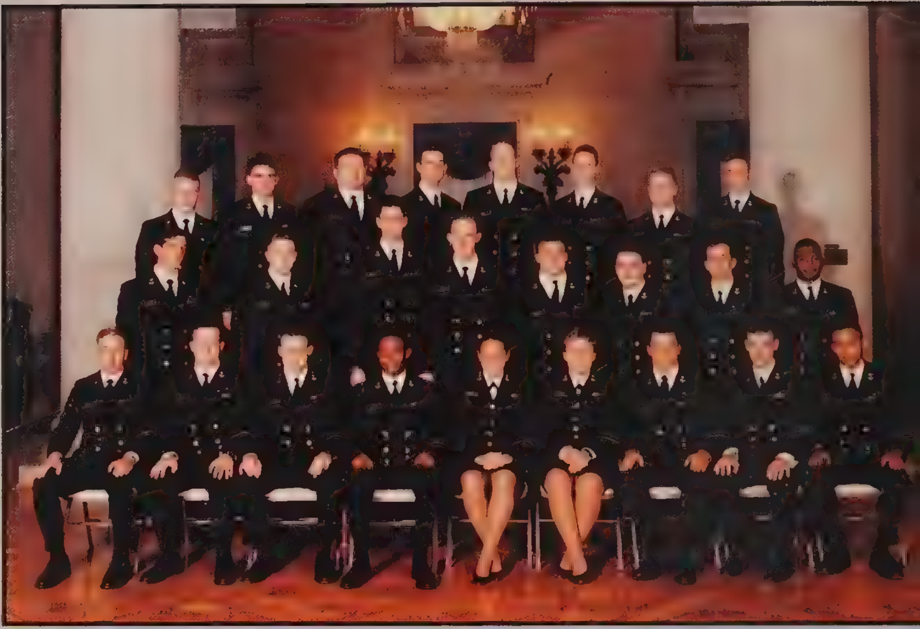


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Edward J. Kelley III, Christopher Rush, Matthew Phelps, Deborah Roberge, Kristine Kott, Christopher Sample, Michael Vallejo, Dana Staggs, Christopher Hodrick **MIDDLE ROW**: Andrew Pelczar, Clayton Christman, John Mui, David Lee Collins, Jr., Christopher Beronio, Gary Sullivan, Kenneth Schneider, Daniel Guerrieri, Kurtis Mole **BACK ROW**: Sean Muth, Kevin Gordon, Dony Samonte, William Johnston, James Dillon, Brian Peterson, David Johnson, Gary Sussman, Jeffrey Gottlieb

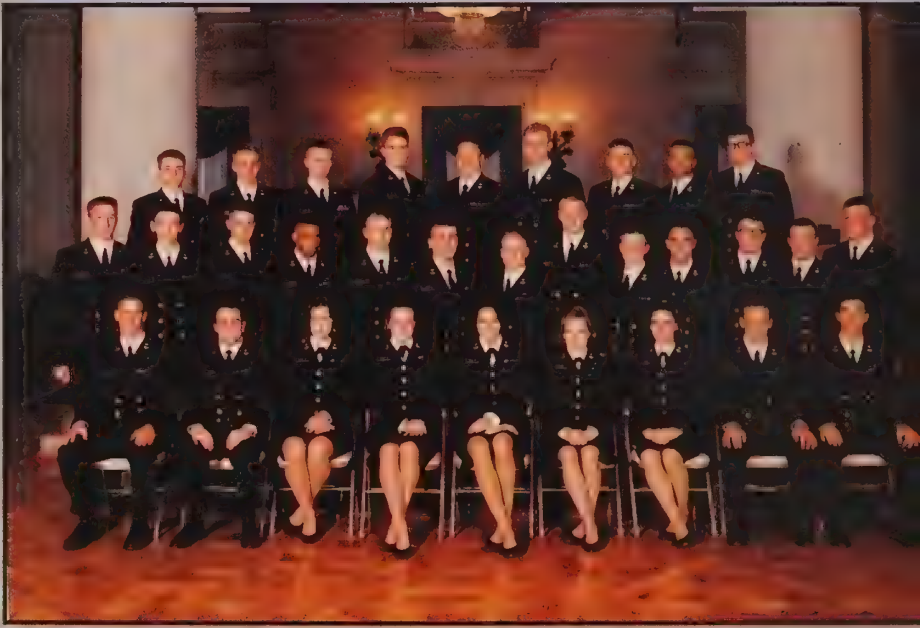
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Brett Lassen, Christopher Narducci, Jr., Matthew Miller, Joseph Johnson, Marguerite Morrison, Diane Quattrone, James Ford, Ronald Bray, Frederick Moore **MIDDLE ROW**: Sean Means, Clay Doherty, Jacob Zissu, Michael Meydenbauer, J Doak Mc Bryde, Eric Haun, David Gast, Eugene Wright **BACK ROW**: John Ott, John Garifalos, Shannon Willits, Michael York, Lucas Dabney, Caleb Siemon, Mikael Rockstad, Eric Sifferlen



FOURTH CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Clinton Park, Christopher Donahue, Elaine Luria, Janel Timoney, Sara Rice, Paige Hartranft, Margaret Cleary, Scott Barnacle, Jason Brianas **MIDDLE ROW**: Patrick Thomas, Alex Lam, Aaron Rose, Davie Perine, Jason Mitchell, Keith Douglas, Jr., Sean Vieira, Christo Fender, Peter Rybski, Kenneth Hulata, Adam Martin, Walter Levantovich, Eric Beckmann **BACK ROW**: Edward Sundberg, Roy Wylie, Jesse Jans, Jason Denney, Michael Norton, Stephen McJessy, Mark Richardson, Frank Perry, Jr., Patrick Harrington



Class of 1997

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A10407

THIRTIETH COMPANY

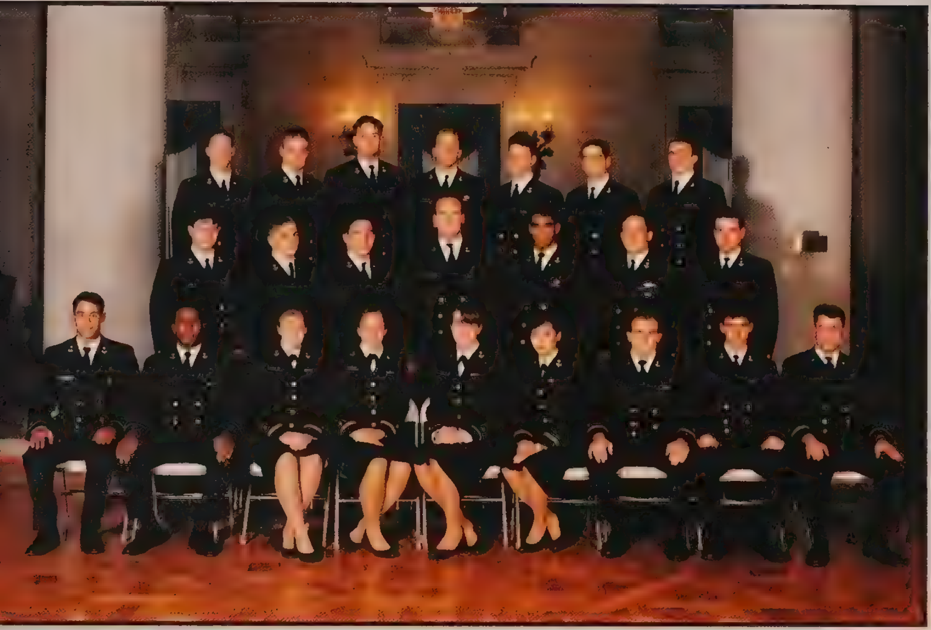
DIRTY
30
THIRTY

LT R. Bryant, USN
30th Company Officer

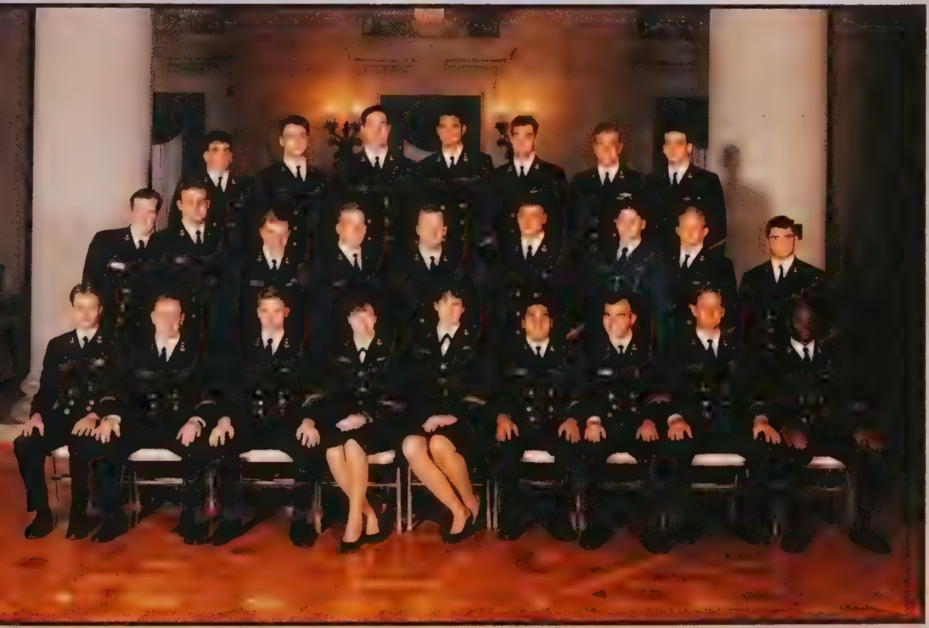
Back Row (L-R) Nancy Lo; Todd Brown; Melissa Cherwin. Front Row (L-R) Adam Lyons; David Baker, Commander; Joe Buck.

Back Row (L-R) David Baker; Sean Whitlatch; Melissa Cherwin; David Salmons. Front Row (L-R) Scott Bracher, Commander; Nancy Lo.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Thiel, Mickey Walker, Kris Burks, Melissa Cherwin, Helen Bloom, Nancy Lo, Michael Hede, David Salmons, Adam Lyons **MIDDLE ROW**: David Baker, Bradley Juhl, Joseph Buck, Sean Whitlatch, Chris Claiborne, Leroy Gilbert, Michael Garrick **BACK ROW**: Scott Bracher, Joseph Soltis, Jeffrey Clark, Andrew Payne, Todd Brown, Bryan Szeliga, Kevin Mattix

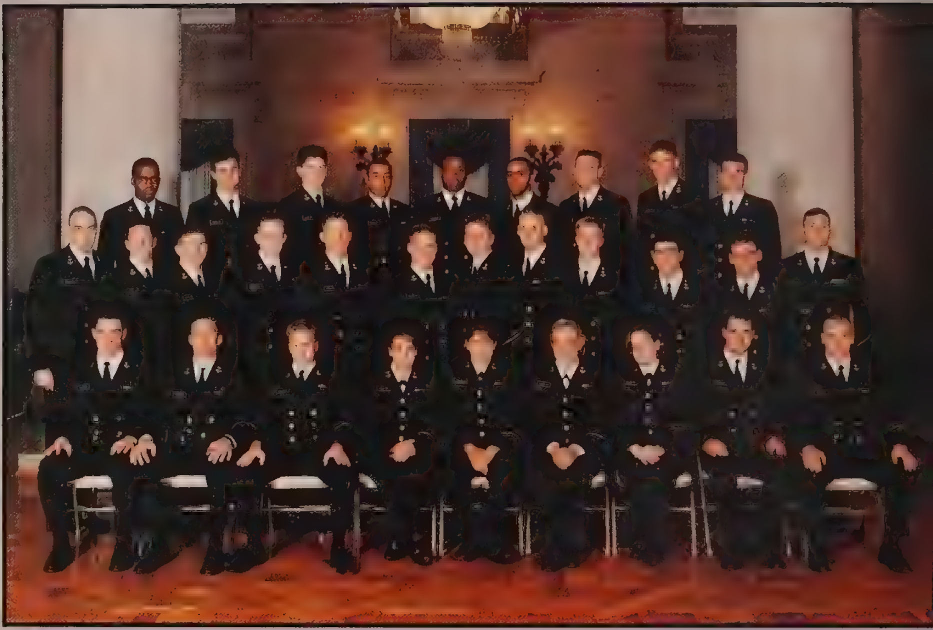


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Don Jamiola, Frank Brandon, Jason White, Elizabeth Scoonover, Mary More, Al Hernandez, Bryan Duran, James Skillman, Michael Bonnett **MIDDLE ROW**: David Boxmeyer, Joseph Delaski, Chad Sund, Scott Robinson, John Fleet III, Douglas Mackenzie, Josh Zloba, Rolf Lundmark, Roger Harlan **BACK ROW**: Robert Bailey, Nick Mungas, Sean Adams, Todd Mancke, Carl Smith, Spencer Abbot, Justin Orlich

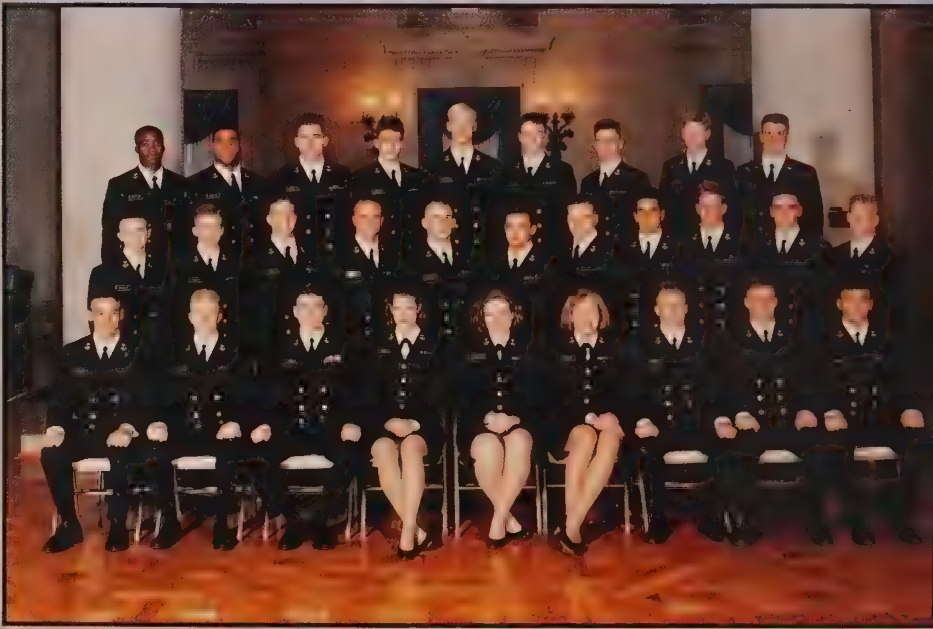
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Nicholas Brandt, Todd Ferris, Kevin Watkins, Lisa Lelli, Melissa Lawrence, Michelle Vanyo, Jessica Jerome, William Marks, Jason Winn **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael O'Donnell, Karl Lippisch, Mark Ehmann, Mark Fahnestock, Ryan Tewell, John Duckett, Matt Gille, David Mueller, Brian Nowak, Christopher Georgi, Michael Hough, Leslie Payton **BACK ROW**: Andrew Armbrister, Russell Herrell, Matt Drag, Curtis Coleman, Eddie Buckles, Ramon Vasquez, Dallas Covington, Joel Metzger, Hunter Underhill

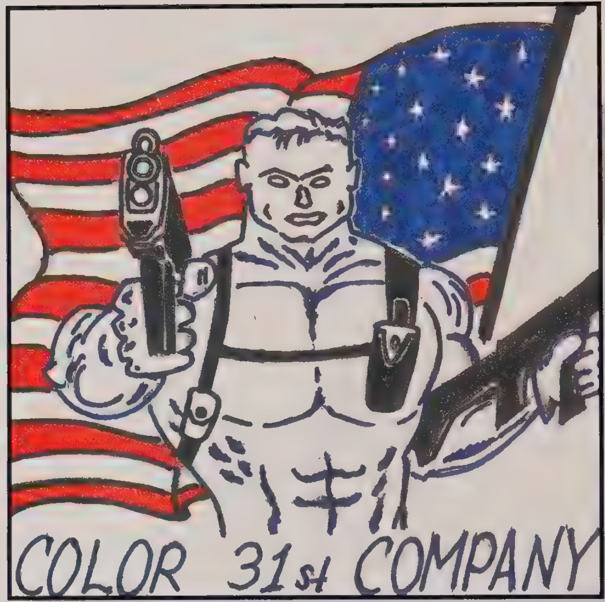


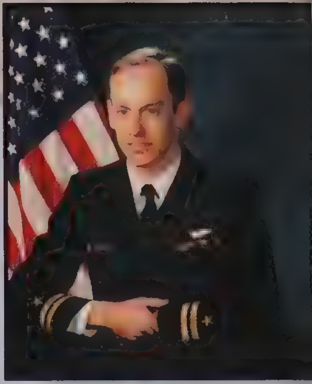
FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Daniel Skuce, David Leavitt, Bryan Swenson, Jennifer Hogen, Brie Gallagher, Aiden Bould, Stephen Bird, Brian Voss, Mike Ibrahim **MIDDLE ROW**: Ryan Janosek, Matthew Thomas, Ryan Angold, Sean Dunlevy, Ethan Williams, J.J. Puga, Kurt Bohlken, Kamyar Pashneh-Tala, James Hunt, Jason Yauman, Nathan Denman **BACK ROW**: Ross Scott, Mark Love, Christian Buchanan, William Parmentier, Mark Patterson, Adam Jackson, Sean McCarthy, Brian Albon, Ariel Klein



Class of 1997

THIRTY FIRST COMPANY



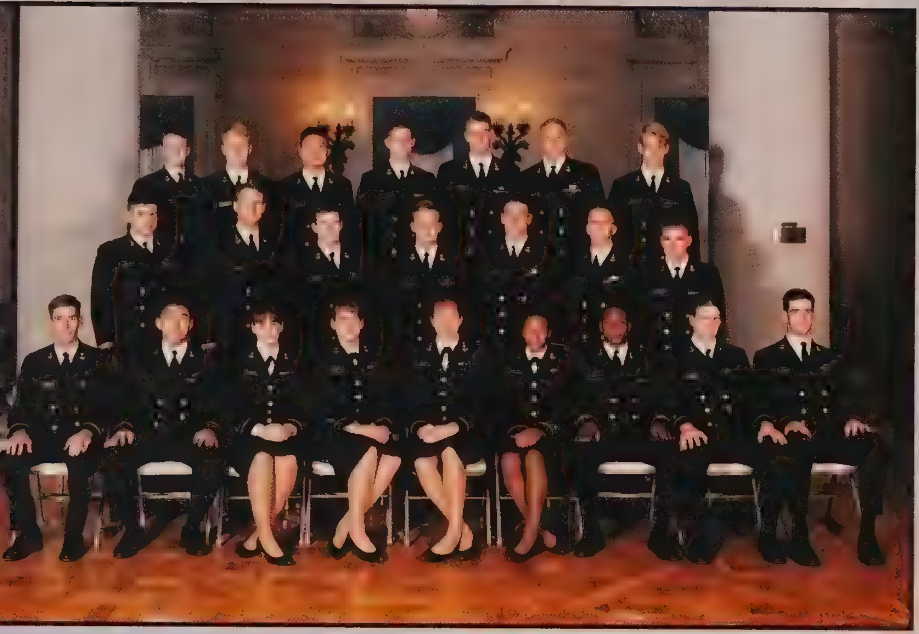


LT B. Weber, USN
31st Company Officer

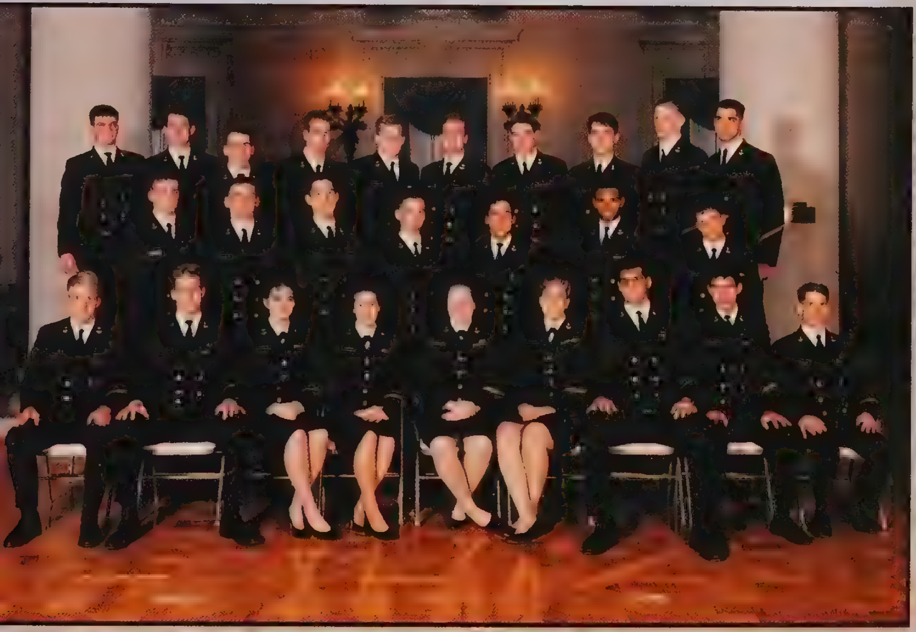
Back Row (L-R) Mark Stufflebeem; Joseph Neo. Front Row (L-R) Peter Dumont; Douglas Campbell, Commander; Douglas Bird.

Back Row (L-R) Robert Graffum; David Kim. Front Row (L-R) Jeanne Buchanan, Commander; Joshua Lasky.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Boyd, David Kim, Jeanne Buchanan, Deanna Adams, Julie Spenser, Kimberly Hurd, Antony Arzu, Jeremy Vanderloo, Sean Valentine **MIDDLE ROW**: Alwin Wessner, Michael Brahan, Roberh Graffum, Joshua Lasky, David Fink, Douglas Campbell James Balet **BACK ROW**: Noel Fagan, Wolcott Dean Baird III, Joseph Neo, Peter Dumont, Charles Jones, Douglas Bird, Mark Stufflebeem

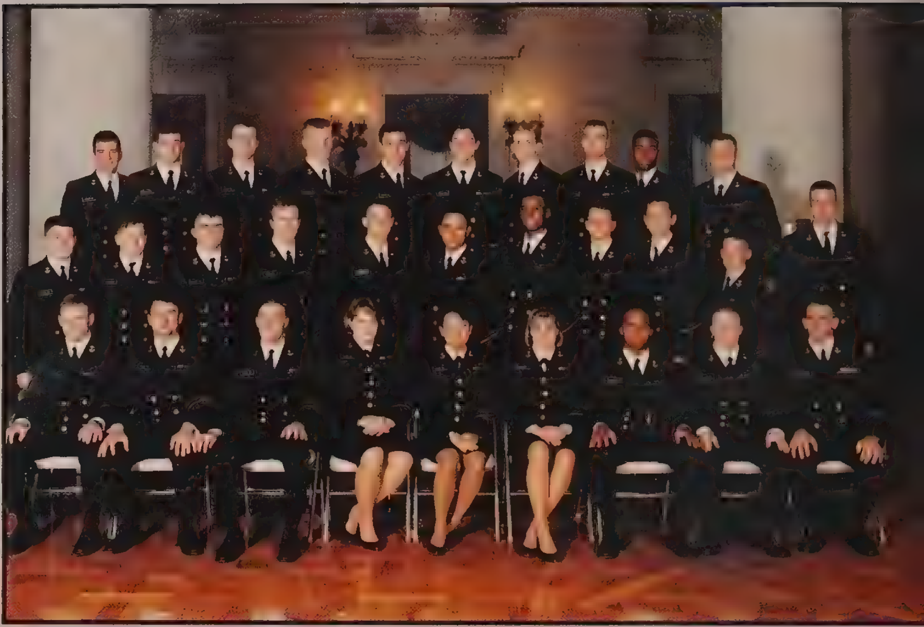


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Roy Smith, Jason Ritz, Allison Clark, Leah Lucero, Cathy Cunningham, Raquel Barton, Michael Dube, James Spivey, Matt Murphy **MIDDLE ROW**: Ross Piper, Justin Dunne, Michael Brady, Brian Bird, Oscar Montes, Brendon Barber, Michael Sawka **BACK ROW**: Tim Winter, Ryan Smalley, Scott Young, James Martindale, Jeremy Jorgenson, Brad Rosen, Poul Jensen, Ryan Stephens, Thomas Jenkins, Craig Peton

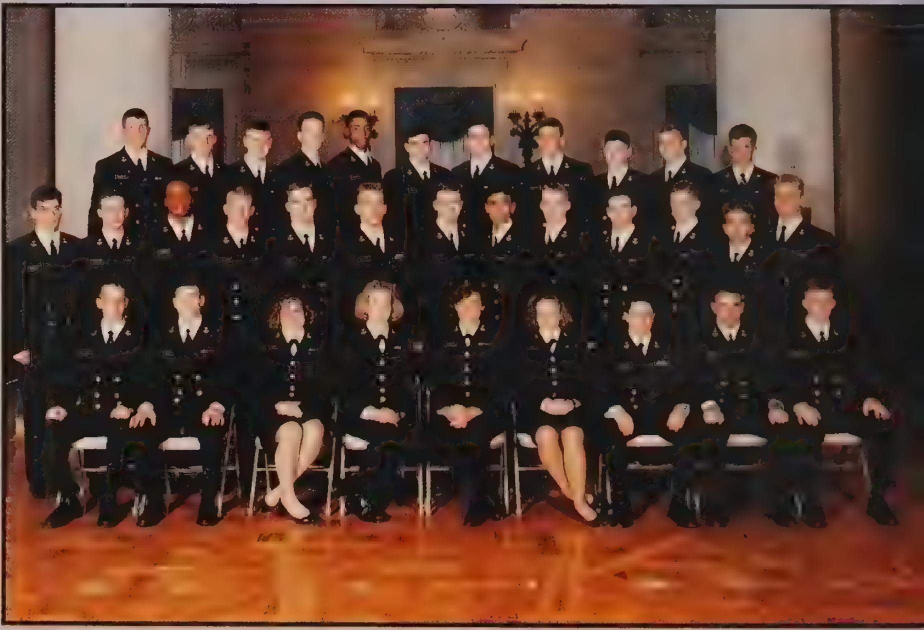
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Mason Meinhold, Robert Peal, Adam Stone, Susanne Elmer, Jennifer Ruegg, Michelle Baumbich, Marius Harrison, William Huber, Wiliard Green **MIDDLE ROW**: Kevin Snode, John Frazier, Charles Byrne, Raymond Owens, Clarles Nelson, Enrique Azenon, Christopher Miller, Matthew Duffy, Stephen St. Pierre, Stephen Roe, Jason Schwartz **BACK ROW**: Jeffrey Siegler, Christopher Golini, Jason Meiners, Todd Westerman, Michael Kilmurray, William Pilcher, Cody Bray, Thomas Wolter, Yi Gan, Charles Dwy



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Michael Hingst, Dennis Johnson, Erica Kolsch, Susan Wisch, Christine Good, Russell Smith, Ryan O'donnell, Kurt Sellerberg **MIDDLE ROW**: Richard Gensley, James Hoffman, Erasto Jackson, Noah Collins, Mike Jeron, Robert Davy, Ian Hawley, Nirav Patel, Brian Sinclair, Michael Monahan, Timothy Davis, William Fleck II, Sean Dumas **BACK ROW**: Robert Belcher, Liam Booher, Samuel Cooper, Gary Beard, Jr., Kelvin Askew, Andrew Ring, Robert Ferguson, Jr., Craig Hinchcliffe, Daniel Feliz, Matthew Laser, Keith Skubisz



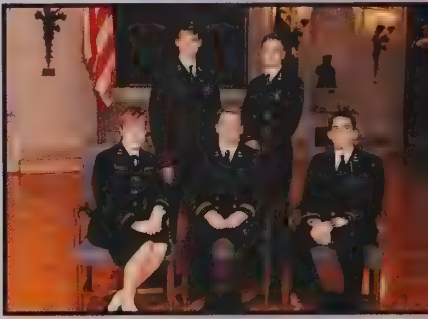
Class of 1997

USMA

THIRTY SECOND COMPANY

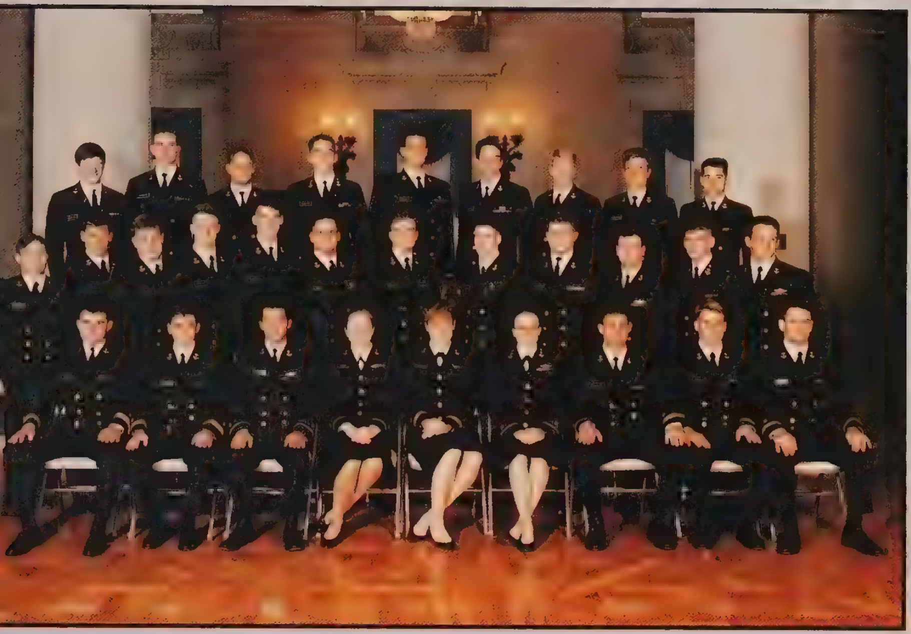
LT R. Cooke, USN
32nd Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Eric Smith; Paul Prokopovich. Front Row (L-R) Rebecca Ingraham; Eric Burton, Commander; Jeffry Block.

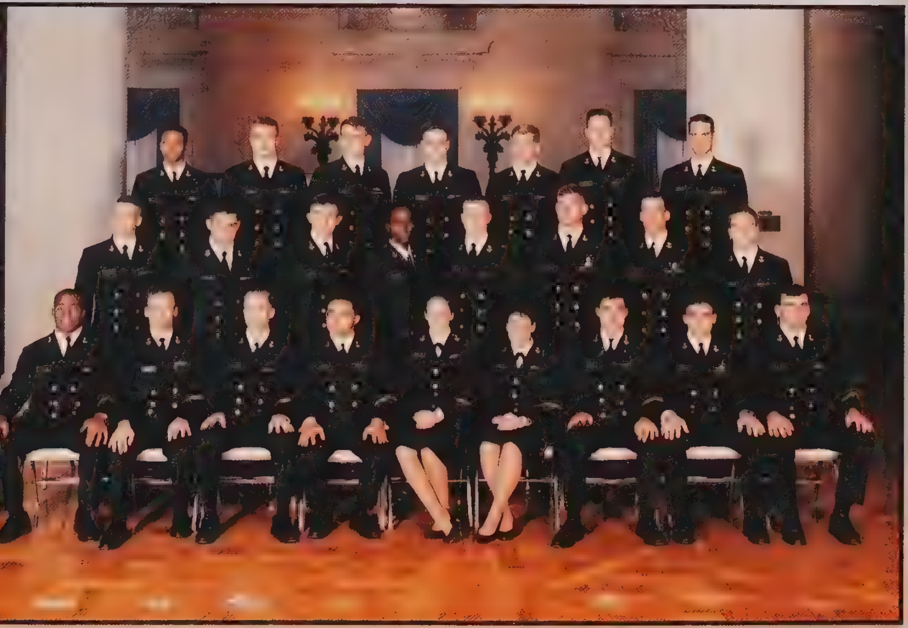


Back Row (L-R) Kevin Borden; David Gwinn. Front Row (L-R) Paul Prokopovich, Commander; Brian Clark.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Jose Dominguez, George Ball, Kevin Borden, Lisa Winslow, Becky Ingraham, Amber Lehning, William Mann, Eric Burton, Tyrone Ferrel **MIDDLE ROW**: Tim Queen, David Gwinn, Frank Feeney, Michael Sireci, Eric Smith, Brian Randall, Paul Prokopovich, Shane Voudren, Troy Shoulders, Brian Clark, Scott Wadle, Jason Gordon **BACK ROW**: Daniel Colpo, Greg Zettler, Paul Kocher, Jeffery Block, Dave Chlebnick, Eric Mitchell, Joel Bartis, Jeff Leuenberger, Garry Devinger



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Chris Hart, David Zerfas, Kreg Kelly, Robert Sanchez, Christy Goode, Lynne Corso, Paul Wynns, Jerome Smith, Greg Emery **MIDDLE ROW**: Scott Smith, Nickolas Garcia, Robert Wyssbrod, Bruce Frame, Donald Mockenhaupt, Bart Randall, Jason Brandt, John Bobo **BACK ROW**: Marcus Beslin, Joseph Freeborn, Brian Clark, Sean Bartlett, Kipp Wahlgren, Brooks McFeely, Brett Ehler

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

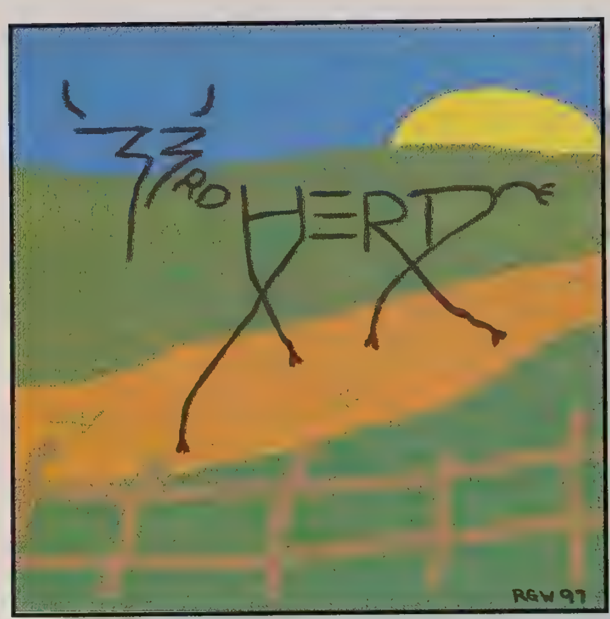
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Randy Walsh, Richard Whitfield, Clint Tracy, Robin Pegram, Autumn Pevzner, Joshua Gray, Noah Hayward, Kwame Cooke, Gerald Finnegan, Jr. **MIDDLE ROW**: Thinh Dao, John Depree, Jeanpaul Chretien, Brad Stevens, David Espiritu, Sean McGrath, James Gonzalez, Jason Jones, Matthew Scornavacchi, Ed Pilcher, Curtis Bates **BACK ROW**: David Messman, Stephen Baird, Keith Radonis, Constantinos Metropoulos, Michael McDowell, Sean Dalton, Robert Johnson III, William Greiner, Jonathan Jackson, David Weeg

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Stephen Froehlich, Clarence Neslen III, Ryan Bucchianeri, Christopher Neish, Heather O' Donnell, Nathalie Picado, Johnathan Drexler, Michael Meason, Garland Scott **MIDDLE ROW**: Kirk Chirstofferson, Clayton Hahs, Roman Kogan, Elias Gates, Jonathan Steele, Vincent Welch, Elmer Valle, Jr., Ian Rainey, Bryan Forney, Danny Garcia, Charles Grayson III **BACK ROW**: William Hinson, Peter Andreoli III, Tony Sillings, Christian Mahler, John Keifaber, Benjamin Frye, Jeremy Thompson, Ford Ewaldsen, Jr., Robert Durkee, Joshua Lorden

Class of 1997

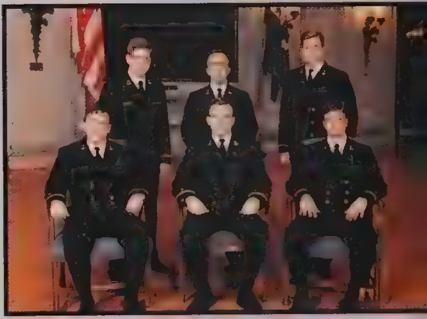
USMA

THIRTY THIRD COMPANY



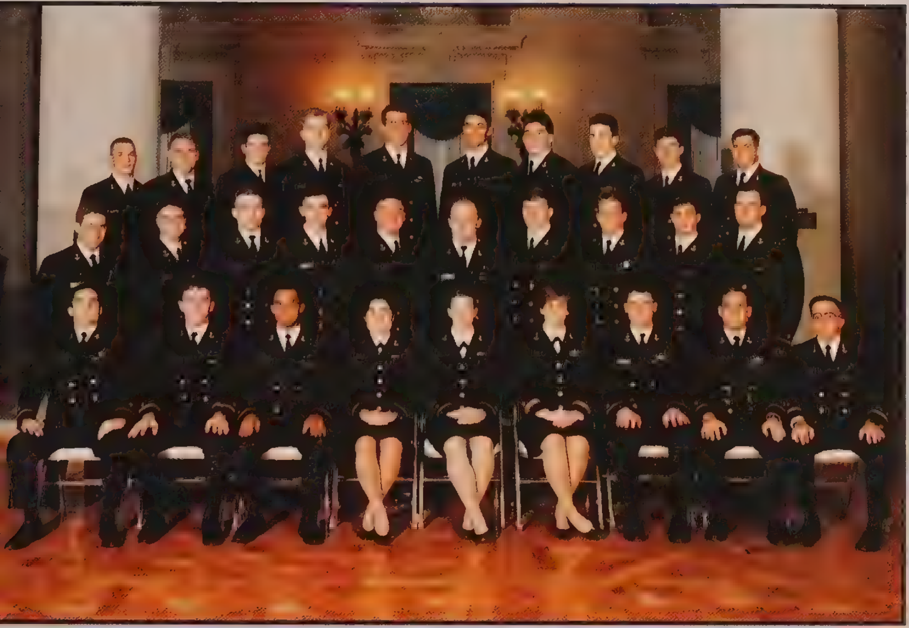
LCDR T. Carney, USN
33rd Company Officer

Back Row (L-R) Jason Eaton; Gregory Cohen; Brian Hawkins. Front Row (L-R) Terry McCollom; Ward Miller, Commander; Peter Contostavlos.

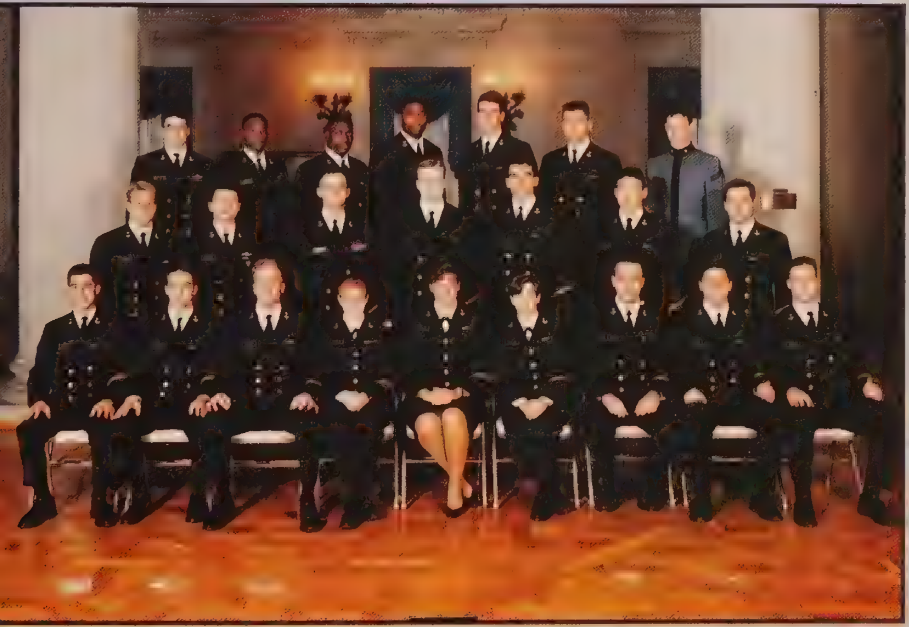


Back Row (L-R) Timothy Beach; Charles Brown; Christopher Reyes; Laura Bell. Front Row (L-R) Scott Gunderson, Commander; Scott Suozzi.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Tippy Gordon, T.J. McCollom, Mike Nelms, Mitsu Binns, Laura Bell, Julie Rosati, Scott Gunderson, Chris Reyes, Greg Cohen **MIDDLE ROW**: Jason Eaton, Pete Contostavlos, Ward Miller, Joe Silver, J.P. Dunn, Kevin Massett, Derek Teff, Scott Suozzi, Jerry Donahoe, Tim Beach **BACK ROW**: Jimmy Parker, Robert Wittmaack, Chuck Brown, Aaron Roland, Chris McCranie, Nick Edwards, Javier Zuluaga, Darin Evenson, Scott Myers, Brian Hawkins

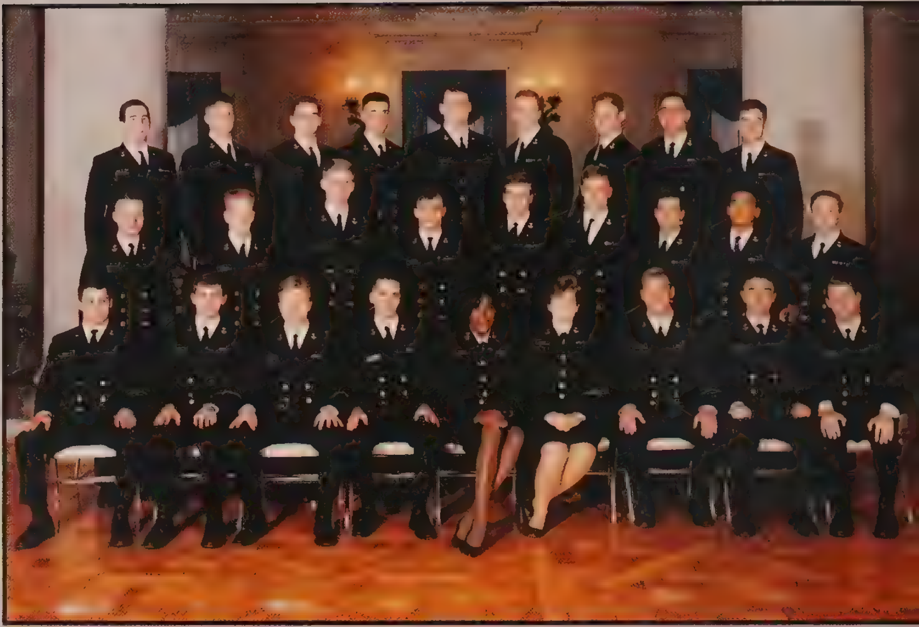


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Sunil Ramchand, Marcus Lopez, Clay Callaham, Lexie Bennett, Suzanne Lesko, Michele Poole, Ken Gilbert, Adam Tight, Al Sprenger **MIDDLE ROW**: Damon Dixon, Mike Segura, Harry Gardner, Dale Heinken, Jon Reynolds, Pete Blake, Carl Cox **Back Row**: Leo Wyszynski, Don George, Lamont Gourdine, Reggie Williams, Scott Knowles, Mike Howard, Dan Malatesta

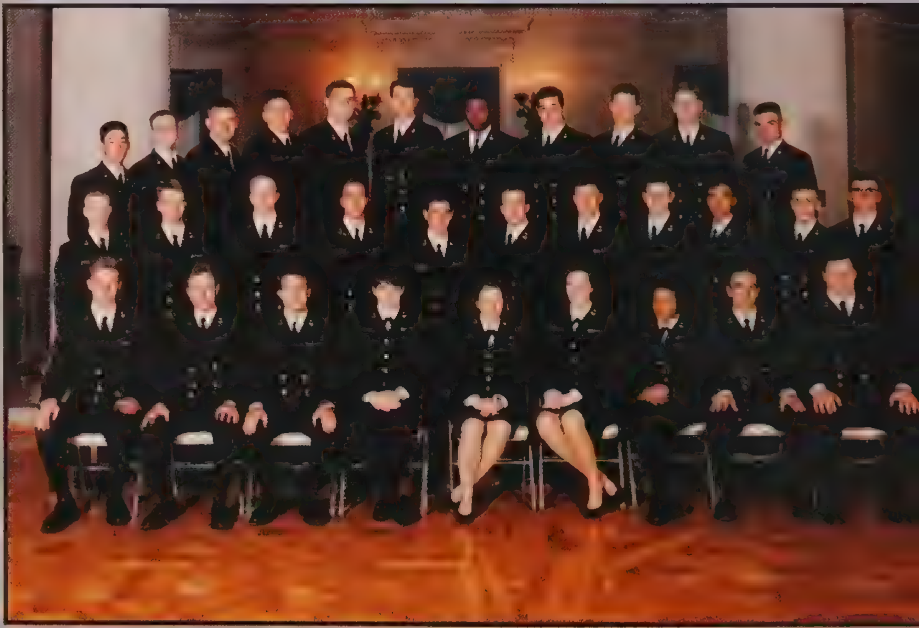
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Lonnie Camacho, Greg Francioch, Rob Fumanti, Harrison Schramm, Chioma Hibbert, Fran Malzahn, James Doling, Dave Faught, Mac McAllister **MIDDLE ROW**: Chris Beaubien, Marcus Bickley, Scott Corbett, Fred Wilmot, Rich Langton, Aaron Berglin, Brian Reardon, Vince Toinquiao, Matt Andrews, Matt Andrews **BACK ROW**: Pat Bearden, Joe Bayer, Sean Andrews, Jon Ohman, Chris Eichinger, Ian Norris, Rob Hubert, Rick Klauer, Trent Douthett



FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Ian Paddock, Kevin Luft, Andrew Husman, Christine Miller, Stacy Witczak, Laura Tillinghast, Kristi Spencer, Tony Culic, Brian Tierney **MIDDLE ROW**: William Bonifant, Russell Lawrence, John Gilbert, Jason Taylor, Brian Doherty, James Montgomery, Brandon Davis, Jonathan Clemens, Sam Trongkamsataya, Brent Joret, Erik Rosenberry **BACK ROW**: Robert Wong, Jason Neal, Brian Kalamajka, Francisco Balderas, Jonas Panik, David Vondrak, Syl Joseph, Robert Madden, Brett Dejong, Allen Johnson, Jerry Murphy

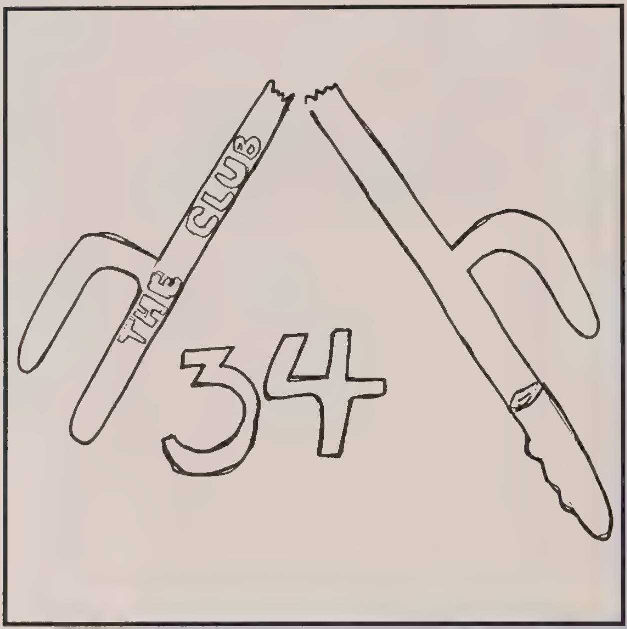


Class of 1997

Schultz's

N CENTER

THIRTY FOURTH COMPANY

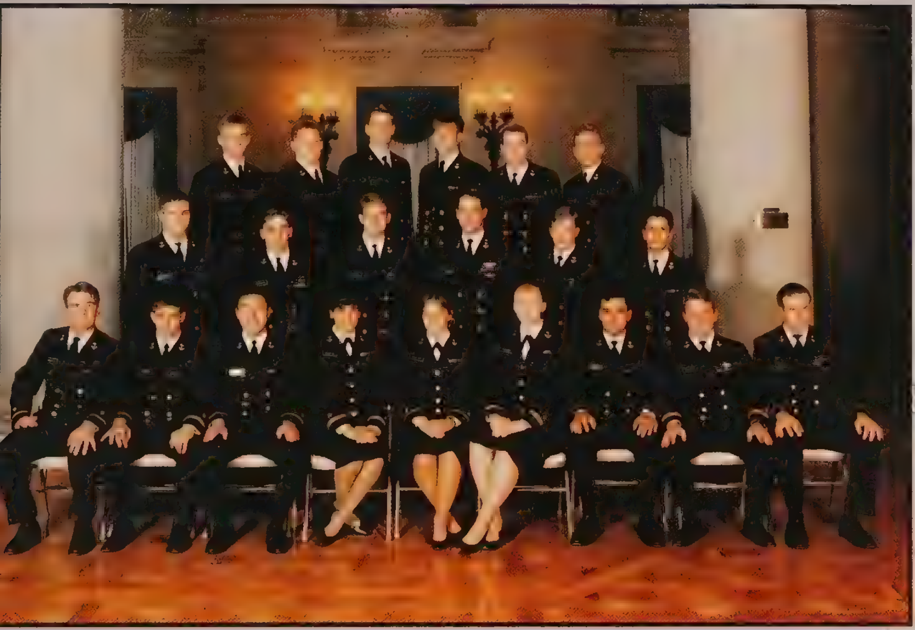


LT J. Walker, USN
34th Comapny Officer

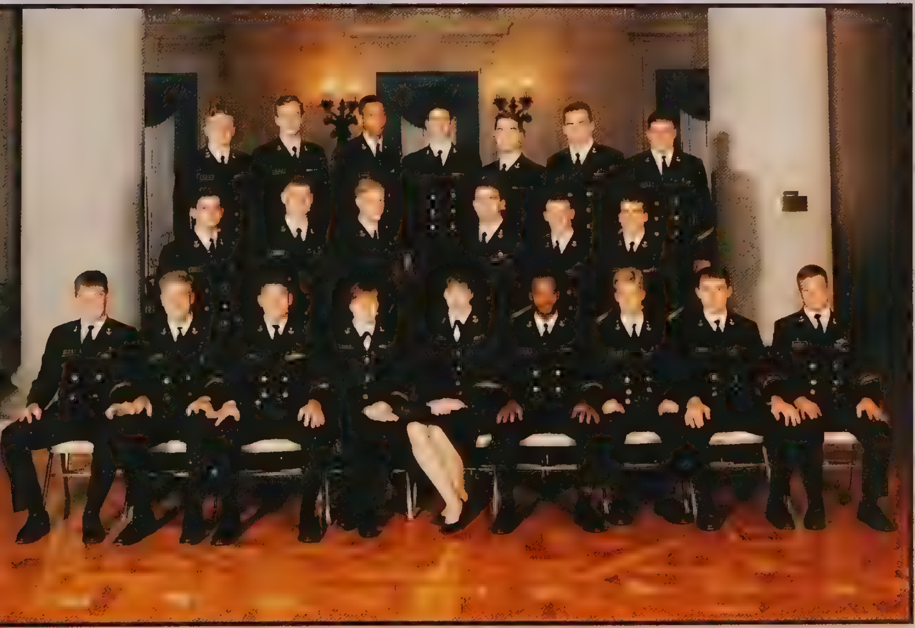
Back Row (L-R) Cheryl Thompson; Jana Null; Ken Wilson. Front Row (L-R) Frank Hutchison; Jon Duffy, Commander; Scott Josselyn.

Back Row (L-R) Scott Josselyn; Cheryl Thompson. Front Row (L-R) Ralph Rodriguez, Commander; Bill Mallory.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Eric Duke, Ken Weber, Stevie Chung, Brenda Sasso, Jana Tull, Cheryl Thompson, Ralph Rodriquez, Jon Duffy, Ken Wilson **MIDDLE ROW**: Dom Caromello, Scott Josselyn, Keith Hasu, Jason Hoeppner, Gregg Cray, Angel Islas **BACK ROW**: Trent Gooding, Bill Mallory, Doug Wahl, Craig Beal, Marty Ohme, Frank Hutchison

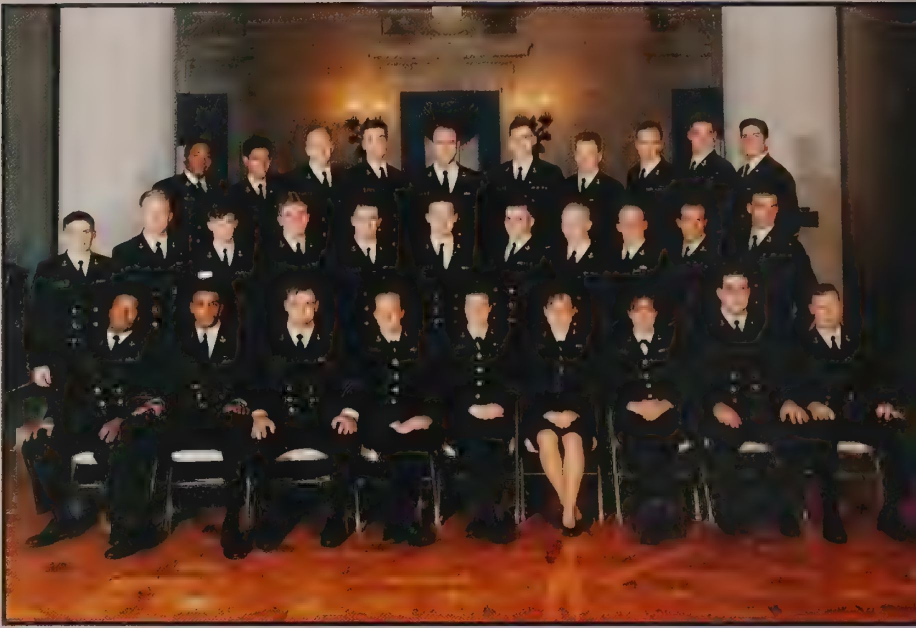


SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Matt Long, Dave Richardson, James Donnelly, Jen Holden, Karen Flaherty, Joey Freeman, Chris Cook, Josh Minyard, Aaron Kleinman **MIDDLE ROW**: Matt Armas, Erik Baker, Scott Hochward, Jim Golladay, Knox Taylor, J.J. Phelan, Jay Dispaldo **BACK ROW**: Jesko Hagee, Shawn Wattles, D'Sunte Wilson, Brian Beudoin, Dave Overcash, Matt Kaslik, Eric Mulville

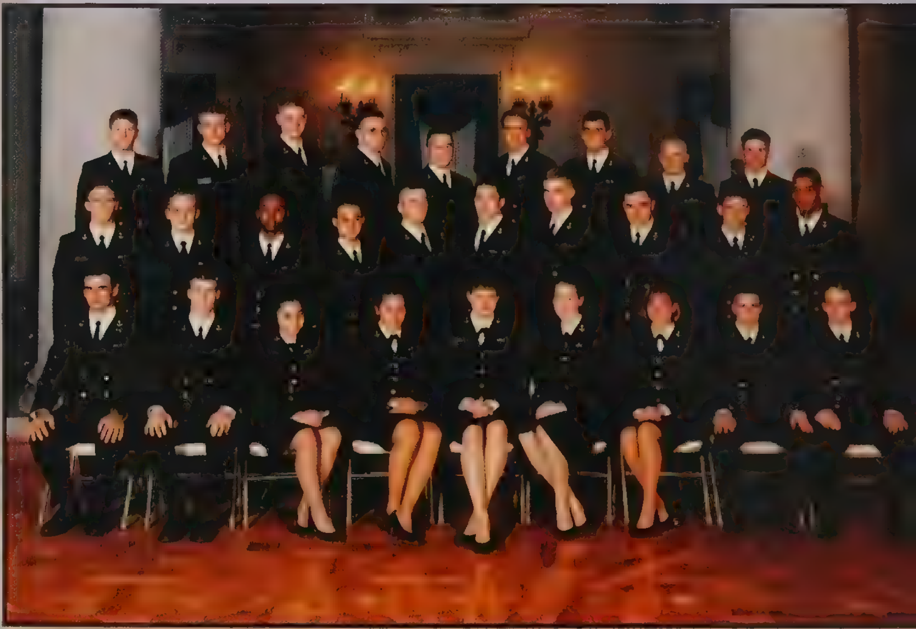
Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): William Walton, Frank Hughes, Steve Vanderline, Patty Restrepo, Hillary Nagy, Teresa Elder, Gina Foltz, Bryce Minnamyer, Jim Hanley **MIDDLE ROW**: Ben Holcombe, Jason Weddle, Scott Keller, Chad Thorson, Mike Gillio, Jeremy Orr, Peter Driggs, Randy Risher, Oscar Simmons, Chris Mendez, Brad Spofford **BACK ROW**: Sedric Davis, Mike Cruz, Andy Savery, Rick Stephens, Chris Cline, Billy Franklin, Jim Adams, Jeff Rodgers, Andrew Healey, Steve Perch

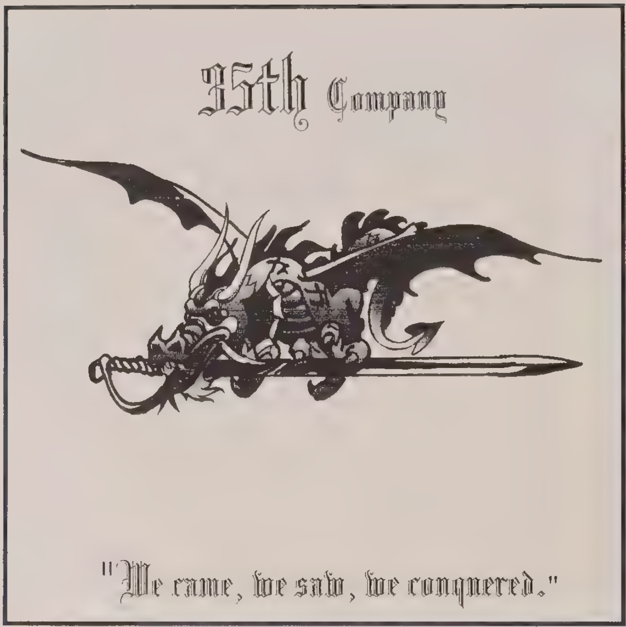


FOURTH CLASS: **FRONT ROW** (l to r): Justin Long, Andrew Hunt, Gina McCaine, Kambra Juve, Lois Remmel, Laura Holtmeier, Betty Goodman, Jim Zoulias, Ben Jones **MIDDLE ROW**: Lesley Casselius, Will Michau, Jose Fikes, Tony Massey, Ronnie Merritt, Kevin Shilling, Judoman Kline, Ruben Acostalot, Paul Sameit, Tony Then **BACK ROW**: Jack Napier, Dave Kritshgau, Brian Engesser, Brian Baker, Craig Weisen, Jonathan Porsberg, Scott Roberts, Scott Wawrzyniak, Corey Plocher



Class of 1997

THIRTY FIFTH COMPANY

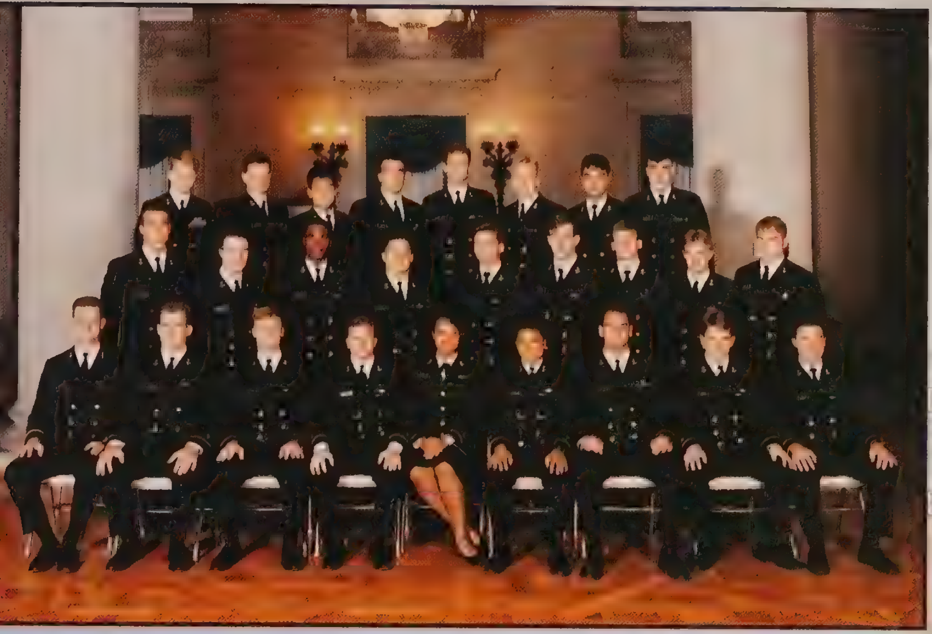

35th Company
"We came, we saw, we conquered."

Capt. K. Mayo, USMC
35th Company Officer

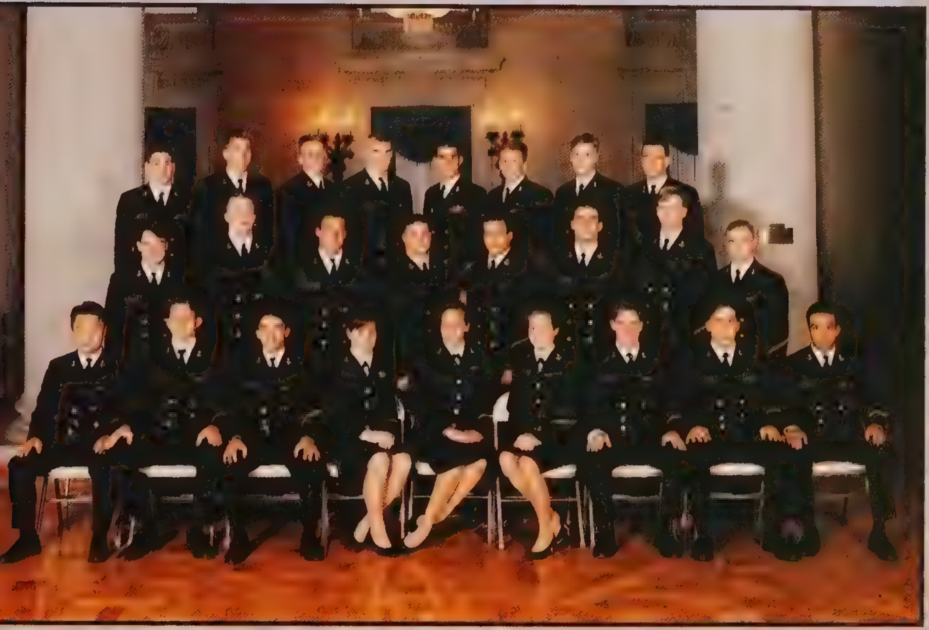
Back Row (L-R) Ken Graves; Robert Hughes. Front Row (L-R) Christopher Frey; Christopher Courtright, Commander; Gregory Ames.

Back Row (L-R) Jason Berger; Christopher Pesile; Christopher Courtright; Christopher Kuzniewski. Front Row (L-R) Michael Bruneau, Commander; Richard Mosley.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Jason Peek, Mike Bruneau, Eric Bower, Brian Campbell, Elissa Smith, Phil Ventura, Jason Adler, Ken Graves Mike Bellotti **MIDDLE ROW**: Chris Rey, Greg Ames, Damien Parker, Chris Courtright, Teddy Corlis, Tony Roach, Mark Tinder, Chris Pesile, Eric Schuette **BACK ROW**: Jason Schwantes, Bobby Roberts, Michael Yang, Rick Mosely, Brian Hughes, Chris Kuzniewski, Russ Hardy, Bill Hoover



SECOND CLASS:
FRONT ROW (l to r): Joong Ko, T.J. Hall, Steve Bocanegra, Kerry Stercula, Kimberly Vertolli, Elizabeth Moxon, Mitch Jones, Christopher Cornett, Luis Zamarripa MIDDLE ROW: Wade Harris, Steve Kelsey, Erik Paulson, Ryan Bedner, Keith Moran, Andrew Grant, J.P. Holland, Ron Fite **BACK ROW**: Tom Foster, Clay Beers, Paul Hockran, Aaron Adams, Carlos Galan, Christopher Tarsa, Andrew Cawlfield, Lincoln Reifsteck

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

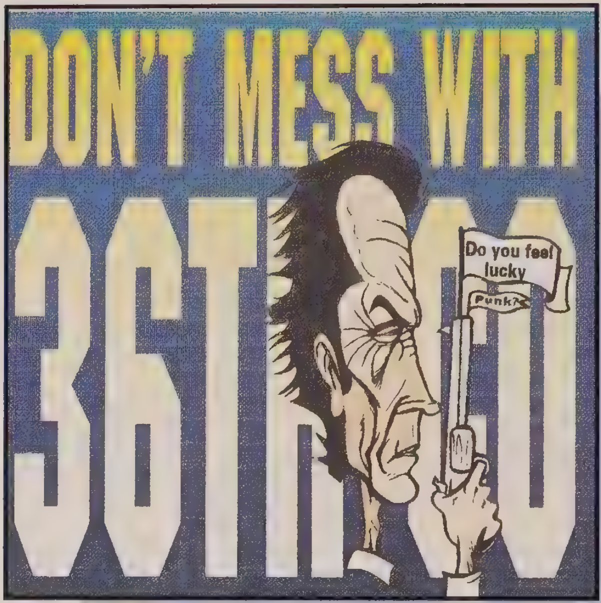
THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Keith Schomig, Kenneth Grant, Kevin McHale, Kimberly Ernst, Lori Ruohomaki, Jeannie Garcia, Joel Silverman, James Kenny, Jeffrey Dixon **MIDDLE ROW**: Robert Alpigini, Nathan Smith, Eugene Funderburk, Christian Haddad, Michael Carson, Charles Wilson, Christopher Asher, Andrew Dohse, Toole Eama, Stephen Ures **BACK ROW**: Mark Callari, Matthew Holman, William McCombs, Nicholas Kristof, Matthew Krause, Curtis Bruce, Alsandro Turner, Okwede Oke, Victor Spears

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Chris Castleberry, Abraham Bush, Kahlil Mariani, Michelle Vorce, Mallory Mestayer, Laura Labella, Jill Dintaman, Ken O'Donnell, Dan Lombardo **MIDDLE ROW**: Gerald Kashuba, Robert Berg, Chris Dollard, Mark Meade, Darren Genstil, Erik Fox, Edward O'Donnell, Brian Hoerst, Mike Touse, Jason German **BACK ROW**: Brian Taylor, Gabe Anseeuw, Barry Shuemaker, Ryan Yusko, Alvin Concepcion, Tom Poulter, Bobby Brown, Mike Stabile, Eric Bittle

Class of 1997

BRIGADE OF
HONOR

THIRTY SIXTH COMPANY

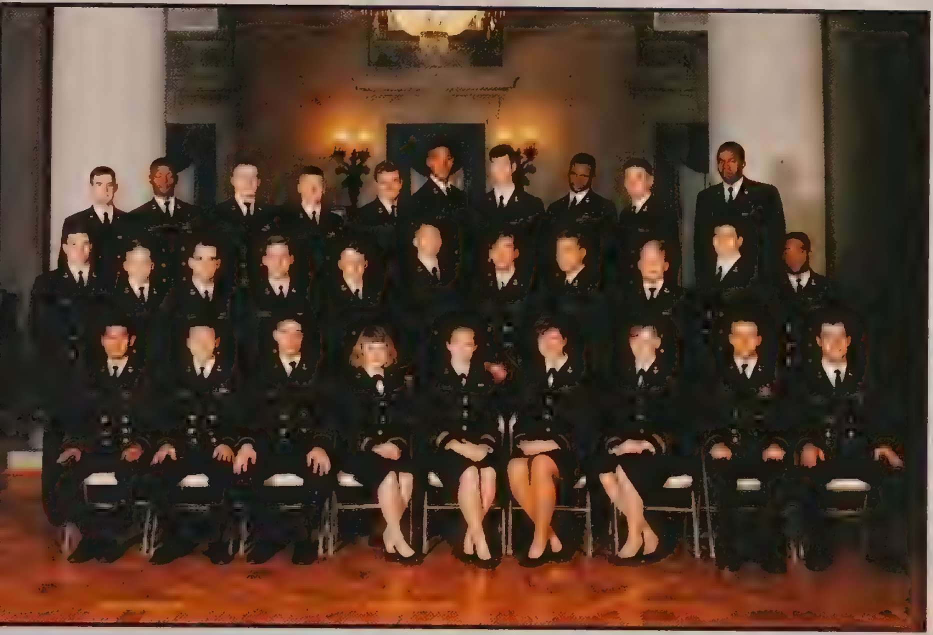

DON'T MESS WITH
36TH CO
Do you feel lucky
Punk?

LT M. White, USN
36th Company Officer

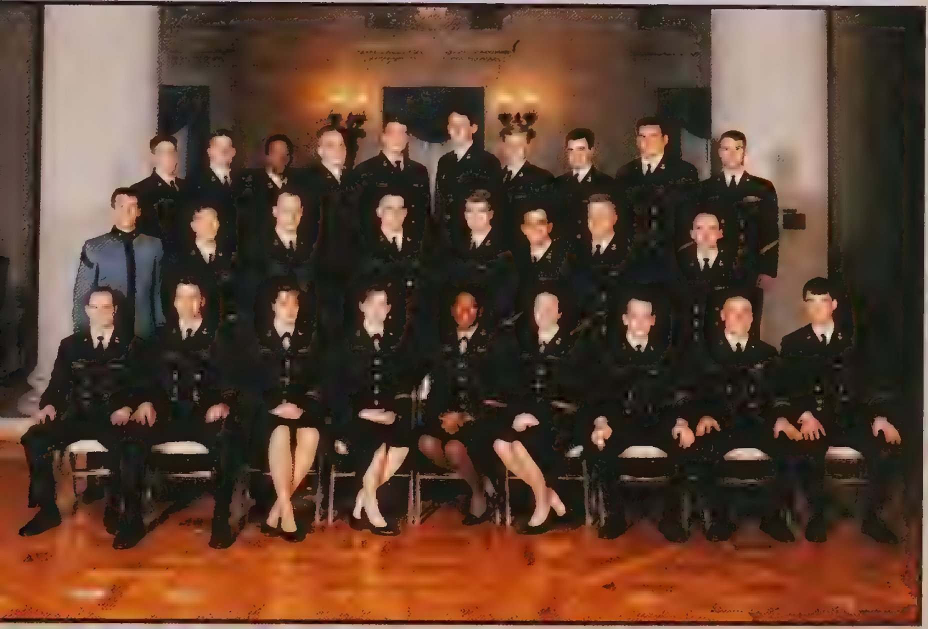
Back Row (L-R) Gregory Blake; Donald West; Michael Oldman. Front Row (L-R) Patrick Martin; Todd Hughes, Commander; Shannon Guthrie.

Back Row (L-R) Robert Colvin; Christopher Stone; Marc Morgan; Brian Mecklenburg. Front Row (L-R) Kevin Mays, Commander; Frank Gianocaro.

Class of 1994



FIRST CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Abdullah Azizis, Daniel Liebmann, Frank Gianocaro, Chanel Ray, Katherine Carter, Elizabeth Malecha, Shannon Guthrie, Thomas Lenhardt, Brian Mecklenburg **MIDDLE ROW**: Patrick Martin, Robert Colvin, Ian MacDiarmid, Gragory Blake, Adam Aycock, Mark Stephens, Todd Wilson, Michael Oldman, William Selsor, Todd Hughes, Jerry Myers **BACK ROW**: Paul Steier, Robert White, Stanley Lauck, Brian Ross, Mark Sucato, Duane Smile, Chris Stone, Marc Morgan, Donald West, Kevin Mays



SECOND CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Patrick Haney, John Hopper, Heidi Huerter, Cheryl Pence, Angel Dawkins, Nancy Delavan, Matthew Russell, Vernon Veggegerg, Jeremy Jurkoic **MIDDLE ROW**: Kevin Bardonner, Brian Baker, John Montonye, Charles Reese, Christopher Canales, Matthew Dawas, Christopher Churchill, Christopher Akins **BACK ROW**: Michael Yankanich, Arthur Wills, Robert Fortt, Bradley McInnis, David Gardella, Daniel Moloney, Arthur Watson, Ramon Lamas, Kyle Miller, Wade Tharrington

Class of 1995

Class of 1996

THIRD CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Charles Mayer, Norman Johnson, Mark Skubis, Jennifer Della Barba, Allison Weeda, Bart Simpson, Charles Patterson, Christopher Bronzi, Christopher Ieva **MIDDLE ROW**: Michael Neill, Michael Martin, Craig Abele, Chase McCalip, Todd Baskett, Robert Peterson, Richard Burgess, Johnny Williams **BACK ROW**: Kristopher Scott, Derek Domeracki, Stephen Monsour, David Brenia, Brian Grana, Jeffery Lewis, Jesse Lankford Darren Catallo, William Burkhead, Robert Powell

FOURTH CLASS: FRONT ROW (l to r): Eric Reid, Jason Crawford, Eric Shangle, Tawnya Tschache, Jessica Janus, Lea Potts, Holly Heinz, Joshua Kinnear, David Dees **MIDDLE ROW**: Matthew Hartley, Christopher Musselman, Clarence Van Milder, Nathan Moore, John Jazdzewski, William Evans, Glenn Truitt, Anant Venugopalkrishna, Randall Torgrimson, David Workman, Calvin Bumpus **BACK ROW**: Ernest Longazel, Jason Martin, Jesse Schmidtmann, Brian Blair, Abraham Bradshaw, Jerry Davis, Teague Laguens, Jason Lemley, Lance O'Neill

Class of 1997

Sports

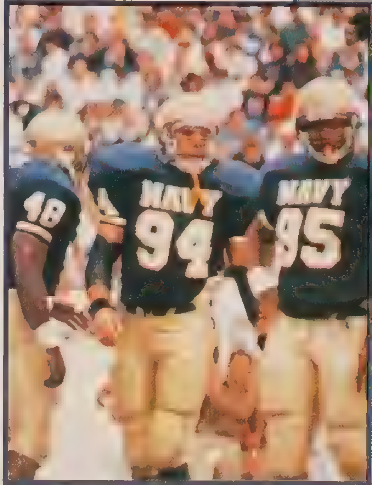
"Coming together is a beginning;
Keeping together is progress;
Working together is success."

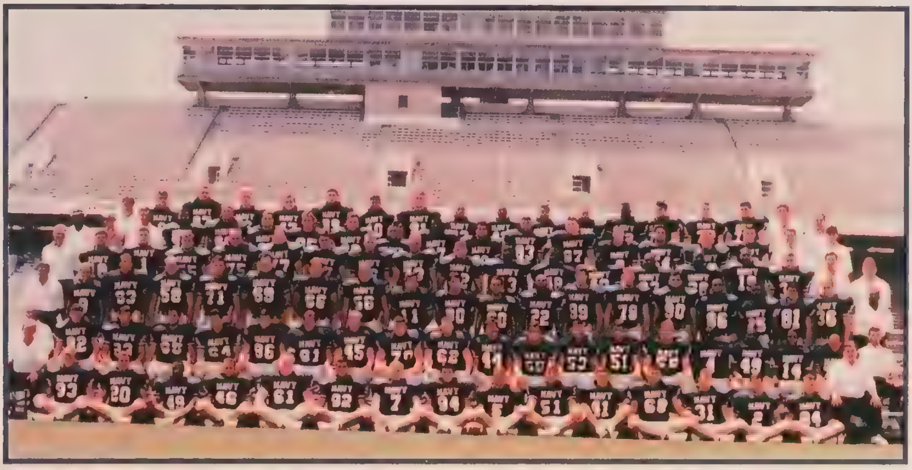
Henry Ford

Football

Above: Record setting QB Jim Kubiak sets his sights on the open man in the win against Colgate.

Large Picture: Navy fullback Brad Stramanak explodes through a hole created by Blair Sokol and the rest of the Navy Line during the homecoming win against Bowling Green. Above: The swarming Navy Defense shows why Navy had the homecoming game firmly in their grasp.



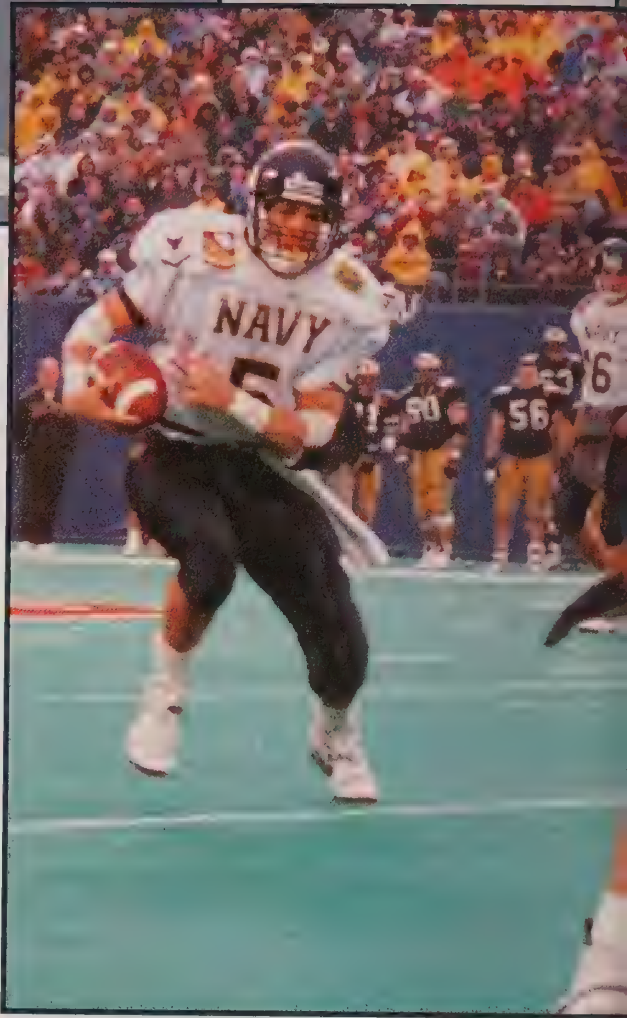


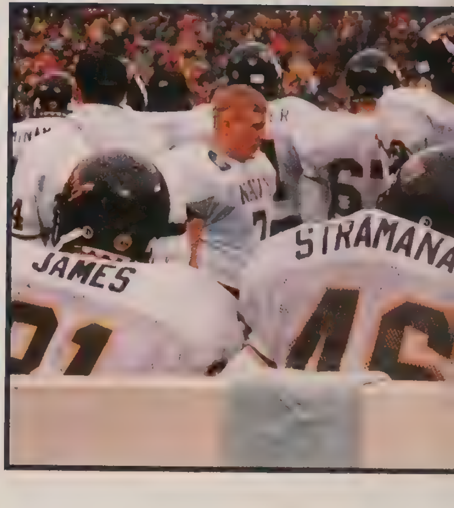
Top Right: Coach G. Chaump and team captains- J. Zuluaga, and J. Van Metre Center right: Navy co-captain Javier Zuluaga and the rest of the Navy defense await further instructions.

Above: Van Matre, Zuluaga, Barnes, Bellack, Buckles, Carter, Cotton, Dent, Dixon, Domino, Edwards, Eichinger, Emery, Farrell, Favors,Formoso,Gordon,Gourdine,Graham,Grana,Halloran,Hammond,Harris,Hart, Hickman,HinesB.James,C.James,Jefferson,Kaslik Kreh,Kubiak,Lane,Lewandowski,Lipsey,Mahofski,Mattix,McBryde,McMechan,Mill,Neville ,Osaba ,Person ,Petko ,Philbeck,Yopp, Tate,Pidgeon ,Plaskonos,Pugalia,Reaghard,Renick,Riggins,Schrum,Scornavacchi,Screen,Shaw,Sims,C.Smith,G.Smith,Sokol,Solliday ,Soper,Spaman,Speed,Starks,Stowers,Stramanak,Teff,Thompson,Wakeham,Wellington,M.Williams,R.Williams, Zweig.

Army - Navy

The
Lucky
Bag




JAMES
STRAMANA

SUTTON
17
82

NAVY

SCHEEN
80
VAN MATRE

NAVY
21
72

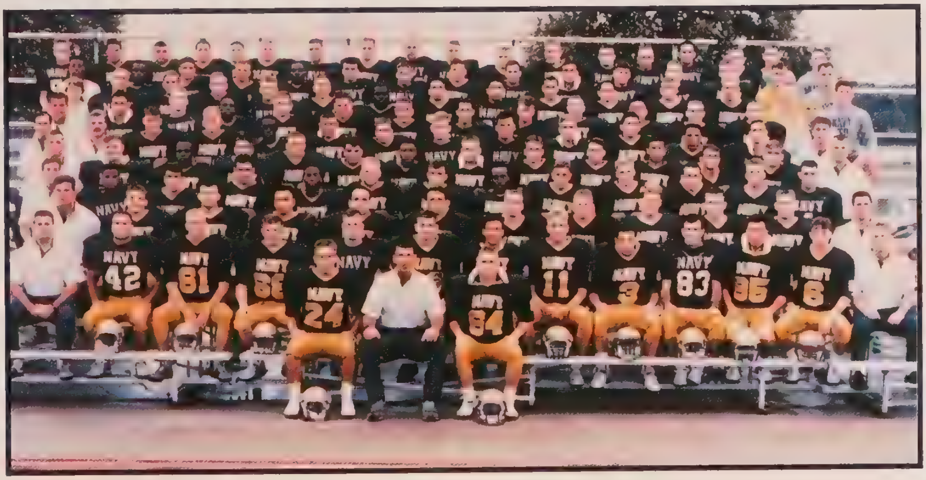
150 Football

150 pound football is a unique sport and one of which the Naval Academy is quite proud. Each team member must weigh in at 158 pounds 48 hours before each game, and many team members shed up to 20 pounds weekly. Our Navy team entered the 1993 season with high expectations. We had been league champs the previous two years and hade a strong returning squad. Captain Beckett took over the coaching responsibilities, and the team captains were Andy Patterson and Matt Kirby. In two pre-season games against bigger Division III teams, Wesley College and Salisbury State, the lightwights showed what we lacked in size, we more than made up in toughness. The Wesley and Salisbury victories brought our unbeaten streak to 14 games as league play began. After beating up on Penn in the first two games, we traveled to Pottsville, PA for the annual Anthracite Bowl. Army won that day, and the team realized that we needed to work harder if we were going to be champions again. A thrashing of Coronell and a disappointing loss to Princeton left us with a must win situation against Army in the season finale. We traveled to West Point and came home with a 30-14 victory and a share of the league title. Nine players were named to the Eastern Lightweight Football League first team: QB Matt Kirby, T Grant Goodrich, T Ken Weller, TE Ed Peyton, WR Mike Wimer, TB Billy Simmons, DT Jeff Howard, DE Kevin Jankowski, and LB Andy Patterson. Look for a strong 1994 team next year as returning lettermen Pat Haney, Frank Brandon, Erol Campbell, Billy Regan, Eric Denis, and John Bobo return to lead the team.

PENNSYLVANIA
18
NAVY

Above: Bring us down now, and we'll just come back later.

Large Picture: Bust'in through another line!
Picture Above: Andy Paeterson (#37) motivates the "Big Blue" defense!



Above: Armstrong, Bruggeman, Campbell, Davis, Denis, Devinger, Gates, Ha, Hanshaw, Hede, Hornbuckle, Howard, Huber, Jankowski, Kirby, Owens, Patterson, Tinjum, Weller, Wimer, Story, O'Neal.

Above Center Right: Navy air 150's style.

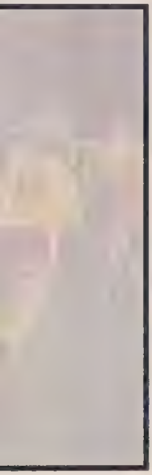
Men's Soccer

It was a season to remember for the 1993 Navy Soccer Team. With only four returning seniors, Navy was a young team with a number of freshmen finding themselves in starting roles. Although the win-loss record may not show it, Navy Soccer had a successful year. Beating Army 1-0 in a hard-fought battle at Dewey Field in front of one of the biggest crowds in Navy Soccer history was only one of the many accomplishments. With this win, along with a 1-1 tie against Air Force early in the season, Navy claimed the Service Academy Championship. Late in the season, things finally came together for Navy, who went 3-1-1 in the last five games. On their last road trip, Navy showed a lot of heart coming from behind twice to beat Liberty 3-2 in overtime. The most memorable game of the season for the young Mids was the last game of the season against Bucknell at home in a steady rain. Going into the game, Navy knew there was no chance of making the Patriot League Tournament for the third year in a row because of two upsets they suffered earlier in the season, so the game was played strictly for pride. Navy showed the true meaning of dedication and teamwork, and were victorious in overtime, 2-0. With such a strong conclusion to their season, Navy, with a majority of its starters returning, has high expectations for the upcoming season.

Above:M.Boran,B.Boyle,T.Bruemer,R.Cox,D.Ensley,T.Estes,T.Grady,S.Grimes,P.Kennedy,K. Kennedy,N.Kring,J.Lemmon,T.Manzin,C.Miller,S.Moyer,T.Ogden,C.Sample,A.Sanchez, M.Schnable,T.Sherburne,A.Swenson,B.Tabala,B.Taylor,J.Wagner,S.Walters,Williams

Above: Coach Myers and team captain Jeff Wagner.

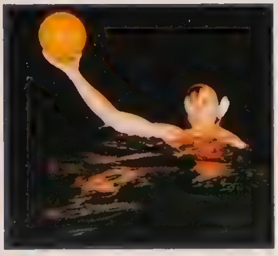
Women's Soccer



Above: Cruz, Addison, Lawrence, Stonelake, Pope, McGrath, Gibellato, Kuykendall, Kogler, Morgan, Westinghouse, Cherwin, Richardson, DellaBarba, Buchinger, Myer, Despain, Thompson, Hoffman, Standifer, Kast, Bloom, Treanor, Quattrone.

Above:Coach Gabarra and team captain Kerry Kuykendall

Water Polo



NAVY

Men's Cross-Country

1993 was a rebuilding year for the Navy Men's Cross Country team. Gone were senior all-americans Greg Keller and Todd Washburn, along with team captain Luis Molina. The Mid harriers would have to rely on senior captain Jeff Leuenberger and juniors Bruce Frame and Jesse Kemp, as well as a dedicated group of sophmores and some promising plebes.

The team started the season with impressive home wins over Pennsylvania and James Madison. Al Cantello's mids then took their show on the road, running tough races at Tennessee and Lehigh before running into an Army team that ended up sixth in the nation. The Navy cross country team finished up their 11-3 season with a 10th place finish in the IC4A meet with captain Jeff Leuenberger taking 12th place overall. With a solid group of returning runners, including Jesse Kemp and plebe Tom Keefer, the future of Navy Cross Country looks bright.

NAVY
367
NAVY
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NAVY
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NAVY
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NAVY

NAVY
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NAVY
372
NAVY
NAVY
365

Below: Coach Al Cantello and team captain Jeff Leuenberger.

Above: S. Barnacle, T. Baskett, B. Blair, T. Brown, I. Cardenas, C. Cook, C. Froelich, J. German, A. Gresham, T. Keefer, J. Kemp, J. Lorden, J. Leuenberger, M. Limbert, K. Masterson, T. Shea, B. Swain, S. Tompkins.

Women's Cross Country

The Navy's Women's Cross Country team had an incredible season finishing with a 10 and 1 dual meet record. Navy toppled powerhouse Purdue and allowed only 6 nationally ranked teams to edge them out at the Paul Short Invitational. Of course the highlight of the season was the total domination over Army with their sixth straight victory!!!

The many outstanding performances by the team members contributed to the strength of the pack. First Class Aletha Williams carried the team to victory with Fourth Class Kerri Gray trailing only a few steps behind, both breaking into the top ten fastest times on the USNA course. First Class Montgomery and fer fellow "firsties" First Class Herath and First Class Crouse gave crucial support to clinch their victories. Fourth Class McGreevy helped lead the team along with Fourth Class Johnson. (Watch for those Plebes next year!!!)

The team would like to dedicate all their hard work and accomplishments to the memory of Kerry O'Neill, the one person who touched all of our lives and inspired us all. She will never be forgotten.

NAVY
403
NAVY
405

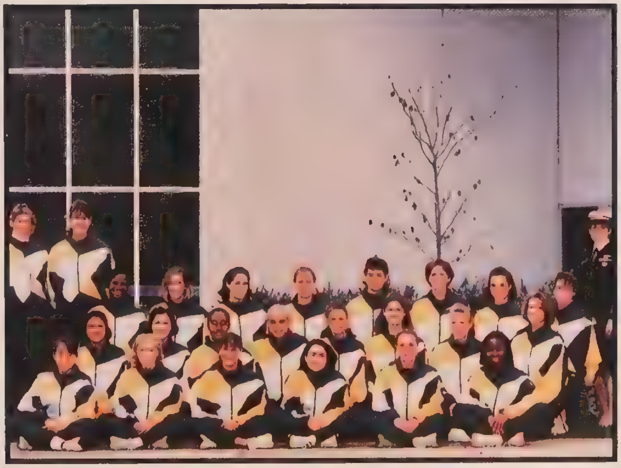
Above Left: Firsties with Coach Boyle in front of USNA bus. The leadership of the first class and Coach Boyle gave the team its strength. "We started together; We'll finish together!"

Left: Starting Line at Army. "And they're off! From the start, the Navy team overpowered their Army competition.

Below: Coach Karen Boyle and team captain Michelle Montgomery.

Above: Watch out! Here she comes! The crowd watches as 1/C Aletha Williams pumps it up to another victory for Navy.

Above: Five Navy women in race. "The tight pack of the Navy team brought fear to the eyes of the competition."



Above:Almdale,Atherholt,Bailey,Beauman,Blair,Bowden,Cesari,Olson,Gray
Brownlo,Conjrlko,Crouse,Cunningham,Duggan,Gompers,Graves,Williams
Herath,Hoyte,Ingraham,Johnson,Jones,Kelley,Kroll,Marsh,Young,Vanyo
McGreevy,Montgomery,Moroney,Sullivan,Rosenberger,Sopper,Zaraemba

Women's Volleyball

The woman's volleyball team did quite well this year taking third place in the Patriot League. With the absence of many firsties, the six second class were truly the leadership of the team. They include Captain Molly Boron, Kelly Cantley, Pam Dozier, Karen Flaherty, Emily Harris, and Katie Schullian. The strongest asset of the team is a potent motivated bench. These players indeed make the team the success that it is. Kelly Cantley and Nikki St. Clair, the setters, were both talented players and invaluable leaders on the court. Other strong starters included Kim Ard and Gina Foltz. The team became closer with the loss of friend and teammate Robin Pegram on December 5, 1993. The season was dedicated to her.

CONFERENCE
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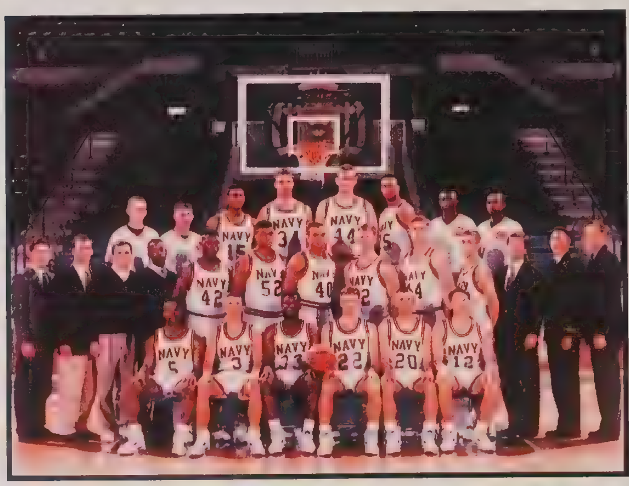
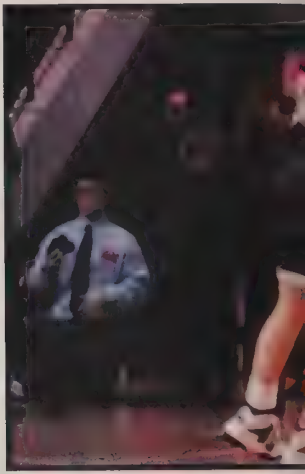
15:00
NAVY
LLEYBALL
16

Above: Kim Ard, Molly Boron, Kelly Cantley, Pamela Dozier, Karen Flaherty, Gina Foltz, Emily Harris, Lani Hay, Robin Pegram, Nicole St. Clair, Elizabeth Schuette, Laura Tillinghast, Ronda Weaver, Kristi Zimmer

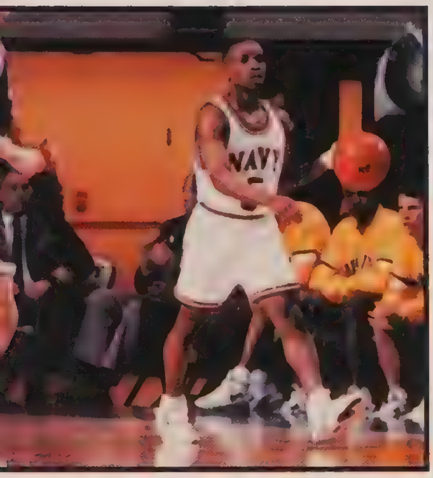
Above: Coach Jan Dainard and team captain Molly Boron.

Below: B. Butler, W. Cooper, B. Cougher, K. Eaton, L. Green, M. Green, T. Hall, J. Hamilton, S. Holden, S. Joseph, A. Kohnen, V. Mickel, R. Torgrimson, R. Torgrimson, B. Walker.





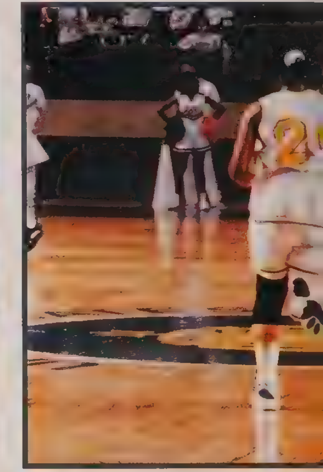
Above: Coach, and team captain Victor Mickel.



Men's Basketball

The Lucky Bag

Below: A. Blaszczyk, K. Cowling, A. Fernebok, J. Hausvik, K. Jackson, S. Loustaunau, H. O'Donnell, K. Parsons, Y. Ray, L. Remmel, S. Rudinsky, A. Schnek, K. Wells.



Above: Coach Debra Schlegel and team captain Yolanda Ray.

Women's Basketball

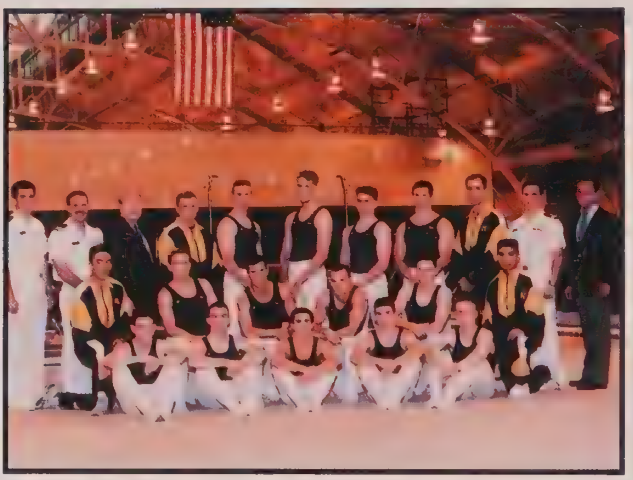
The 1993-94 Women's Basketball season saw the departure of the old and the arrival of the new. The team consisted of five veterans and nine freshmen. Despite this makeup, the team went into the season with great expectations. The experience of the veterans and the talent of the youth were the driving force. This combination was not enough as the Navy team posted a 10-17 record.

Though, there were many bright spots for the Navy Women's team. Navy defeated the pre-season league favorite, Lafayette, in two of the three games played. The most important win was in the first round of the Patriot League Post- Season Tournament. Navy was denied a championship game and possible NCAA bid by a second round defeat from Holy Cross.

Several players were recognized for their performances throughout the season. Jenna Hausvik, '94, was named to the PAtriot League 2nd-team and Kim Jackson, '97, was named Co-Rookie of the Year. Jackson and Adria Schneck, '97, were honored for being Rookie of the Week players during the season.

The team also received outstanding performances from Kim Cowling, '94, Kate Wells, '96, Sherri Rudinsky, '97, and Kathy Parsons, '97. The rest of the team's supporting cast, Alyce Fernebok, '96, and a host of the class of 1997: Penny Arrington, Anna Blaszczyk, Lani Hay, Heather O'Donnel, and Lois Remmel, greatly contributed to the efforts of the team. Navy Women's Basketball team future looks bright.

Below: J. Baileydaystar, T. Butler, B. Hanle, F. Helchinger, G. Kramer, J. Levy, M. Matthias, S. McCracken, K. Nurminen, J. Parker, K. Peter, B. Pritchard, R. Salgado, M. Stucky, M. Tucker, S. Vieria, J. Williams.



Above: Coach Dr. Sho Fukushima and team captain Jimmy Parker.

Men's Gymnastics

No Cigar

Third year head coach Dr. Sho Fukushima and new assistant coaches LT John Cooney and ENS Ty Redmon drastically improved this Navy Men's Gymnastics Team over last year's with a variety of coaching styles and gymnastics expertise. The team paid their dues with blood, sweat, and tears and came a long way, posting in average team scores of almost 25 points higher than last year's. Although the team stayed relatively healthy throughout the year, they fell short at Easterns and finished up with a ranking not quite indicative of their ability. It was a relatively young team, losing only their team captain Jimmy Parker, so that the returning gymnasts, Josh Levy, Jody Williams, Scott McCracken, Ken Peter, Bo Hanle, Franz Helchinger, Mike Stucky, Matt Tucker, Brian Pritchard, and Sean Vieira will start from a higher level of skill and experience next year. Continued hard work and improvement can put this team in contention with the best in the league, so watch oot for the team in '95!

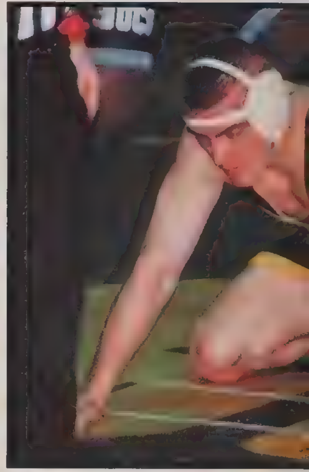
Below; Allen, Bailey, Beauman, Cesari, Chiaramonte, Dondero, Drake, Duggan, Gandy, Gibellato, Goddard, Gray, Hall, Harris, Hausvik, Herath, Ingraham, Jackson, Johnson, Kelley, King, Knight, Lafferty, Leverett, McGreevy, Montgomery, Moroney, Olson, Palmer, Perehinec, Rice, Roy, Schutte, Spivey, Stonelake, Sullivan, Trotter, Washington, Westrich, Williams, Young Zaremba.

Above: Coach Carla Criste and team captain Christine Westrich

Women's Indoor Track

Navy's indoor track team had a record breaking season; nine scool records were shattered! At Heps, Senior Captain Christine Westrich broke the 200 m record with a speedy time of 25.91. Against Army, 2/C Sonja Knight broke the long jump record with an awesome leap of 17'11". On home turf 3/C Alicia Chiarmonte broke the shot put record with 41'05.25". Winning the 20 lb. weight throw at Heps, 3/C Sonja Washington smashed the school record with a heave of 54'00". Plebe Rhonda Leverette broke the 500 m record with 1:14.72 which made her an ALL- EAST runner at ECAC's. This fast plebe also broke the 400 m record at Heps with a time of 56.59. All three major relays broke the school records as well: the mile relay of 1/C Westrich, 1/C Ingraham, 4/C Schuette, and 4/C Leverette with a time of 3:53.86, the two mile relay of 2/C Olson, 3/C Kelley, 4/C Moroney, and 1/C Williams with 9:10.05, and the DMR relay of 2/C Olson, 2/C Bailey, 4/C McGreevy, and 1/C Williams with 12:15.80. As a team, Navy made great strides in Division I competition. The team placed second in Patriot Leagues and had three relays qualify for ECAC's. 1/C Westrich, 4/C Leverette, and 3/C Washington each competed individually as well. Next year the team will miss its 6 seniors- Westrich, Ingraham, Williams, Herath, Montgomery, and Jones. But with this years strong plebe class, look for Navy women to kick butt in Division I and win the Patriot League Championship!

Below; Anderson, Antonelli, Armas, Bennett, Biehl, Blackmer, J. Clayton, M. Clayton, Coleman, Conte, Crooks, Cunningham, Davies, Dollard, Donahoe, Fisher, Frye, Garcia, Geary, Guzman, Hajek, Hicks, Johnson, Kyle, Neish, Queen, Robertson, Schlottke, Smith, Stabilo, Stepanic, Vanderline, Venugopalkrishna, Wagner, Wahlgren, Walsh, Willits, Wise, Workman, Worthington, Yesunas, Zembiec, Zerr, Zweig.

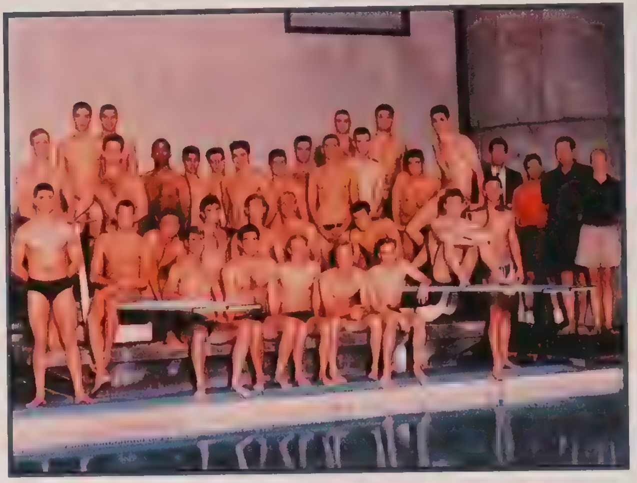


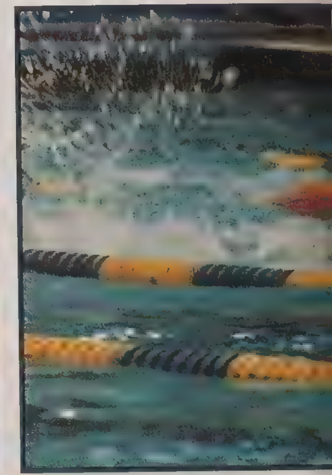
Above: Coach Reg Wicks and team captain Jeff Stepanic.

Wrestling

The Lucky Bag

Below: Andrew, Arrowood, Burns, Calvert, Cobb, Fowler, Fuqua, Hurst, Johnston, Juhl, Koprowski, Kress, Krier, Lichtenstein, Marinovich, Metropoulos, Ornee, Platt, Pollard, Roth, Rothenbach, Schwartz, Sexton, Shangle, Smith, Starke, Washington.



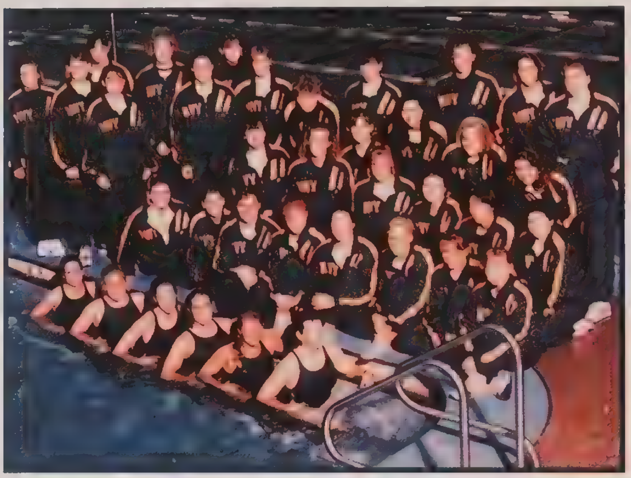


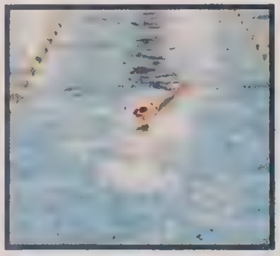
Above: Coach Lee Lawrence and team captain Brad Juhl.

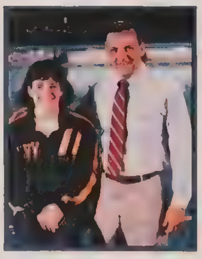
Men's Swimming

The Lucky Bag

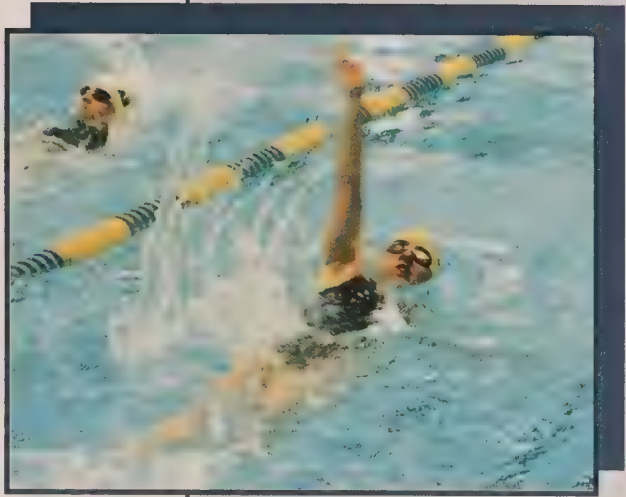
Below: Allee, Austin, Baumbich, Blake, Campion, Currie, Eliassen, Fearon, Fraser, Gilbert, Gleason, Good, Goodwin, Gritsavage, Hauser, Haynes, Henson, Hildebrand, Kauffman, Kouloheras, Lynch, Merrill, Ruohomaki, Scoonover, Shull, Stuart, Tanaka, Williams, Wisner, Wolo, Zavodny, Zuwallack.



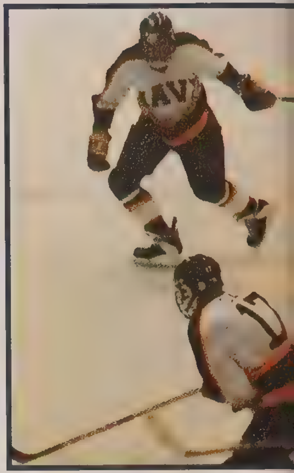




Above: Coach Dick Purdy and team captain Stephanie Henson.



Women's Swimming



DOHERTY
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Hockey

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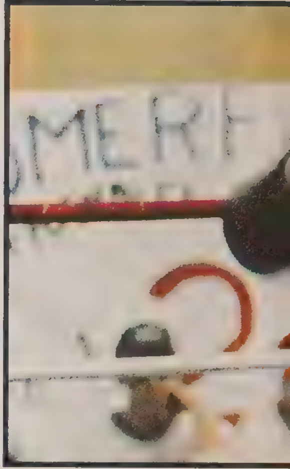
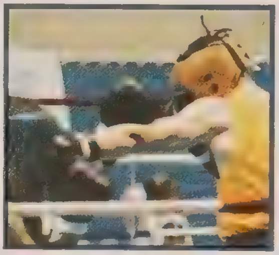




Boxing

Golf

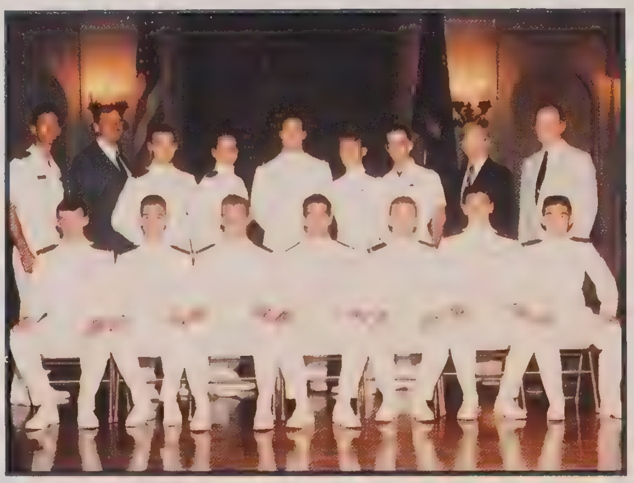
Sailing

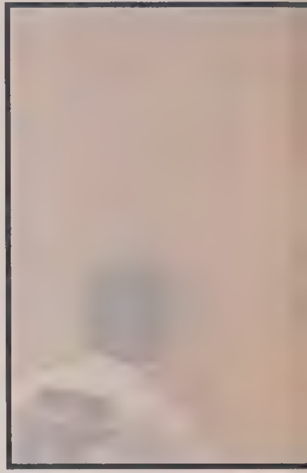
Rifle

The Lucky Bag

Powerlifting

Below: Rob Bandy, Tim Butler, Mo Curran, Mike Elliot, Eric Green, Yu-Chih Hsu, Brett Lowrey, Chance Mims, Jeremy Orr, Jamie Slough, Al Sprenger, Robert Wirth.





Above: Coach Dave Brown and team captain Jamie Slough.

Squash

Baseball

The
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Bag

NAVY
19

NAVY
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Softball

The Lucky Bag

Men's Crew

The
Lucky
Bag

MARK HAMILTON

190

6
5
4

Women's Crew

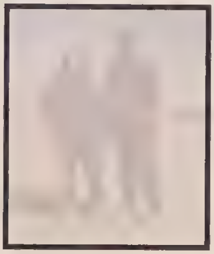
NAVY CREW

Men's Lacrosse

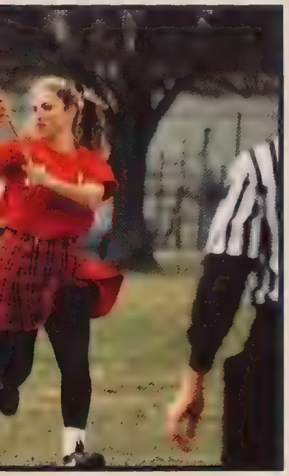
NAVY
2
DELAWAR

NAVY
NAVY
28

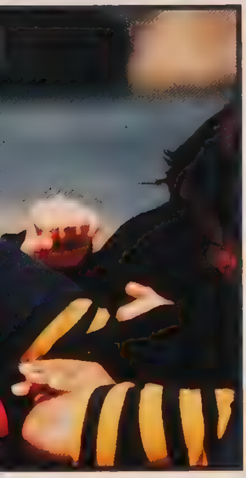
NAVY
43



Women's Lacrosse



Rugby



Outdoor Track

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Women's Outdoor Track

NAVY
29
NAVY
5

NAVY
626
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
625

Tennis

The
Lucky
Bag

Intramurals

The Lucky Bag

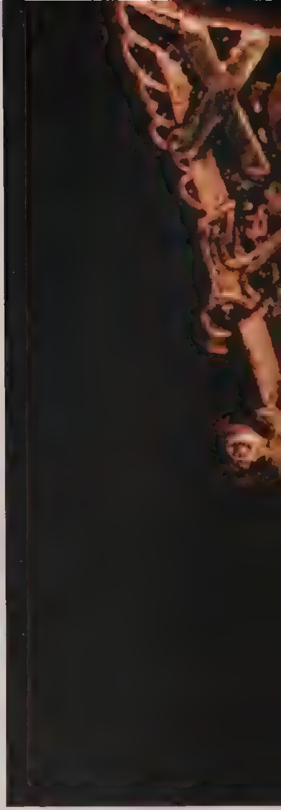
Organizations

"There are two worlds; the world we measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imagination."

Leigh Hunt

Class of 1994

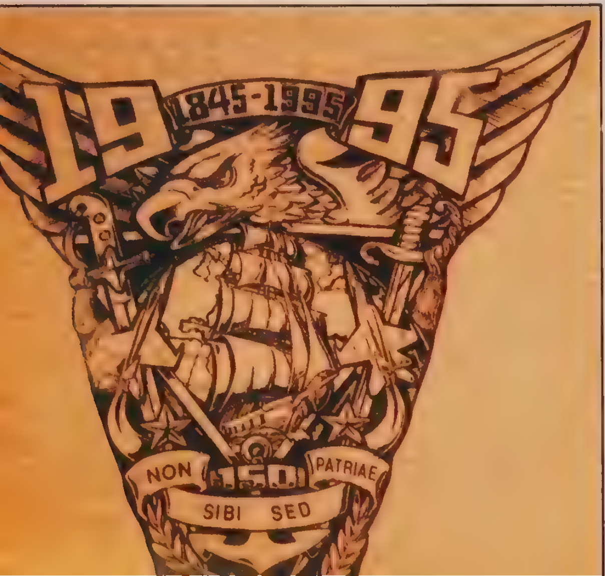
The Class of '94 enjoyed a highly successful year. We have accomplished many firsts, amd I'm sure we'll be recognized as the most productive class ever to leave this institution. We held three tailgaters during the football season with total attendence topping 1000. We also conducted a highly successful Parent's Weekend despite the poor game time. Then came the Madness, our very own Service Selection Party at the O' Club. Throughout all of our get-togethers, not one alcohol incident: a tribute to our Class's strength and unanimity! The Class, working in conjunction with the State of Maryland, has spearheaded a first of its kind memorial to our fallen shipmates. The Class has also generated much income from huge sales culminating in the great Fire Sale in May. Although much has been said about the Class of '94, this class is full of outstanding people and hard workers. Five years to the book, enjoy life, and be hard charged '94.- Kirk Clermont

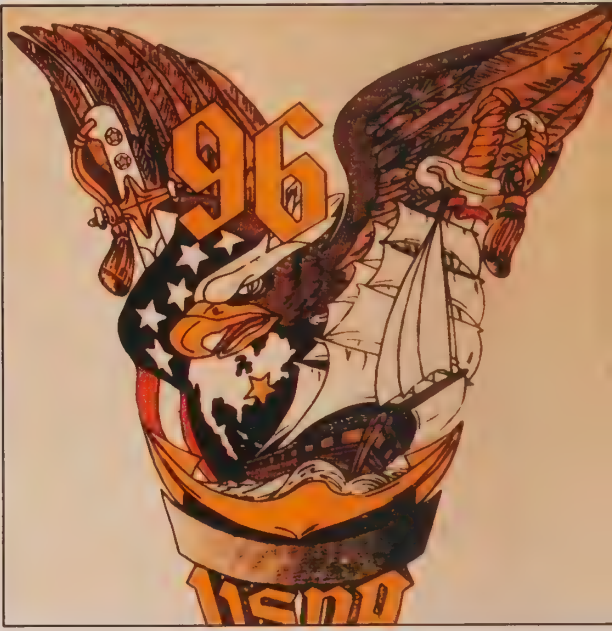


Below: 1994 Class Organization: Back Kirk Clermont (Treasurer), Chris Williams (Secretary) Front: Jason Berger (President), Scott Hornbuckle (Vice-President)

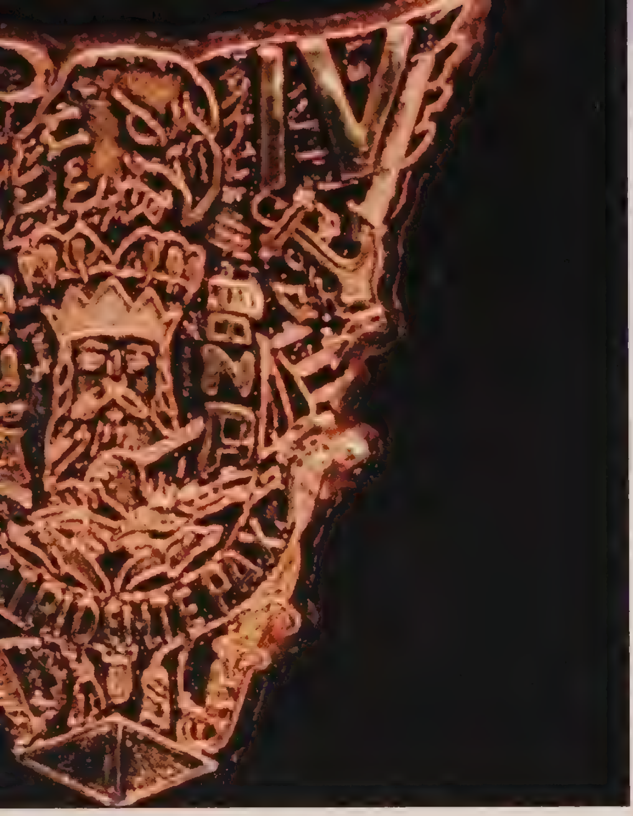
Class of 1995

With the assistance and input of class company representatives, the class officers managed a successful year of activities. During the fall semester, the class set a precedent by combining the concepts of a traditional party in Dahlgren and an enormous football tailgater in order to commemorate our dedication to serving as officers through 2000, a party officially designated the Service Committment Tailgater, in lieu of a more memorable, outlawed phrase. The spring semester's primary event was the Second Class Mess Night. Not without its surprises, the evening did conclude as a generally-successful affair, due to the outstanding voluntary efforts of members of the Mess Night Committee, led by Harry Gardner. Among other services provided to the class were the sale of class clothing items and memorabilia. Through the efforts of delegate Bill Burns, class officers provided input from the class to the USNA 150th Aniversary Committee in planning events to occur during calender-year 1995.





Class of 1996



Ring and Crest Committee

The Ring and Crest Committee is comprised of those Midshipmen who create, design, and finally implement their respective class crests. Beginning Plebe Year, a group of Plebes representing each company in the Brigade gather together to come up with ideas for their class crest. Working with upperclass on the committee and the advisors from the ring company, a final design is produced. Once produced, the Ring and Crest Committee is responsible for the bidding, selection, and final production of the respective class rings. These rings will be cherished by the graduating Midshipmen. as they symbolize all that they have worked for and put up with to receive their commissions.

Left: Ring and Crest Committee: 3/C Martin, Brian Randall, Dave Phillippi

Class of 1997

Brigade Social Affairs Committee

Below: BSAC is instrumental in bringing groups like INXS to perform for the Brigade.

The Brigade Social Affairs Committee is a Brigade support activity that organizes and runs all of the formal dances, semi-formal dances, and informal mixers held during the academic year. With the help of the Social Director, Mrs. Carol Baysinger, the BSAC starts working in the fall with the Autumn Formal, continues into the winter with the Christmas Ball and the Valentine's Ball, and finishes in June Week with the Second Class Ring Dance and the Graduation and Farewell Balls. Additionally, the BSAC provides the ushers and backstage help at the numerous concerts during the year, including the INXS and Bill Cosby shows. The small number of Midshipmen that compose the Committee (fewer than 100) are responsible for most of the social activities held on the Yard.

Right: Tim Urbine and his date at Ring Dance, one of BSAC's highlight activities of the year.

Below: Brigade Social Affairs Committee Staff: Jim Crimmins, Bill Mann, 2/C Ventura

Above: Midshipmen Action Group Staff: Back: Jennifer Anderson, Gavin Duff Front: Sean Fahey, Bill Darrenkamp

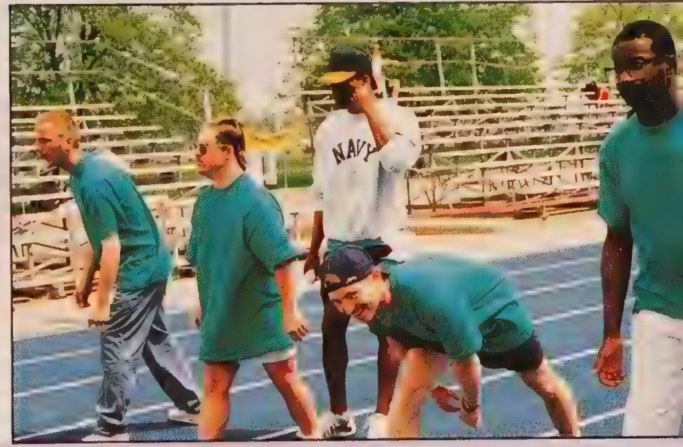
Left: Mids from the Midshipman Action Group help out with the swimming portion of the Maryland Special Olympics.

Above: With "Giving from the Heart of the Brigade," Mids share what they have with the less fortunate of Annapolis during the Holiday Season.

Right: Mids help with the running portion of the Maryland Special Olympics.

Midshipmen Action Group

MAG was organized to allow Midshipmen to participate in volunteer activities within the Annapolis community. This year, Group members participated in the Special Olympics, Mids for Kids, Habitat for Humanity, Greenscape, and several area clean-up programs.



Catholic Midshipmen Club

The Catholic Midshipmen Club is a religious ECA devoted to fulfilling the spiritual needs of the Brigade's Catholic community. Different activities include: meetings with notable guest speakers, two retreats, parish socials, a trip to Rome, assisting the monthly Washington SHARE program (a program of food distribution to the needy), and visiting the elderly at the Annapolis Convalesence Center each week. The Catholic Community as a whole experienced much growth this year, due, in large part, to the Catholic Midshipmen Club. Ex Primaris, Valete!

Right: Catholic Midshipmen's Club Staff: Back: Tina Mock Front: Nathan Strandquist, Matt Clay, Brian Goldschmidt

NAVAL
ACADEMY
TRIDENS
SCIENTIA

Baptist Student Union

The Baptist Student Union is a religious ECA comprised of various denominations but sponsored by local Baptist churches and the Southern Baptist Convention. The BSU meets on Monday nights in the Mitscher conference room in order to hear various speakers and to discuss a variety of topics. The BSU hosts after-game fellowships on the Saturdays of each home football game, conducts Bible study sessions, goes on a mid-winter retreat, sponsors a Talent/Untalent Banquet each spring to raise money for missions, conducts a mission project during End of Semester leave, and engages in other activities throughout the year.

Right: 1993-94 BSU Staff

Fellowship of Christian Athletes

FCA is a group of Midshipmen who share a common bond between athletics and their faith. FCA at USNA tries to focus on fellowship among Christian friends both in a huddle (Bible study) environment and on the field of competition. This year we held our annual retreat and brought in many exciting speakers like Mark Kelso of the Buffalo Bills. We started monthly sports nights this year and hosted the annual All Faiths Picnic in May. We are looking forward to the many blessings of the next school year, including many victories for our athletes. God Bless!

Left: 1993-94 FCA Staff:

Navigators

The purpose of the Navigators is "To know Christ and to make Him known." This year was packed with learning, growing, having fun, and developing relationships. We started the year off with a fall retreat to gain our focus on the costs and benefits of being a disciple of Christ. We held Battalion Ministry Team meeetings on a weekly basis and large group meetings on a bi-weekly basis. During the second semester, we invited friends along on our annual winter retreat. Weekly Bible Studies taught by many different people proved to be a great forum for learning more about our Savior and also for developing relationships. When all is said and done, friendships are what we are all about. "And by this all men will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another..."

Left: Navigators Staff: Brian Mecklenburg, Rob Konold, Scott Mayfield

PEACE
JOY
love

Officers' Christian Fellowship

Officers' Christian Fellowship has served the Naval Academy for 47 years providing a warm and caring environment for Midshipmen to retreat to from their daily pressures and to pursue their relationship with Jesus Christ. This year, OCF met regularly on Thursday nights in the Mitcher study area, Saturday nights at the Maranatha Massion, and Wednesday nights for a "First Class Only" leadership seminar also at the Mansion. OCF always welcomes all Midshipmen and guests to all functions.

In March, the USNA chapter of OCF hosted the largest celebration of 50 years of OCF in the US. Over 500 people attended the potluck dinner and celebration. Other highlights of the year included: the annual Christian International Relations Conference; retreats to White Sulphur Springs, PA; and the first annual Christian Counselling Workshop.

Right: The members of OCF scale the mountain in search of the meaning of life.

Below: The members of OCF at the Retreate House.

Right: OCF Staff: Back: Shannon Guthrie, Keon Lindsey Front: Cledo Davis, Brian Germann

Below: Members of OCF sharing a little outdoor physical and spiritual challenge.

Right: 1993-1994 Protestant Midshipmen Club

Below: Members of the Protestant Midshipmen Club perform at their Talent Show.

Jewish Midshipmen Club

The Jewish Midshipmen Club is an organization comprised of members of the Brigade who are interested in fellowship and in learning about the Jewish faith. The group hosted its annual trip to Israel over Spring Break. The year was full of festive as well as serious events. The Jewish Midshipmen looked forward to each Friday service where they could enjoy the Oneg and relax with friends. The JMC sponsored events such as the Hanukkah Happening and the annual Passover Seder. On a more serious note, the Jewish Midshipmen Club sponsored events such as a visit to the National Holocaust Memorial and a special presentation of Steven Speilberg's film *Schindler's List* where members of the Brigade were encouraged to remember those who perished in the WWII Nazi concentraion camps.

Protestant Midshipmen Club

The Protestant Midshipmen Community exists for midshipmen to know Christ better and to make him known.

Jesus replied: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind." This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: "Love your neighbor as yourself." All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments. Matthew 22:37-40

Left: 1993-94 Jewish Midshipmen Club Staff: Back: Adam Mushoff, Dan Bilow Front: Ben Buring

Below: Members of the Jewish Midshipmen's Club share fellowship at their Sabbath Services.

Protestant Chapel Choir

The Naval Academy's Protestant Chapel Choir is made up of about fifty Midshipmen who commit themselves to sharing the musical talents the Lord has given them with the Naval Academy's Protestant Chapel family. The Choir is directed by Dr. John B. Talley. In addition to providing beautiful music for the congregation, the Choir also provides leadership which helps the congregation remain focused on the presence of God. Choir members work very hard and sacrifice important time, but this is far outweighed by the sacrifice the Lord endured for them.

Right: 1993-94 Protestant Chapel Choir Staff

Gospel Choir

Formed in 1985, the Gospel Choir has grown from 20 to over 50 members in less than nine years. Academic year functions for the Choir included performances at local churches, schools, and community centers. The Choir performs monthly at the 1100 Protestant Services in the Main Chapel. An annual Spring Break tour also affords the Chioir the opportunity to interact with and encourage elementary and high school students to excell in all of their endeavors. Past tours have led the Choir to Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, Key West, St. Louis, and Bermuda. In addition, the Choir performs an annual Commissioning Week concert to honor dignitaries, graduating seniors, and families. The Choir flourishes under the musical direction of Mrs. Joyce Garret. With her outstanding musical background, she has endowed the Choir with a deverse repetoire of Gospel music ranging from traditional hymns and Negro spirituals to the more contemporary sounds of the Winans and Richard Smallwood. The Gospel Choir has grown into a strong musical representation of the Academy and continues to grow stronger in membership and most importantly, in the Lord.

Above: The 1993-94 USNA Gospel Choir.

Right: Gospel Choir Staff: Delora Brooks, Chris Hart, Kim Hurd, Marcus Beslin, Eric Taylor

Catholic Chapel Choir

The Catholic Chapel Choir serves the Catholic community of the Naval Academy by leading the parishoners in music and song during the 0900 Sunday services. The Choir sings annually at the Shrine of Elizabeth Ann Seton to participate in a special service for military members, and also makes an annual trip to Governor's Island, just outside of New York City. This spring the Catholic Choir visited the Catholic community at Little Creek, Virginia.

Above: The Catholic Chapel Choir lifts its voices to God in song.

Left: 1993-94 Catholic Chapel Choir

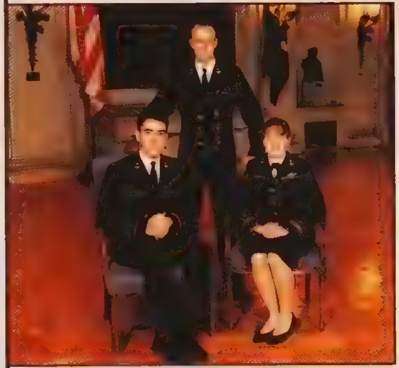
Trident Brass

The Trident Brass has managed to remain somewhat of an enigma to many people in the Brigade. Countless times, "I didn't know we had a jazz band!", or, "You play in what?" can be heard walking down to practice in the depths of Bancroft (4-0 basement to be exact).

Highlighting the year are the International Ball and a performance before Herndon. With practice each Wednesday night, the band has worked hard to sound great! This season also saw a fall concert in late November thanks to the efforts of our director MU1 Steve Barzal.

And so, we play on...a tiny outfit. But give us a few saxes (Rick, Amber, Brian, Holley, and Candi), some 'bones (Eric, Mike, Roy, Chris), some horns (Blair, Mike, Woody), drums (Kevin), a sweet piano (Chris), two songbirds (Mike and Jen), and ..where's that bass?! (Becky!)... oh yeah-- and watch us play!

Last, but not least, this year's International Ball is deadicated in loving memory of Autumn Pevzner. We love you and miss you dearly.



Top: Trident Brass Staff: Mike Gleeson, Eric Mueller, Candi Cunningham

Above: Jammin' with the Trident Brass.

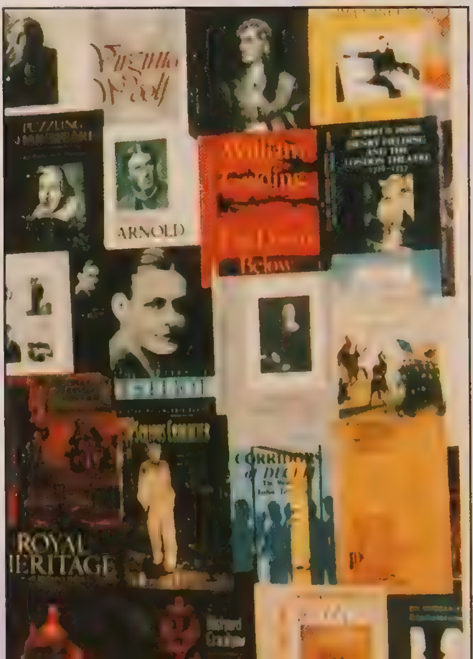
Churchill Society

The mission of the Churchill Society is to provide members of the Brigade at large an opportunity to experience a wide variety of cultural activities that are offered in the greater Baltimore/ Washington/ Annapolis area in an effort to broaden the cultural horizons and experiences of its members. The Society is named in honor of Winston Churchill, a Naval Academy graduate and America's most popular turn-of-the-century novelist, a man who was never the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Highlights of the year included trips to the Shakespeare Theatre, the Kennedy Center, the Smithsonian Museums, and the Walter's Art Gallery. Through a weekly newsletter published over e-mail, the Society was able to keep members informed of events for which it was unable to sponsor movement orders.

Below: The REAL Winston Churchill, USNA Class of 1894 (center)

Right: Churchill Society Staff: Jeff Howard (President), Not Pictured: James Morgan (Vice-President/ Treasurer), David Faehnle (Secretary)

Below: How about a little culture?!

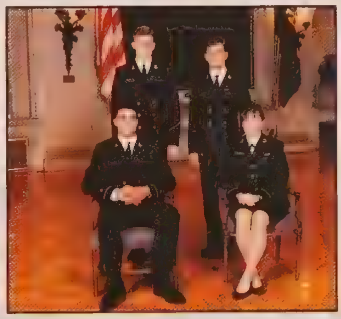


Right: USNA Eagle Scouts.

Below: Local Boy Scouts enjoy a Navy Football game.

Big Brothers/ Big Sisters

Through the Big Brothers/ Big Sisters program, Midshipmen can give some of their time to help the development of youths in the Annapolis or Glenn Burnie communities who don't receive a lot of quality time with someone who can act as a role model, friend, or just a big brother or big sister. With the schedules that the average Mid follows, it is easy to see that this is no small commitment. As a club, we plan activities on the yard, like bowling, skating, picnics, and sporting events. We also go to events off the Yard, such as Orioles games, the Baltimore Zoo, and the Annual Big Brothers/ Big Sisters Christmas Party. These events are good opportunities for the kids to get around and meet different people. To be paired with one of the kids, caseworkers try to match people with common interests, hobbies, and backgrounds. The most important aspects of the program are the friendships developed and the participation in the development of a young child.



Above Left:and Below: Misd enjoy time with their little siblings.

Left: Big Brothers and Big Sisters Staff: Back: Todd Copeland Front: Nicholas Edwards, Gillian Brestvankempen

National Eagle Scout Association

The Naval Academy Chapter of NESA boasts over 300 members. The highlights of the year included hosting the annual Merit Badge Jamboree for Scouts from all over the East Coast and a taking a group of local Scouts to a Navy home football game. All members live by the creed: "To do a good turn daily and to always do my best."

Masqueraders

The Masqueraders is the oldest extra-curricular activity at the Naval Academy dating back to 1849. Members of the group participate in every aspect of producing a Broadway-style play from acting to directing, to set design and construction, to lighting and sound. This year the club continued its rich tradition of bringing culture to the Brigade by presenting *Tartuffe*, a comedy by Moliere. The Maqueraders kept their audiences laughing hysterically with a modern adaptation of this 17th century masterpiece about a family man who is duped by a con artist and is almost swindled out of his home, his fortune, and his wife.

Below: Ty Lemerande gives his maid, Juliana Rosati, a piece of his mind in *Tartuffe*.

Right: Masqueraders Staff: Ty Lemerande (President), Jimmy Bishop (Secretary), Jennifer Holden (Treasurer)

Below: Bernadette Quattrone tries to stop her son from killing Tartuffe, Michael Bellotti.

Right: Women's Glee Club Staff: Heather Stevens, Julie Preyer, Bernadette Quattrone

Below: The 1993-94 USNA Women's Glee Club.

Men's Glee Club

The nation's finest men's singing group completed another highly successful year in the spotlight with extraordinary performances spanning the cities of Richmond, Virginia Beach, Nashville, Memphis, and New Orleans, among many others. With its repetoire of patriotic hymns, sea chanties, barbershop favorites, classical music, spirituals, doo wop and Broadway showstoppers, the melodic men brought smiles to all audiences. These rave reviews were of course made possible under the brilliant direction of Dr. John Barry Talley and the tremendous officer and logisitic support of Major David Fuquea, USMC and Mr. Don Nelson. December brought the Club's 11th appearance on NBC's *Christmas in Washington* with the Women's Glee Club. A good time was had by all as the Men's Glee Club continued to remain the best-kept secret in the Brigade.

Women's Glee Club

The largest women's organization at the Naval Academy, the Women's Glee Club consists of 47 members of all classes. Under the direction of Mrs. Jeanne Kelly, the chorus offers a channel for the artistic talents of women at the Academy. The Club has a large repertoire- ranging from patriotic songs and sea chanties to classical and sacred selections to Broadway musical pieces. This fall, the club toured San Francisco and had its annual Christmas Concert in Memorial Hall. In March, the chorus made its international debut with a tour of southern England- including performances at the Royal Naval College, with Her Majesty's Royal Marine Band, and at St. Peter's Cathedral. This year's Spring Oratorio featured Rachiminoff's "Three Russian Songs" and Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass.*

Above Left: A solo group of the Men's Glee Club performs for the audience's amusement.

Left: Men's Glee Club: Back: S. Brooks, Jeff Wagner Front: Mike Bellotti, William Golten

Below: The 1993-94 USNA Men's Glee Club.

Cheerleading

The Navy Cheerleading season began in July with the training of incoming Plebes interested in cheering at Navy while the rest of the squad traveled to Boston for camp and received a bid to Nationals in Dallas. Travelling throughout the country, the team cheered at every football game. From Supe's buses to pep rallies, the Cheerleaders did it all. During the fall, the team sponsored a cheerleading clinic for some of the local schools. Before the football season ended, basketball had begun. The squad helped cheer the men's and women's teams to victory over numerous opponents including Army. The Cheerleaders finished up their season at the NCAA Tournament cheering the team on in an emotional game against Missouri in Utah. The Navy Cheerleaders were proud to be a part of something so special.

Fostering morale and high spirit is the mission of the Squad and Bill the Goat. With the help of Coach Dana Kessler and LT John Gastright, the team enjoyed an extremely rewarding and successful year.

Below: The 1993-94 Navy Cheerleaders.

Right: Chearleading Staff: Back: Jeff Cooper, J. Woodruff, Bill Darrenkamp Front: Lori Rickert, Byron Alexander, Yolanda Wigham

Below: Bill the Goat entertains all.

Right: Cannoneers Staff: Back: R. Smith Front: Carl Degrace, Rebecca Sherrill

Below: The Cannoneers show off their new guns and uniforms.

Silent Drill

The United States Naval Academy Silent Precision Drill Team displays the discipline and teamwork of the Brigade of Midshipmen. Traveling throughout, the Drill Team represents tha Naval Academy at various performances and drill competitions. The Drill Team, nicknamed the "Jolly Rogers," is comprised of Midshipmen of all classes. The Team is led by First Class Midshipmen who instruct the team during practices and lead it during competitions and shows. The Drill Team allowsMidshipmen the the opportunity to demonstrate their physical and mental discipline and apply them to both military basic and exhibition drill.

Cannoneers

This was a year of change for the Cannoneers. The Civil War Era cannon was replaced by two 40mm guns due to a shortage of funds necessary to buy black powder. The new guns, signalling a new era, led to new uniforms as well. The one thing that did not change was the spirit and dedication of the Cannoneers. The Cannoneers were in charge of firing the guns at all home football games, the Notre Dame game, and the Army game as well as some of the 150s games .

Above Left: The Silent Drill Team marches onto the field.

Left: 1993-94 USNA Silent Drill Team Staff

Below: The team shows off their version of "Manual of Arms."

Color Guard

The United States Naval Academy Color Guard carries our National Flag, the Brigade of Midshipmen Flag, and the Battle Colors of the United States Navy and Marine Corps. Members of the Color Guard are chosen from the year's Color Company. The Color Guard represents the Brigade carrying the colors at all parades, football games, and other special occasions.

Below: The Color Guard "marching over" with the Brigade.

Right: The Color Guard has to practice too!

Above: D&B Staff: Back: George Segredo, Gina Martin, Richard Vale Front: Joe Nefflen, Amber Lehning

Left: D & B "rocks the house." This is why they keep us up all afternoon playing outside our windows while we try to sleep!

Drum & Bugle Corps

First appearing in 1914 at the Navy-St. John's college baseball game, the US Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps is the oldest continually active corps in the world, as well as the largest Brigade support activity. Members of the Corps plan and run all corps activities, with musical assistance from a director and from the USNA Band. Members of the Corps spend many hours rehearsing for their performances at football games. The Corps kept the Inter-Service Academy Drum and Bugle Corps Competition Trophy in Annapolis with a record, fourth consecutive competition victory.

Above: Corps Commander 1/C Katherine Carter receives the Service Academy D&B Competition Trophy.

Right: The Corps performs in formation at half time.

Photography Club

The U.S. Naval Academy Photograhy Club maintains a fully operational darkroom in Dahlgren Hall. Members of the Club pay a small fee which gives them access to the darkroom's supply of paper, chemicals, mounting materials and other facilities needed to develop and print black and white photographic images. Black and white photography provides a creative release for artistic Midshipmen and is among the only visual arts ECA's in existence at the Academy. The club is maintained and run entirely by Midshipmen experienced in the art of photography. These Midshipmen provide lessons and instruction to the amateur photographers in the group. The curriculum and lifestyle imposed upon Midshipmen is highly technical and structured; the Photography Club provides a shelter of art and disorder to these weary Mids.

Above Right and Right: Striking images captured on film forever by members of the Photography Club.

Below: Photography Club Staff: Jay Moorman, Chris MacMillan

Above: NAFAC '94 Staff: Back: Michelle Montgomery, Chris Pesile, Kendra Herber, Chris McCranie, Jeff Carpenter, Appleton, Brigety, Chris Baker, Matt Hawks, Matt Edwards Front: Dave Dutrow, Tara Caroselli

Left: The International Organizations Round Table, with Midshipmen 3/C Amy Morrison, 4/C David Traugott, 1/C James Morgan, and 2/C Dave Maruna, stops for a picture.

Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference

NAFAC is the flagship event of the academic year. USNA invites top students from schools across the country and around the world to share a week of presentations by leaders of the international community and "Round Table" discussions, where groups tackle current political issues. Under the leadership of Midshipman Director Tara Caroselli, over 150 Midshipmen participated in NAFAC '94- "A World Without Borders"- and made it a truly spectacular event.

Above: Moderator Dave Maruna tries to maintain order over the chaos his delegates provoke.

Right: Dr. Gibb and a pair of delegates ponder a point made by one of their Round Table-mates.

Latin American Studies Club

The Latin American Studies Club was formed four years ago to help make the Brigade more aware of Hispanic culture and to serve as a support group for Hispanic Midshipmen. This fall, the Club hosted an informal fiesta at the O-Club, where Club members were able to socialize while enjoying Hispanic food and music. The biggest highlight of the year was the Club's involvement with the Association of Naval Services Officers (ANSO), a group that provides various services to Hispanic servicemen throughout the US Armed Forces. ANSO President, LCDR Raul Castaneda, spoke to the Club and invited members to attend an ANSO meeting in March at the Pentagon. Here the Honorable Edward Higaldo, the first Hispanic Sea Service Secretary (SECNAV 1981), spoke to the Club and extended an invitation to attend the 14th Annual ANSO Conference this fall. The Club had an exciting year and looks forward to further growth in the years to come.

Below: Latin American Studies Staff: Back: Ed Lotterhos, Albert Angel Front: Yolanda Wigham, 2/C Becsey

Above: International Club

Left: Andy Thomas shares a moment with an international beauty at the I-Ball.

Above and Right: Images from the International Ball, the highlight of the year for the International Midshipmen's Club.

International Club

The International Club is an organization that acts as a means for representing and coordinating the various foreign language clubs at the Naval Academy. The Club is composed of members of the Chinese, French, German, Russian, and Spanish Clubs as well as Midshipmen from various foreign countries. Each year the Club's invites foreign dignitaries and their families to the annual International Ball and organizes its ballroom dancing exhibition.

Japanese-American Club

The Japanese-American Club was formed in 1991 in order to promote and stimulate interest in the Japanese culture. The Club took a trip to the Japanese Embassy in Washington, DC and took a tour of the grounds including the traditional tea ceremony. Dinner at a local resteraunt was a feast for all who attended. The Club also interacts with the DC chapter of the JACL, the Japanese American Citizen League.

Right: Japanese-American Club Staff: Back: Jon Perkins, Armando Hedrick Front: Eric Smith, Albert Angel

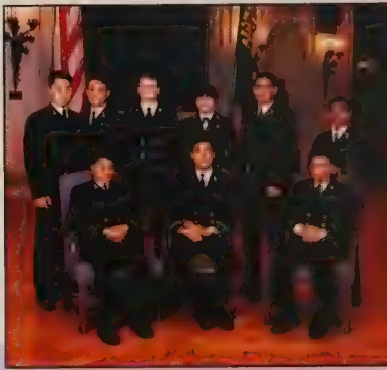
Below: The Japanese Dragon Dance.

Filipino-American Club: Barkada

The Barkada, loosely translated from Tagalog (the national language of the Philippines) means "the gang," was established to help all interested Midshipmen learn more about the rich culture of America's fastest growing Asian ethnic group. This year was one of great growth for the Barkada. We went from being a largely internal ECA, to a proactive, socially conscious group of Mids with contacts all over the country. The Barkada supported social events for Filipino community organizations and participated in mentorship programs which provided positive role models for young people in the metro-DC area. Additionally, the Barkada attended several student conferences which allowed members to interact and network with students from all over the country. Conferences in places such as Washington DC, Massachusetts and California exposed members to many of the various aspects of Filipino-American culture that they may not have thought about here in the cloistered halls of Mother B. Issues that have deep significance to the Filipino-American community such as immigration discrimination, acquaintance rape, and gang violence were discussed at length.

Above: Members of the Philipino-American Club gather to shared their heritage.

Right: Filipino-American Club Staff: Back: Mark Tinder, Beth Testa, Ed Sirios Front: Phil Ventura, Roland Deguzman, Alan Escobar



Korean-American Club

The Korean-American Midshipmen Association (KAMA) was created in 1988 to provide an information and support group for Midshipmen. As an information group, members are provided a means of learning about Korea, its traditions and culture, as well as issues in the Korean-American community. As a support group, there is a tradition in the Korean culture called the "Sam-baeh - Hoo-baeh" relationship where the older person (Sam-baeh) helps out and takes care of the younger person (Hoo-baeh). KAMA has this kind of structure between classes.

This year, members attended conferences held at Harvard, Yale, and Smith where they were able to learn about issues in the Korean-American community. They also became involved in the Joint Service Multi-Ethnic Mentorship Program, a program to provide mentors for sixth and seventh graders in Arlington and Washington DC. KAMA also provides members with a chance to try Korean food, learn the Korean language, and visit the Korean Embassy in DC to meet the Korean Ambassador and military attaches.

Above: A Buddhist shrine.

Left: Korean-American Club Staff: Back: Joey DeGuzman, David Kim, Daniel Liebmann, Phil Ventura Front: Robert Koh, Steve Chung, Mike Yang

Black Studies Club

The Midshipmen's Black Studies Club was established to provide a means for learning about the rich African-American culture. The Club hosts speakers throughtout the year and assists in many community service projects including the Thanksgiving food drive and the Benjamin Bannaker tutorial program every Saturday morning. The club also hosts monthly forums for members of the Brigade to discuss contemporary issues of interest affecting the African-American community.

Left: Black Studies Club Staff: Seated: Rueben Brigety, Eric Jones, Kirk Clermont

Below: Members of the Black Studies Club break for a photo-op.

Reef Points

The Reef Points Committee is responsible for editing and revising the annual edition of *Reef Points* for the incoming plebe class. The book is used as a learning tool during Plebe Summer, as well as during the Academic year. It provides updated information about Navy life, history, and traditions and is known as the "Plebe Bible."

Right: Reef Point Staff: Back: Scott Miller, John Alcorn Front: Jason Walker, Sean McKamey

Below: How high is the Chapel Dome?

The Log

GENERIC LOG COVER

Log

The Log is the monthly magazine that pokes fun of life at the Naval Academy and at the activities of the Brigade of Midshipmen, while providing an informal forum for the Brigade's artistic and journalistic endeavors. *The Log* accomplishes this through literature (fact or fiction, serious or otherwise), photography, and artwork provided by the members of the Brigade or those who know us best. The core of *The Log*, however, is the twenty or so members of the editorial staff who actually put *The Log* together each month. These are the people whose goal it is to provide the Brigade with a mirror of itself and with an outlet for creativity, but not without having a great deal of fun and laughter too.

Right: *The Log* Staff: Back: Jason Stipins, Brian Goldschmidt, Chris Palmenberg Front: Dan Subia, Candi Cunningham, Keith Hartman

Chess Club

The USNA Chess Club is an organization for both the leisurely and competivily spirited Midshipmen. The Club meets twice a week in the Chesapeake Room and has about fifty members. Meeting consists of both informal and serious games, review of strategy and Master's Games, and lessons to improve your game. Formal matches are recorded to assist in the determination of team representatives for local competition. Competetion includes Army and Air Force for the Chess Commander-in-Chief's Trophy and local team Tournamentts. The Chess Club also host the annual Maryland State High School Chess Championship in Alumini Hall.

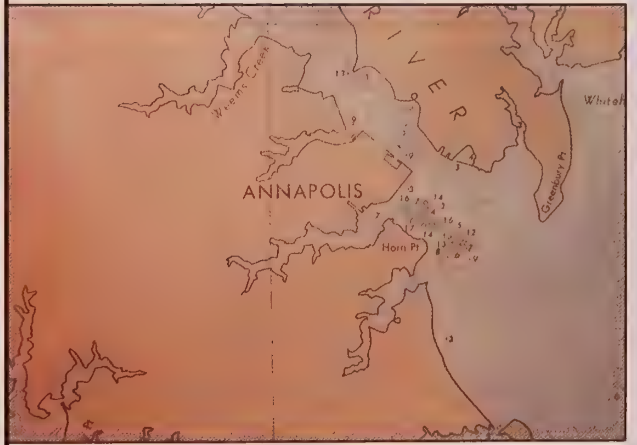
Above: Checkmate!

Left: Chess Club Staff: Back 4/C Webb Front: A.B. Azizis, Roger Harlan

Debate Team

The United States Naval Academy Debate Team holds it practices in the heights of Sampson Hall and its tournaments at nearby coeducational institutions of higher learning. The team competes against colleges and universities from Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, but also tangles occassionally with the out-of-town visitors from the New England Ivies. The Team is comprised of members of all classes who enjoy speaking, competing, and traveling far and wide on weekends. The younger two classes once again led the USNA team through another successful year.

Left: Debate Team: Matt Boran

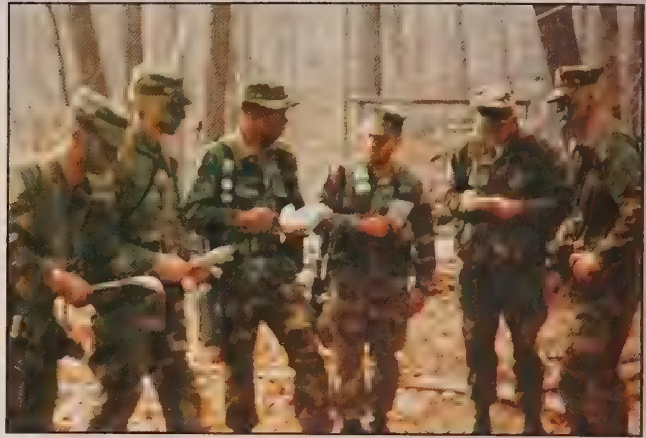


Semper Fidelis Society

The Semper Fidelis Society exposes Midshipmen of all classes to the opportunities that await every officer of the Marine Corps. During this year's pursuit of professional excellence, the Society has sponsored a number of exciting operations and guest speakers. From Quantico's Combat Course, to the Bull Run battlefield, to canoing down the Shenandoah River, the warriors of Semper Fi have taken advantage of the best field training offered at the Naval Academy. And when the field was inaccessible, Semper Fi hosted COL Graham Smart of the Royal Marines, as he addressed the topic of challenges facing junior officers. The picturres speak for themselves- Semper Fi is about getting down and dirty.

Right: A future Marine tackles the Tarzan Course at Quantico, Virginia.

Below: Members of Semper Fi participate in a Force Training Exercise with Cadets in West Point, New York.



Right: Semper Fidelis Staff

Below: A pair of Devil Dogs try their hands at the Combat Course in Quantico, Virginia.

Right: Surface Action Group Staff: Back: Robert Treis, 2/C Busby Front: Brian Clark, 2/C Sena

Below: Haze Gray and Underway! Go SWO!

Yard Patrol Squadron

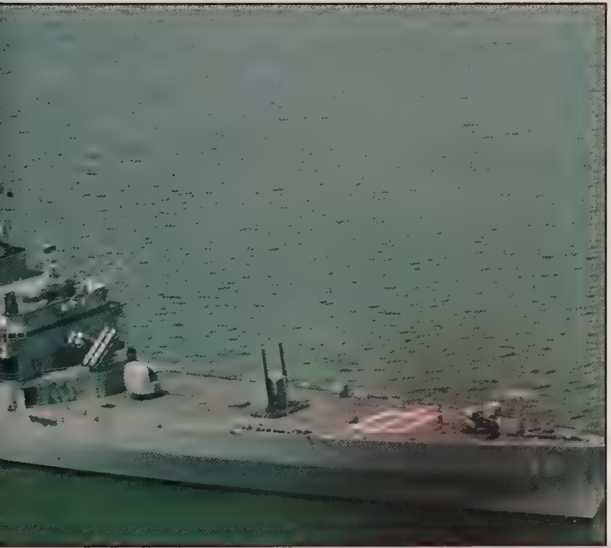
The Yard Patrol Squadron is the professional activity of the Department of Seamanship and Navigation. Its purpose is to provide the 150-man Midshipman unit with a more in-depth opportunity to develop seamanship skills and leadership techniques in a shipboard environment. The YP Squadron utilizes the 676 Class, 108-foot Yard Patrol craft to conduct operations on the Severn River and Chesapeake Bay twice weekly during the fall and spring. The YP Squadron conducts several weekend trips during each semester that allow Midshipmen to practice their skills outside the local Op Area, in ports such as Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Norfolk. The Squadron also sponsors the Naval Academy Shiphandling Contest each spring. The Midshipmen who participate in the Squadron are given the opportunity to complete a Personal Qualification Standard (PQS) program, to qualify in the areas of Damage Control, Deck Seamanship, Operations, Navigation, and Engineering, which culminates in the chance to be designated an Officer-in-Charge (OINC) Afloat of small craft. The YP Squadron offers Midshipmen an unparalleled opportunity to earn responsibility quickly and develop skills that will serve them well in the fleet, regardless of their service selection.

Left: YP Squadron Staff: Back: Brian Clark, 2/C Hildebrandt Front: Scott Suozzi, Michael Luckett

Below: The terror of the Severn River! Preparing Midshipmen for service in the Surface Fleet.

Surface Action Group

This year the Surface Action Group continued its tradition of exposing the members of the Brigade to many aspects of the Surface Warfare community. Prospective SWO's of all classes visited the ships in the Yard, attended receptions for the visiting wardrooms, and held a tailgater for the fourth year in a row. While the First Class members chose their ships on Service Selection day, underclass SAG members provided administrative support in Smoke Hall to keep selection running smoothly. The Surface Action Group will continue to serve the Brigade to produce future Surface Warriors.



WRNV

WRNV, 89.7 FM, provides music support for the Brigade of Midshipmen. Members of the organization can be found working at football games, at tailgaters, and at command functions for Midshipmen as well as for faculty and staff. In addition to all of these functions, WRNV provides great music over its station all day. This year the station continued its tradition of "rocking the boat."

Right: WRNV Staff: Back: Jim Martin, William Washington, Dave Owens Front: Gerry Burghardt, Jamie McGann, Matt McClay

Below: WRNV brings its sounds to Navy football.

MICHELSON HALL

Amateur Radio Club

The USNA Amateur Radio Club, W3ADO, is one of the oldest ECAs at the Academy, dating from the earliest days of radio. It is also one of the most future-oriented clubs here. Midshipmen hams talked to people in the US and many foreign countries using Morse Code, computer transmissions, and regular voice communications. The club also works on high-tech VHF and space communications making extensive use of the satellite dish on Hospital Point and the satellite control room in Rickover Hall. Midshipmen talked to hams on board the Space Shuttle Atlantis and the Space Station Mir. The Club made extensive use of satellites, using dedicated amateur satellites and even the moon to reflect its signals around the world.

Right: Amateur Radio Staff: Back: Matt Hawks, Chris Williams Front: Doug Glover, Keith Hartman

ATU

Only four units in the Navy are authorized to conduct airborne operations: the Navy SEALs, EOD, China Lake Test Center, and the Naval Academy's Airborne Training Unit . ATU is more than an ECA, it is a high visibility military unit that conducts joint operations with the 11th Special Forces, the US Special Operations Command, the Navy SEALs Leap Frogs, HMX-1 (the President's helicopter squadron), and various other units. Midshipmen run the unit themselves and learn first-hand intricacies involved in operating military units; from scheduling aircraft operations and coordinating medical support to maintaining life-dependent equipment. The unit is supported by its own Midshipmen riggers, who pack hundreds of chutes a year, and Midshipmen jumpmasters, who are responsible for operation safety. Additionally, ATU screens 700 Mids annually for billets at Army Airborne School. Each year, dozens of Mids earn the gold wings of a Navy Parachutist, and hundreds more are given the oppotunity to put their "feet and knees in the breeze."

Above: Nothing like a jump into the river from 30,000 feet!

Left: 1993-94 ATU Staff

Midshipmen Aviation Club

The Midshipmen Aviation Club gives those Midshipmen interested in a career in Naval Aviation a chance to learn to fly before going to Pensacola. It also allows any interested Mids the chance to earn their own private pilot license.

Left: Midshipmen Aviation Club Staff: Spenser Abbot, 2/C Guy

Below: Midshipmen 1/C Paul Peverly and James Morgan get a feel for the cockpit and flight school.

COCKPIT ORIENTATION TRAINER

Scuba Club

The USNA Scuba Club exists to promote and sponsor recreational diving among the members of the Brigade. The club assists Midshipmen in obtaining various qualifications, ranging from the PADI basic open water certification to the Divemaster level. The most successful movement order of the year was a Spring Break trip to Key West, Florida. Over seventy Midshipmen made the trip with the club. Another highlight of the year was a dive to the German Submarine U-352 in North Carolina, the only known U-boat still fully intact. Overall, the Scuba Club gives Midshipmen the chance to receive valuable training, have fun, and learn some of the subtler aspects of the oceans they will soon be traversing.

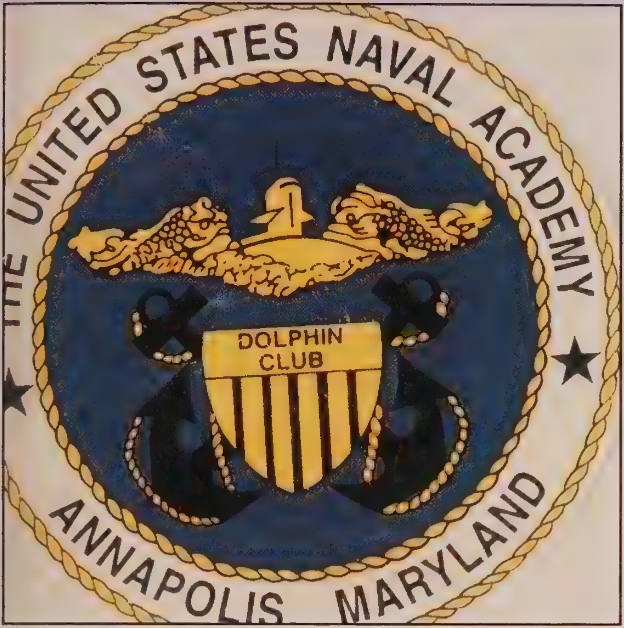
Below: A little communication, SCUBA-style,.

Right: Scuba Club Staff: James Spolyar, James Petite

Below: An unusual twist to a dive.

Right: Aerobics Staff: Back: Brenda Sasso, Jose Dominguez, Jenna Hausvik Front: Peggy Dotolo, Debbie Miller

Below: What's up with this?!



Dolphin Club

The purpose of the Dolphin Club is to enhance the professional development of Midshipmen that strongly desire to become Submarine Warfare Officers by providing a forum for these Midshipmen to learn more about the various aspects of the submarine community that can not be realised in the normal course of professional development. This year, the Club sponsored lectures by ADM Fluckey, CAPT Padgett, and LT Meltser. The Dolphin Club also hosts the annual Submarine Heroes Reception/ Birthday Ball in the Spring.

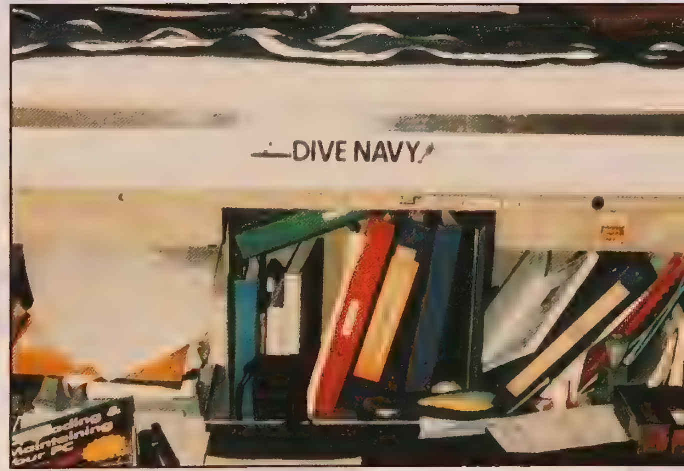
Aerobics

Somewhere in Halsey, Monday thru Friday, including drill days, listen for jams and follow the heat to the aerobics realm. Strictly voluntary and co-ed, no exemptions or discriminations involved, this aerobicizing action will test your endurance, flexibility, and coordination. Those that accept the hour-plus challenge will not only run, jump, and bounce, but also perform a multitude of abdominal crunches, flutter kicks, hydrants, mind-benders, and a plethora of push-ups. The instructors are psycho and the PT sessions tests of sweat, pain, and sometimes attrition. Can you hang?

Above Left: The USNA Dolphin Club Seal.

Left: Dolphin Club Staff: Back: Greg Meyer, Richard Meyer Front: Roy Bartkovak, Ken Wilson

Below: Dive Navy!

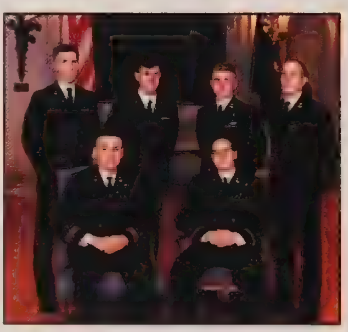


High Power Rifle Team

The Naval Academy High Power Rifle Team provides Midshipmen of all classes the opportunity to develop their marksmanship skills with match-grade M-14 service rifles. With extensive support from the Naval Station Annapolis armory and range, the team is able to hone their skills before competing in local service rifle matches in such places as Bridgeville, DE and Quantico, VA as well as the August National matches at Camp Perry, OH. Prior experience ranges from as little as Plebe Summer marksmanship training to members of the Varsity marksmanship teams. But the challenge and excitement is the same for all when shooting a ten-round rapid-fire string from 200 or 300 yards, the concentration just as intense when squeezing off a round at a target 600 or 1000 yards away. Another yearly highlight is coaching the Secretary of the Navy Rifle Competition each Spring. Team members learn and improve a vital military skill while having a great time.

Below: Navy Shooters take aim from the prone position.

Right: High Power Rifle Team: Back: Jason Stillwell, Andrew Hurst Front: Doug Glover, Max Luter



Below: A Navy Shooter takes aim for another bulls-*eye*.

Right: 1993-94 Trap and Skeet Club Staff: Back: Dean Castillo Front: Clint Moxey, Ty Ferrel

Below: The only way to get around!

Combat Pistol Team

The US Naval Academy Combat Pistol Team is geared toward the development of small-arms combat technique. The Team's goal is to develop the sport of practical shooting at the Naval Academy. Practical shooting is being able to not only put your shots on target accurately, but also with speed and power. A course of fire is a "problem" that the shooter must solve with physical as well as mental ability. Courses of fire can and do contain shooter movement, partially hidden targets, as well as moving and stationary targets. The goal of the shooter is to solve the course of fire as quickly and as accurately as possible. The team trains and competes with government issue M1911 .45 caliber pistols and competes in matches in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

Trap and Skeet Club

The Trap and Skeet Team has to be the biggest bunch of bubbas this side of the Mississippi. Just give us an old truck with a hound in the back and a country song on the radio. Whether from the North, West, or deep South, we are all true sportsmen at heart. Aside from Chevy and Ford trucks, the love of the good Lord's outdoors binds us all because in our souls we constantly think of the great oaks swaying in the fall breeze, the young fawn taking his first steps, or the lone gobbler calling his mate at dawn. We have represented the Academy well when we shot against Army and Air Force at the Peconic River Sportsmen's Club in Long Island and when Army came down in February to shoot and enjoy fellowship with us. In April we flew out to Oklahoma to shoot against the nation's best at the National Intercollegiate competition. Yes, we're the good ol' boys of the Academy with a shotgun in one hand and a pack of Levi Garrett in the other. We're proud of where we're from: out in the sticks AND the US Naval Academy.

Above Left: Dan Subia shows off his work.

Left: 1993-94 Combat Pistol Team Staff

Below: Ready on the Left! Ready on the Right! All ready on the Firing Line!!

Ski Club

The great outdoors, the wind, the sun, and the snow. Those Midshipmen who enjoy outdoor activity in all seasons can escape the Yard for some fun as a member of the Naval Academy Ski Club. The Ski Club provides many services for skiers: members are entitled to use of the ski storage/tuning room and access to the ski movie showings on the yard, as well as reservations for tickets and rentals, and transportation to and from the various hills. For five Saturdays after Christmas Leave, the Club heads for the Pennsylvania mountains. The Club has over 900 members and continues to grow.

The Ski Racing Team is a subdivision of the Club that started three years ago. Team competition consists of Slalom and Giant Slalom racing. The Team had an extremely successful season, finishing fourth in the Allegheny Ski Conference and third in the Regional Competition, which qualified them for the Collegiate Nationals. The Team also raced Army at West Point, winning the Giant Slalom. The Team had a good showing at Nationals and hopes to continue to improve next year. Think Snow!!

Below: Members of Team Navy await their turn to compete.

37
NCSA
NAVY

Right: Team Captain Darin Evenson competes in the Regional Giant Slalom.

Far Right: Team Navy stops for a group picture before heading on a road trip.

Below: 1993-1994 Navy Ski Club

Above: Powerlifting Team: Jason Berger, Darren Wu, Jim Jackson

Left: 1/C Jim Jackson lifting his way to his third All-American Honors.

Bottom: 2/C Gene Orlanes muscles his way to the top and his second National Championship.

Powerlifting

The Powerlifting Team completed a very successful 1993-94 season. The Team won the Regional Championships and placed a close second at the Armed Forces Collegiate Championships. The seaon ended with the National Championships in Tulsa, OKwhere the women's team finished third and the men's team placed second. The team was led by several outstanding firties: two-time National Champion Steve Payne, Jim Jackson, Darren Wu, and Desa Burton. The team has many talented underclass returning who should maintain Navy's status as a powerhouse in collegiate powerlifting.

Individual Awards

Two-Time National Champion:
1/C Steve Payne
2/C Gene Orlanes
Three-Time All-American:
1/C Jim Jackson
Two-Time All-American:
1/C Darren Wu
1/C Desa Burton

All-American:
Tina Valdez
Greg Zima
Taos Taylor
Ray Hernandez
Fran Malzhan
Michele Lobritz
Megan Gerstenfeld

Navy Ultimate

The sport of Ultimate is gaining popularity nationally as well as here at the Naval Academy. USNA's team is unique because the players give up most of their free time during the week to practice and their weekends to compete in what is still an ECA sport. Almost every day, one can see the team out practicing on Farragut Field.

The team had a very successful year winning its sixth consecutive Sectional Title by defeating Towson State, Saint Mary's, Maryland, and others. The team was rewarded with its first National Championship Tournament bid.

The team this year had more young players than ever before. Midshipmen 3/C Michael Chenoweth, Mark Crowe, Jesse Lankford, Rob Johnson, Andy Roberts, Andy Healey, and Charles Patterson, to name a few, will form the nucleus of a very good Navy team in the coming years. The team would like to extend special thanks to CAPT Matthew Forsbacka, USAF, for helping out with the team when things looked thin.

Above: Shaking a defender.

Right: What a leaping snag!

Far Right: The 1993-94 Navy Utlimate Team.

Below: The Ultimate Disc.

NAVY ULTIMATE
OR GO HOME

Above: Brent Fulton, Carol Argao, and Scott Luers.

Left: The perils of a triathalete!

Bottom: Tri-Navy 1993-94.

Triathalon Team

The Navy Triathalon Team has proven to be the most physically fit ECA at USNA. This group of 25 athletes find contentment in physical strength and competition. They thrive for peak physical and mental endurance, as they compete in races consisting of swimming, biking, and running. The year started out with the West Point Triathalon. The team, and O-Rep LT Mike Genereaux, competed in the "Make a Wish" Foundation Triathalon in Richmond, VA. The highlight of the year was the Tri-Force Military Triathalon held at St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

Top Team Performances

"Make a Wish" Foundation Triathalon
Men's 20-25: 1. 3/C Mike Martin
2. 2/C Josh Minyard
3. 1/C Van Chappell
Women's: 1. 2/C Carol Argao
2. 1/C Sarah Loverich
3. 1/C Laura Reagan

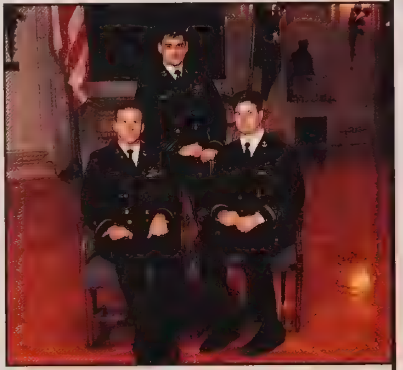
Tri-Force Military Triathalon
Relay Team: 1/C Chris Volk (swim)
1/C Jason Lamb (bike)
1/C Eric Burton (run)
Finishers: 1/C Van Chappell
1/C Sarah Loverich
1/C Sean McKamey
1/C Eoin Dunstan

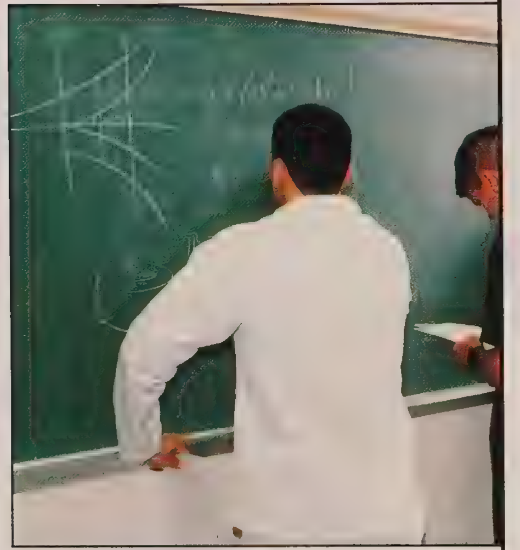
Math Club

The Math Club at the Naval Academy exists to afford Midshipmen the opportunity to expand their knowledge and appreciate the use of math in today's technical world. The Mathematics Club is open to all Midshipmen and is "highly encouraged" for all math majors. Several lectures are sponsored throughout the year which provide Midshipmen with a broader insight into practical applications of mathematics in contemporary society.

Right: Math Club Staff: Thomas Lenhardt, Francisco Valdez, Scott Wilson

Below: A member of the Math Team taclkes a difficult problem.





agellan Images of Venus
COBE
APOLLO

Astronomy Club

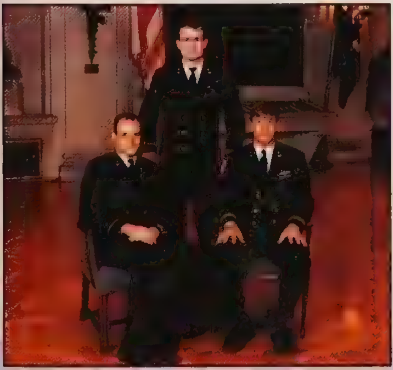
The Astronomy Club is a relatively small ECA that consists of people who take an interest in looking to the heavens. Club members have access to the 1941 Observatory located across from Hubard Hall where members do most, if not all, of their business. This year's highlights included a trip to the Smithsonian Institute, Godard Space Center, and the Naval Observatory. During Commissioning Week, the Club also hosted an open house at the Academy's Observatory for all interested family and friends.

Above: Images from the heavens.

Right: Astronomy Club Staff: Back: Dave Pawlowski Front: Liz Okano, Ben Le

Association for Computing Machinery

The Association for Computing Machinery, ACM, is a nationwide professional organization that promotes the advancement and publicity of computer science and other related fields of study. Founded in 1947 as the Society of Computing Community, ACM is dedicated to the development of information processing as a discipline, and to the responsible use of computers in an increasing diversity of applications. The Academy's chapter of ACM represents the Electrical Engineering and Systems Engineering fields as well as those in the field of Computer Science.

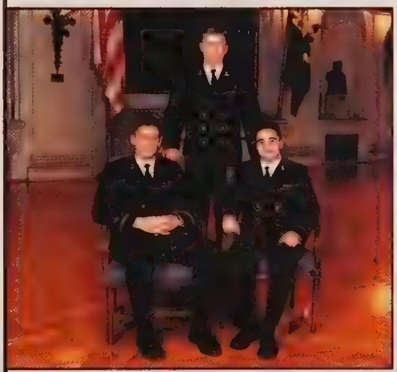


Above: A Marine Captain gives a demonstration on computer hardware.

Left: ACM Staff: Gerry Burghardt, Brian Hoffer, Keith Hartman

Oceanography Club

The Oceanography Club exists to educate Midshipmen about the marine environment and its effects on us as inhabitants of the earth. Club activities this year included the annual fall crab feast, an excursion on the Draketail Maritime Project's John Gregory, a trip to the Naval Ice Center in Suitland, Maryland, the annual Midshipmen/faculty dining out, and a behind-the-scenes visit to the Baltimore Aquarium. We also began a seven month research project with the local office of the EPA, which involves weekly maintenance diving on a buoy in the Chesapeake Bay. The Club,in coordination with the Oceanography Department, also hosted two lectures on current topics: Steve Hammond shared his recent findings on hydrothermal vents, and Catherine Sullivan, NOAA's top scientist, spoke at the Michelson Lecture Series. The Club has earned the honor of membership in the national Marine Technology Society.

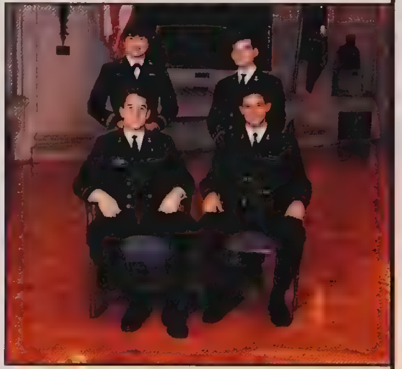


Top: Oceanography Club Staff: Byron Newell, Toby Moore, Rudy Quiles

Above: The annual Oceanography Crab Feast on Hospital Point.

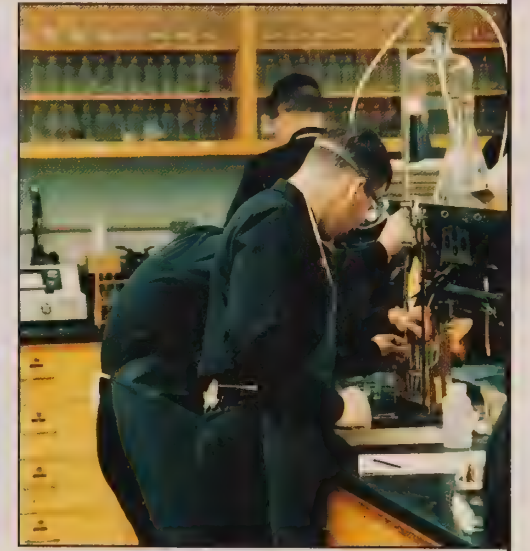
Chemistry Club

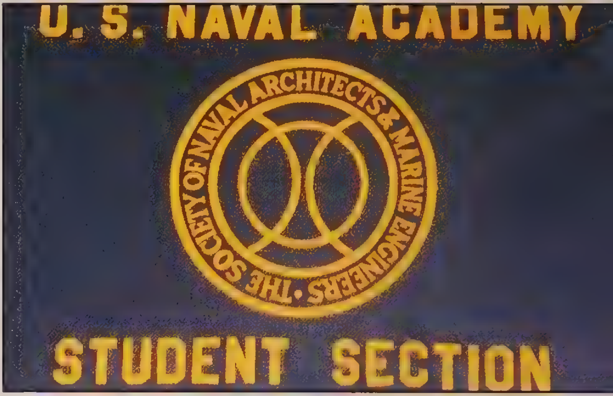
The Chemistry Club is dedicated to furthering and sharing the knowledge of chemistry. The Club holds meetings where guest speakers come to share their vast experiences with club members. This year's speakers included members of the chemistry research and medical communities. The end of the year brought the annual Chemistry Department Awards and Officer Election Ceremony. The staff of the 1993-94 Chemistry Club wishes good luck to all future chemists in the Brigade.



Right: Chemistry Club Staff: Back: Beth Testa, Jim Keck Front: Jeff Cooper

Below: Budding chemists at work.




U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS & MARINE ENGINEERS
STUDENT SECTION

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, SNAME, has had another good year. This year we hosted a regional meeting at the USNA Officer's Club. On "Student Paper Night," individuals and groups presented the results of their independent research to many important members of the industry. The year has been filled with design projects, labs, and a little fun now and then. The Narcs have become a really close knit group and will always remember the trials and tribulations of Naval Architecture at the Academy.

Right: SNAME Staff: Greg Blake, Ryan Smith, Jason Adler, Ian MacDiarmid

American Nuclear Society

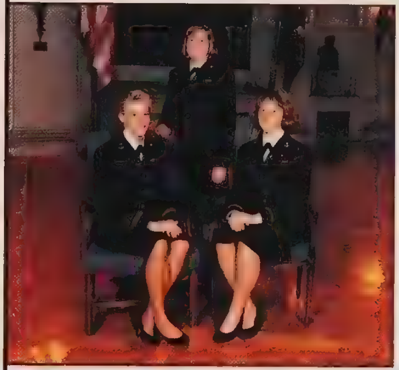
The American Nuclear Society is an international organization which caters to students and professionals with an interest in nuclear engineering or any related branch of nuclear science. At the Naval Academy, Society membership is comprised of students from nuclear reactor physics classes who have an interest in nuclear engineering above and beyond the basic course material. Most of these will go on to a career in the Nuclear Navy. The Club expresses thanks to Professor Wiggins, Professor Nelson, and Professor Harper: "Good, good, good!"

Above: Admiral Hyman Rickover, Father of the Nuclear Navy.

Left: ANS Staff: Back: Anthony Staffieri, Gregory Ezell Front: Craig Beal, Ken Wilson

Society of Women Engineers

The U.S. Naval Academy chapter of the Society of Women Engineers is open to female Midshipmen engineers of all classes. The club gives them an opportunity to be a part of a national organization dedicated to the advancement of women in engineering communities nationwide. In addition, this student chapter has sponsored lectures and visited several area high schools to encourage engineering education for young students.

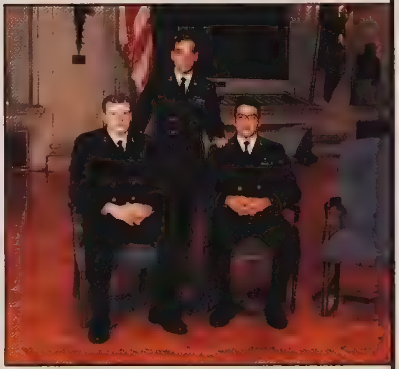


Left: SWE Staff: Amy Bauernschmidt, Angela Luzier, Karen Heine

UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
FOUNDED 1845

American Society of Mechanical Engineers

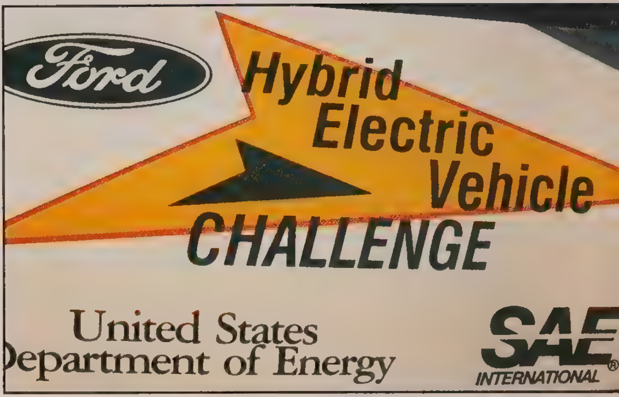
The American Society of Mechanical Engineers is an organization that was first founded in 1880 to set standards for engineering specifications at a time when professional engineering was just emerging. The Academy's student section gives students a greater perspective on their engineering fields through lectures, contests, and field trips. While the focus of the club is primarily Mechanical and Ocean Engineering, membership is open to all engineering majors, and all field trips and lectures can be equally appreciated by all engineering disciplines.



ASME
OCEAN ENG DIV
BEST STUDENT PROJECT
AWARD

Top: ASME Staff: Chris Reyes, Matt Hawks

Above: ASME Student Design Project Winner



Society of Automotive Engineers

The Naval Academy Society of Automotive Engineers had quite a year. The hightlight occured early with last summer's Hybrid Electric Vehicle competition held in Deerborne, Michigan sponsored by SAE International and Ford where we placed 8th out of over 25 schools, quite a feet considering the fact that we were working with 1/30th of the budget of some of our competitors (who are not bound by Standards of Conduct).

During the year, SAE provided a forum for Mids interested in engineering to work on such projects as the HEV, Baja Racer, and Mini-Formula. We also hosted many noon lectures including representatives from the Ford Mustang project, and Amtrak's High Speed Rail analysis team. In June, SAE enetered the HEV in Saturn's competition in Michigan. HEV is an electric vehicle with an auxiliary gas-powered engine for extended range. The project is headed by 2/C Joe Greeson with big help from 1/C Pat Padgett who improved the automated auxiliary power unit.

Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers

The Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers is one of the largest professional societies in the world. The local chapter at the Academy provides Midshipmen with the opportunity to join this national organization. The IEEE is open to all majors and hosts an annual project fair, an awards ceremony, and a softball game against the faculty.

Top: Students work on an IEEE project.

Left: IEEE Staff: Keith Hartman, Paul Stangl, Jonathan Siegler

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics

The USNA Chapter of AIAA seeks to foster pride and interest in the Brigade about American air and space achievements by sponsoring field trips, engineering competitions, and hosting guest speakers. AIAA's guest speakers include astronauts, internationally recognized aerospace figures, and professors of aerospace engineering who discuss historical and current air and space events.

Left: AIAA Staff: Rich Lawson, Marty Ohme, Lina Martyn, Richard Johns

Sigma Tau Delta

Sigma Tau Delta is the International English Honor Society. The USNA Chapter, Nu Lambda, consists of those First Class Midshipmen enrolled in the English Honors Program. STD is funded as an ECA, the monies being spent on admission to cultural events such as plays, art galleries, operas, etc. This year the club attended special presentations at the National Gallery of Art, the American Museum of Art,, the National Portrait Gallery, and the Walters Gallery in Baltimore.

Class of 1994

Elliot Avidan
Charles Brown
Mark Christenson
Michael Garrick
Kendra Herber
Christian Horak
Michael Mattis
Ricardo Miagany
Alexander Pease

Pi Sigma Alpha

Pi Sigma Alpha is the National Political Science Honor Society, recognizing undergraduate political science majors for superior academic performance. Each year the Naval Aacdemy's Chapter initiates the top political science majors from the graduating First Class. Members must have a 3.0 cumulative quality point rating and a 3.5 quality point rating in their political science classes.

Class of 1994

Grant G. Goodrich, President
Paul G. Prokopovich, Vice-Pres
Patrick R. Hooper, Treasurer
James D. Morgan Jr., Secretary
Jeffrey W. Carpenter
Keith R. Deerkowski
Brandon S. Dominguez
Christopher S. Hannan
Kasey T. Ingram
Michael J. Miller
Michelle E. Montgomery
Michael J. Riordan
Randy C. Stoker
Richard M. Wrona

Faculty

CDR Scott T. Peecook
LCDR Margaret Jones
CAPT James B. Seaton
LT Kathryn J. Garbe
LT Mark A. Gardner
LT Caroline M. Olinger

Phi Kappa Phi

Phi Kappa Phi is a multidisciplinary honor society committed to a constant advancement of the injunction expressed in its motto: "Let the lost of learning rule mankind." Midshipmen First and Second Class of all majors are eligible to become members. The requirements are standing in the top 3% of their class for Second Class and the top 6% of their class for First Class Midshipmen. Because it is interdisciplinary, Phi Kappa Phi elects members from all recognized branches of academic endeavor, seeking thus to reward excellence wherever it can be identified in any institution that has a chapter of the Society. The Society has its origins in 1897 when ten seniors at the University of Maine, envisioning a Society whose membership would be open to the superior college student regardless of the academic discipline engaging him or her, were assisted by interested members of the faculty in organizing the Lambda Eta Sigma Society. The name was eventually changed to Phi Kappa Phi. As of the end of 1992, and the completion of the Society's 95th year, there were over 205 chapters of Phi Kappa Phi scattered across the country from Maine to Hawaii, the Phillipines, and Puerto Rico. Well over a quarter of a million scholars have been initiated into the Society. The Naval Academy's chapter was chartered on 9 May 1977 and has initiated over 500 members since then.

Class of 1994

Sean Fahey
Erik Smith
Michael Mattis
Todd Bode
Jonathan Seigler
Russell A. Crow
Robert Hartman
Anthony E. Rossi
John Maurer
Roger Hardy
Matthew Harktop
Paul F. Stangl
Drake Henderson
C. Linder
Michael Garrick
Brian Weisker
Brian A. Ross
David W. Fink
Mitchell Conover
Darrell L. Gobble
Arnold Alqueza
Markus E. Dale
Vann H. Walke
James T Carroll
William Gotten
Keith A. Hash
Richard M. Johns
Kimberly K. Uhde
Jeffrey J. Block
Brent D. Sadler
Michael Gleeson
Jason Hoeppner
William Mann
Eric W. Green
Brian K. Pummill
Thomas Moninger
Kennett J. Moses
Kevin M. Kirin
Mark J. Raybeck
Christopher Reyes
Craig Beal
Edward M. Stout
James O'Harrah
Keith Hartman
Alexander Pease
Brauna Rosenberg
Randolph G. Pugh
Mark G. Sucato
Scott W. Wadle
Patrick R. Hooper
Richard Paquette
Joseph Nowicki
Gregory A. Seppy
Gordon D. Miller
Kenneth C. Weller
Michael Makela
Michael Riordan
James D. Morgan
Paul Prokopovich
Anthony H. Miller
Adam S. Kinnear
Brian J. Pirko
Dan C. Gordon
Eric D. Valerga

Class of 1995

Arnold M. Kiefer
Benjamin Shupp
Jesko M. Hagee
Garrick L. Stride
Andrew J. Pelczar
Matthew J. Kawas
Sowon S. Ahn
Robert H. Vroman
Michael Lamber
John C. Ventura
EdwardJ. Mayle
Andrew P. Gnau
P.J. Gallagher
Ramon I. Lamas
Eric D. Hayes
Matthew Murphy
Foo Sahn Jiong
Brian McPheeters
Robert A. Wolf
Patrick Olsen
Huch M. Danier
Thomas Henneberg
Michael Lapaglia
Daniel Deciecgi
Scott Drayton
W.A. Hildebrandt
Robert Wyssbrod
Bernard T. Meehan
Scott A. Miller
Caroline E. Magee
Maurice G. Parents
Earl L. McDowell

PHI KAPPA PHI

Leaving
City of
Annapolis

Class
of
1994

``Oh... the places you'll go!”

Dr. Seuss

1st
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
COMPANY

Craig Lavine Abraham
Mission Viejo, CA
Navy Pilot

The man from Mission V.Get up at 3,Go eat,Go back,the perfect weekend,huh.TONIGHT IS YOUR NIGHT BROOO.Remember **PVU** who ya root'n 4,she's soooo... bad,ClubMid a case of jungle fever, Demonstrations (Laura, Cathy,Anna,Julie,Nora,and Bern)Can I come in? NO!! That haircut is unique.Seattle,Shake Shake.Look... Look where your hand is! Where's Salty? Driver of Le' Green Roach. What's your name anyway Abraham or Broham.The big **O**. OH yeah! Tetris King.Game's on at 12.Even with a NAPS episode,a black N, breaking doors,wrists, & hangin with Tony G you made it 2 USMC. Titled the smartest math man in the brigade.(or so everyone thought) Never forget 3055,3060, 8-3,& New Years Eve(2 Bottles of Jose, and dedications 2 last a lifetime) Cause we will never forget you. PLAH from the LATINBLACK pack(CDW,TC,KL)

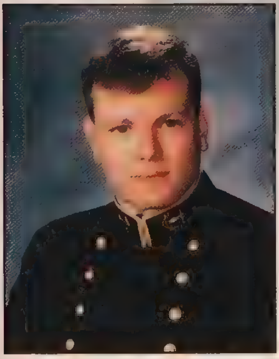
Marc Alan Alexannder
Dallas, TX
Marine Corps

The Joan incident!? Rican, Chewy. That crazy wookie voice from a galaxy far far away.. "In 1492.." Remember that cadence? Computer GameMaster. Crewster extrodinaire, proclaimed Californian, who now hails from Texas, or is it Puerto Rico... Who cares, we know Marines hail from God's Country. Eloquent... NOT!!!! Known to stick his foot in his mouth more than one time. Chewy's words just seemed to slip out whether he wanted them to or not. Cali, the only state to have a real ocean... What ever happened to the other three? What was MD anyway?---Ask the guys from the Penalty Box. Flipping off the Brigade,NBC.... THE WORLD. The best roommate Matt ever had-The only one that made it to graduation and one hell of a friend. He was one of many from Fun One who helped save my life, if not my career. --Slick Rick,CDW,JDL,MMC,WWO.

Kevin Richard Boardman
Fairport, NY
Surface Warfare

Here's to the pragman, the most organized man we know. Semper Paratus. LAX is the sport. Hope Slough forgave u for the stiches, PICOLLA has'em comming. Can't handle alcohol just ask the police and your front tooth. Hope no-one is taking up perfectly good air, you need it to run around 8-3 with your jock. Times at ODD'S + DC not soon forgotten. Christmas at TYSONS. Call JULIE!! You Robbed the cradle but Lassie's a winner. B-MAN gets 0 hussy!! Trips to Tech + JTOWN(Eating and Drinking) will be missed but not your colon. Hope the IRA works out and late night talks about the Japanese socio-economic and political standing in the world. Dont forget WILBUR if you get dissed by your 2 chicks at GTOWN. 3 YRS starting LAX not bad for a scrapper. 2 YRS with a Great Roomate we're glad we let u come aboard. GET Facked! STRAM + WILSON

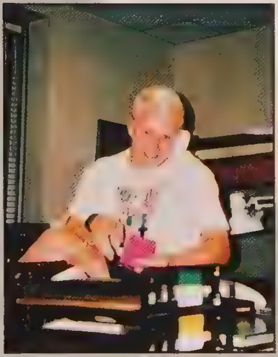
Dayton Calhoun
Fayetteville, GA
Marine Corps Pilot



BFA checked in to USNA lean and mean, WHOA! what happened over X-MAS, did you eat a couple reindeer. Taken a shower with your roommate lately. Ever read the newspaper, you mean like the funnies? Watch out for those lofts-injury #1(3' can end a career). Don't carry Bennies around Skum Runners. How about a run on the beach, whoops, injury #2-left ankle. Wanna lift?-whoops injury #3-wrist surgery. Watch those icy steps-injury #4-ball 4. Watch out for those laundry bags-injury #5-ball 8. Sleep w/any mice lately(Yutch). Another 4.0 bet(we want $). Watch out for that ledge-injury #6-ball 16. I know it's you (another mouse). YMCA. Stay away from our women. Red Probe-Woops! Oh that big, fat, flabby, shaky, jiggly @&#. How about that two-tone hair(clown-d*&%).
#2s.(RUCH,GUS,SHAG,YODES)

Mario Manuel Correa
El Paso, TX
Naval Flight Officer

" M , Diego " Moral Courage. "Did you come here to be a Naval officer. No Ma'am, a Naval Flight Officer." Dancing is a tool...Work it. Own it. Lambada in Cleveland. Sleep is overrated. Contradictions?: "Women are evil...Oh, I love women." "I need...I need...I need..." Temptation. "Think Dead puppies"... "I'm so weak." Doomo Arigato Noriko-chan. Rana de amor. "You better take 2, it might be a good night." Mario has the force. Don't say her name! Love those foreign ports! 40 & over quals. SWOrrior?(YP boat cdr) Kicker dancing in the Lone Star State. Dude, she has babe potential. "I can convert her!" The Black Hole (Club 8347). Kup & Kork. Square root club. Snowbunnies. The arctic expedition (-40 deg. "Let's go camping"). So, getting that porsche anytime soon? Don't worry you'll find the right one. -- your Hawaiian roomie "Weed"

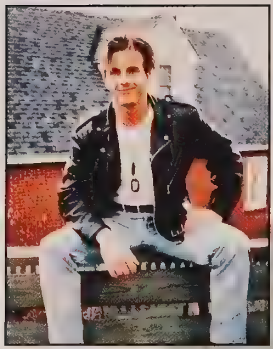


David Michael Dutrow
Woodbridge, VA
Nuclear Surface

Dave traveled a whole hour and a half through rush hour traffic to get here on I-day. Dave practiced his sense of humor on MA (THESENTENCE) during plebe year. He left behind the Colonel's daughter (who sent him cookies, brownies, and a whole lot of lovin' anyway). FW in Thermo with LT GH trying to stay out of trouble. FW in fluids-the only person you could find that was more lost than you. FW in EE with CDR Mumbles talking about DG and SL at PSU. Then came Ring Dance with MF where you spent all night looking for FW and TM. Left his date at 0400 for cruise ("its the NAVY honey") and didn't send her pictures until...(too be continued) Then came Firstie year out of company with DG(and FW) and finally (BO). i love YOU, man, no i LOVE you, man, no I love you, man. See you at SWOS.
FCW

Donald Michael Hillegas
Mission Viejo, CA
Navy Pilot

I-Day + 1- Puke lately? Shaggy, boogar, lurch, Drillegas watch out for that left by albilge(Didn't learn anything in plebe boxing eh). Where were you for plebe and youngster year anyway? You certainly earned your reputation by being so hard on the plebes. Speaking of plebes what about detail(Hillegas the human bullhorn)? Mr. Domingo. The chill factor increases exponentially from p%$#k to push-over. Not a good idea to total the CC's brand new cherokee. April 22, 1993 the rebirth of the SHAG. AAAAH! MMMMM! BEER! Killians' I can't feel my face. Hey, wanna go to UD. BANG! BANG! Bubba drink you under; hey pay for your food when you leave. 10:00 Mike's done. Service Selection Night-Hillegas, Samsonite, Luggage, One ea. Don't puke on any more cars. The GREAT HUNCH, SHAGGY SHUFFLE. Would your look at that MEAT G.
(GUS,RUCH,SLOPP,YODES)



Robert Andrew Kaminski
Weirton, WV
Special Warfare

Ski, Gus, Andy, Robert, Bobie, Dummy or whatever he is calling himself this week (WV teen-o'year), came to us from the back woods of West Virginia, squeal like a pig boy. Wha, wha, wha, wha, wha. Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas-bonk-OOOWW! Go Buckos! Could've been in the show after getting drafted by the Penguins. This single E major that writes everything in crayon may one day get his name on a crayola box. How bout that spring formal youngster year, by the way, did you every make it to the dance. Next time teach her how to aim for the trash can. Jack D and down town Philly, how about a full body massage? How's the Indian's hat smelling after BFA dumpt in it. Any Nude Wrestling lately? DINGDONG.(RUCH,SHAG,YODES,SLOPP)

Keon Lindsey
Suffolk, VA
Navy Pilot

Never say I love you. Leader of the God Squad, Neon-Keon, Brigade Scrounge, Captain Kirk, Killer.What.... Marine!!! Those aren't my sons pictures. YOU... YOU... DARN GUY!!!!! Your 1st Amendment rights are denied, Pam, Regina, (Anne,Monique I'll take them both out) Keon did what at **UNC!!** You playing Empire again! Keon you work too hard 2 have no soul. Aerodynamic drag, hit the brakes, coast into the driveway. Finally three stripes. The cheapest, no adding, spelling deficient, most involved, non-funniest joke telling man alive! Then you roomed with Satan & Co. 2 yrs, and survived! Phone privileges. Chocolate cake! The religious force behind 1st Co. How will we make it into the promised land W/o your leadership. You touched & changed CDW_CLA_TC forever & it was 4 the better. Nah, **THE BEST**. Ya better start Waving, Keon! PLAH from the LATIN-BLACK PACK, JDL,MMC,MSR,WWO

Jeffery David Lopes
Kahului, HI
Naval Flight Officer

"Seaweed, Plump Pineapple, Potagee, Crazy Hawaiian" Say something. "I have nothing to say."..."That's terrible!"..."Go get Wils!"..."That chocolate is worth 10 yogurts"..."I can't eat that, too much fat." It's your ribcage. "Don't lie, just say I look stupid." Finally bought your first collared shirt, belt and jacket. "That's too expensive."..."Why buy something to drink when you have water fountains." Aren't 200 CD's enough. Yes, I put it back straight. "You can never get too much sleep." "(whimper) I think I'd better go to sleep"..."She's soooo bad." There is something about Asian women. Why the golf course? Another package: chocolate, noodles, seaweed, rice crackers, and dog jerky. Club 723- "I screwed it up." Get her number next time. 4 yrs down and ? yrs to go before you get away from us Mainlanders. See ya down in P-cola. "Shaka bra"
--your Haole roommate "M"

Donald Wilson Marks
Lynchburg, VA
Surface Warfare

The playboy from Lynchburg, VA. Chick trouble: Hil, Jenny, Blair, Eileen, Cathy = Journey & BodyGuard soundtracks. Treat girls like s__t, keep coming back, Good Guys finish last. Ghost friend from Towson. Cockroach-tastes great. Fillmore-laugh in his face. Football, nice try. Lift with Lopes=No size. Trips to DC, Fells Point, Virginia Tech..."Only 1 beer officer"-in front of St. Johns. Cancun come back w/ shakes. Cover for me, in DC. Wrestling with Stram-Friday Night Main Event. Split up room-plebe year. No ... on plebes blotters. Darts on the wall, u pay. Four long years, but finally there. Nice ship to be on: look out CO & Norfolk. Room 3016 B-MAN, STRAM.

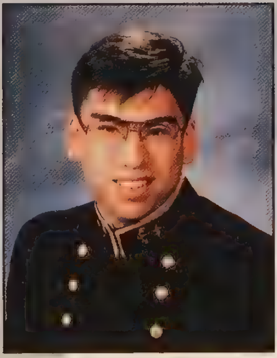
William Wright Oley
Plainsville, PA
Submarines

Messy Marvin(delicious), SWOley, Billy, The money man. OOOOLLLLEEEEYYY... YEEESSSSS SIRRR! King of Computer love, The part down the middle, time 2 change the hair style. (What's your goal in life, Mr. Oley? 2 be cubed, Sir.)Let's do the timewarp again.... What about those naughty pictures, Bill? The man from NMMI stole your girl, then became a plebe. Your Corps, My Corps, Glee Corps. Who took my SWO Sweater? Los,Jeff "Bill help me with my program." The mega-Striper,The only one 2 VGEP out of a group of rocks. Bill enjoyed soccer, the convertible Monte Carlo. Bill, we have water comming in through the roof. The Z-34 (good move). The girls: a blind date at SBC, Mooo..., The southern belle from Stone Mt. Ga.(too noisy) and finally Tracy. Just can't get rid of Krista(Plebe yr. 2 the Ring dance, earrings and much more......) Forever CDW,JDL,MMC,MSR,DMD

Laura Reagan
Arlington, MA
Surface Warfare

Hailing from the Land of Bruins Fans, Bubba took YOUSNA by high hair and high voice "AAAAIIIIEEEE"... She dove into all of our hearts and into many a Summer School- Spaghetti at O'Laughlins, multiple 6-packs...She played Smoke Hall hard ball in Club 34- "Restriction squad aaattench-hutt!!", "the sound of the chain gang" and went free agent to Fun One where she hit a solid, line-drive 4000...Whose name dost-wind whisper on the Dark Side...$1 brews at Mums and Griff's = "best friends in the whole world"...The Happy Dance, Bubba Jams the Cabbage Patch, Tush-Push and Boot-Scootin'...The Curse- "You'll have five little girls just like me"...I DIDN'T ask for the anal probe..The dented Beamer..."I just want to sleep"..."No, I really hate home-work"... "B, this sucks!" Good luck in whatever life brings you (hopefully five little boys like me!). B

Matthew Shigeru Rick
Eastlake, OH
Surface Warfare



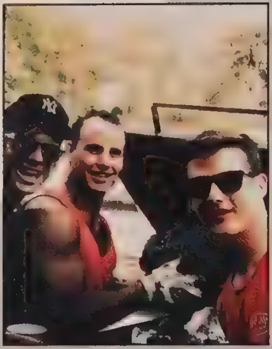
Matt,MacGyver,Slick Rick,Matrick, Hailing from lovely Cleveland, Ohio the King of VW's a bugX2, bus, ghia, & a Scirrocco. What luck he had with roommates; Tommy T., Butch, Dig, only Marc survived? Spillane & Defeo made your life hell. USNA car rep, Matrick put many a youngster back on the road. Master of philosophy, late night dissertations. Next time you get invited to their party, make sure they're over 21. Got any chocolates, Jeff? How cold is your room, 40 deg? MacGyver made Luce hall movies possible with only a pen. But Matt had more traits than just mechanical genius. Taking Bill to SBC!!! Oh the girls: Alison,Jeanenne,Karen,Keli,Kami and Rhonda. You buy dinner, no you buy dinner.... King Hall(Oh god was he cheap). The courage it took to try & save that boy, will carry you far. A Trojan man, FOREVER.....CHEWY, CDW,WWO,MSR,MMO,JDL,KL.

Brain James Rivenbark
Jacksonville, NC
Surface Warfare

"B", B.B.Beee..., Big "B", Smooth "B", B-Man...Mr. Sub-Par himself, came from the back woods coast of N.C.; the lone survivor of The 19th Hole- "No Pain..No Pain"... Pimp daddy with sweethearts in every state, but none as sweet as Chapel Hill... He played his best round of golf there, hitting it long and straight, hard and deep, real deep... He played a good round at Penn State too... I don't know if he hit it straight but I know he hit it deep; we even got the pictures to prove it...0330 depart (5-O)...Panama City part I and II -bikes & babes... "Hey T.C. when's Kitty Cat Lounge opening up? Meeoow"... Never forget your 21st "Get out of my #@!%-ing bar"X3... One leg of the Triumvirate- "Hey Keon whatcha got for me?"... "Hey B can I borrow your jeep, I'm just going to West Point"... Here's to Chicken Hawks, Monday night at Mike's, Black N's, and tailgates... We out- "Oh Yeah!"...

John Paul Rucci
Holmdel, NJ
Marine Corps Pilot

Rucho, Bucci, grandpa, Gonzo, The Italian, no wait, German Stallion. It's 10:00 P.M. wonder where the Rucho is, must be on the phone. Don't pick fights w/ 2/c at the B&O, but chimney diving is alright. 6:30 A.M. Time to sweep the floor and do the mirrors. He'll make a wonderful wife someday. Youngster year, the grandpa mobile. Almost the next Arnold except anorexia below the waist(chicken legs). I'll never be a jet jockey, famous last words. Met any chicks w/ kids lately? Italian Surfers, Purple Hooters, Slow Comfortable Screw. DO NOT LOW CRAWL IN BANCROFT HALL, and see a doctor about your equilibrium problem. Bar Golf, Detail, Woops forgot about that Parade. Karen was great we all liked her (Mt. Washington, Jello Shooters, Finger-lickin' good. But how about the BUSH). Pete's Place, no it wasn't Shaggy who put the hole in the wall.
(SLOPP,GUS,SHAG,YODES)



Brad S. Stramanak
Johnstown, PA
Supply Corps

Beefy, the BOY, Many good times,U+Max until 0600, Hit by LAZER, "I'm not Drunk I drove", "She put it in, I took it out", the 8-3 leak to the ground, christmas break can't button pants award, best butt kiss in the hall, U+wilson separated because Bourne can't handle ya, neither could opposing teams. **ND + ARMY**, U know what time it is, wobbly wheels too many times under the knife, Needles ain't that bad. times at **THE RANCH**, Nicolle + pictchers don't mix on your chest, Ring dance + booze cruise bathrooms, GOING TO THE SHOW, IN IT TO WIN IT Stay away from married with children. Your not the Morning person to talk to. Football was and is your life, great run to the zone plebe yr. Watch out for B-MAN's stream after all u can drink. THE DEMANDS WERE MANY BUT THE REWARDS + MEMORIES WORTH IT, B-MAN + WILSON

Charlos D. Washinton
Lithonia, GA
Surface Warfare

Chiquita-quals. PUG's first roomie. From Georgia, this man is anything but a country boy. Gotta barn, paint it red...Gangster rap will do for this pimp daddy king. Brush yo hair! I ain't got nobody 2 impress. Visiting plebettes? King of rack. Inventer of room tag-team rack. Dance on the table for me! Stealth push-ups with radar jamming. Windows & screen saver genius but 4 ac-boards? Brigade snoring Champ. Who you fighting in your sleep? 3 roommates, 2 toothbrushes!?! Rich's private stock - whoops. 0520, wake up & go 2 swim practice, 1520, "Los, wake up, you got practice!" Shave your body. "I'm going to SLAY this test, AUGHHH!" From square root club to supt's list--now that's improvement. "I'm tired of handling form-2's, go 2 class!" Survivor of all the academy could throw his way, plus a roommate who told bad jokes all the time. PLAH from the LATINBLACK PACK. JDL,WWO,MMC

Catherine Marie Wolo
Farmington, MO
Surface Warfare

Hey Cathy, are you done with that? You never were prepared for the rules here, so you worked your way around them. Plebe year Army\Navy initiated the trips to Smoke Hall. But hey, you make cool friends that way. Trips up to the 'burg, Brickskellers, and the Hotel Totels helped when things got bad. Second Class summer was BTS. Getsometramid, failing room inspections, the 4 outs, tanning outside gate 8, we like your hat, and escapades at Scumrunners kept things moving. Firstie year was key you could do everything legally now! (Well, almost) sneaking you out from restriction on your 21st birthday was a good one. Road trips to the beach made you new friends like Barney and Bob Marley. So how was winter training in Puerto Rico? The SWO community had better watch out when you get there. Get some forever! EAM

David John Yoder
Blacksburg, VA
Navy Pilot

Dave Yoder, from Nowheresville VA, destined for greatness, Rhodes Scholar, Brigade Commander-- Puked it all away- uurp, excuse me Colonel, oops sorry Ma'am and kids, uurp, there's the OOW, RUN! Never, never leave your cover behind. Yoodle Yoder. Why do you play with lighters? 0655 Hey Dig time to get up, (while kicking profusely). Hey Dave look, Dig's check book and ATM card, No wait (zing out the window). Dasterdly Dave, Regimental Plebe of the month strikes again. "Stop staring at me," said John, "Why are you always staring at me?" said Ski. Hey Ski is that my details magazine-
snip, snip, Would you look at that, yeah it is, snip, snip. "Don't F$%# with me!" Silk shirts, weinie benders, thongs on red beach, shaved legs, BABY OIL, and Ring Dance Dates, all compliments of Spring Break in Miami. 2THEDGE(SLOPP, GUS, SHAG,RUCH)

2nd
COMPANY

Jeremiah J. Ashcroft
Swainsboro, GA
Marine Corps

Once you sift through his bs, you can find a soul-taker and heart-breaker. Although other things have been found: "fast" talker, "Plebe Summer was easy", "I will never ever...", May 28th, brownie, Bulldogging, Rolo, Caught by MP, "Would you do that at home?", Captain's cradle, "I'll be back in a minute", Mr. Wrinkles, Smoke Hall, the Bird, crying in church, Blind Eye Willies, freezing in PC, House of Thrust, first time at Charring Cross, Bulletsponge, "What did you walk in?", Leatherneck, Cheeseball, Eddie Munster, the Lion sleeps tonight, the "bod", dancing at Papermoon, Georgia Peaches, Rota beaches, "Pour Some Sugar on Me", studying at the frat house, "T.C and a cup of ice to go", love chit, everyone's favorite, bet winner, Lil' Pup, Col. Jessup. Anne, liked by all, loved by Jerry. "Do you salute your wife?" Los Hermanos. (BVC/JRK/SDB/AWP/CMC/RMW/JPP)

Stephen David Bates
Peace Dale, RI
Marine Corps

Came in a sweat, left as Stormin' Norman. How The Norm came to be: "Lumber," Service Selection: "Will it fit?," pilot to Corps, Mess Night '93: Shower, sink, floor, 21st b-day: "superfly," Los Importados, Lobster and Sniper in Rhody, The Pleasure Dome, Billy, lookin' for puddles, Mohawk, Bahama egg-toss, Dillon, Ironman: "Put some more in here buddy?" Bird and Dave, youngster CO, the hook of P-Detail, Bodyshop, Leatherneck, Peet!, Spirit of Baltimore: "I think he's trying to get me drunk," Mr. Intensity, whooooaa!, chewy, Ruffles, Nightmare on Norm-Street, Commissioning Week '92: lost cover and shoe, painting the Stanza, twin in '96, dining at Giant, "nice scab, I think he's peeling guys," mount: anywhere, anytime, Bahamas, Statesboro's bucket. We always knew you were green underneath. Los Hermanos. (JJA/BVC/JRK/CMC/AWP/JPP/RMW)

David M. Blankenship
Charlotte, NC
Marine Corps

Dave B. was the craziest cat to ever roam Bancroft. Blankenship came to us from the far away land of Baltimore via NAPS. It kinda freaked me out when I heard strange voices at night in my room during Plebe summer, but I soon realized that it was just Dave praying. Everybody always wondered how somebody could remain locked on all the time like Dave. But he finally cracked 2/c year, and the real Dave appeared. The real Dave proved to be cooler than ever. Unfortunately, we didn't get to see much of the real Dave 1/c year. I guess he wanted to make up for all the time spent at USNA on restriction 2/c year by spending as little time as possible here 1/c year. Wherever Dave ends up in his naval career, he will definitely prove to be a great warrior.

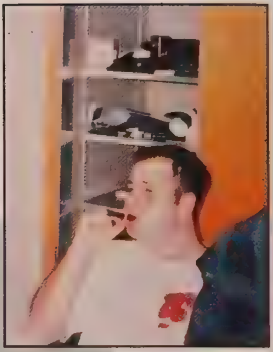
CMC FOV MAM SP PPP MRC

Brian Vincent Cellilli
Belle Meade, NJ
Naval Flight Officer

Immaculata came to USNA with an eyebrow, a fur coat and a bag of undies. He's picked up other traits since then: baseball pro, "set it free, it didn't come back," pepperoni, Main-V, TB firstie: wanna beer? Uphoria, JR, 3001 Park Center, Glenda, House of Thrust, two for one in Freeport, conch hunting, sweaty..swinging..., "sweaty socks on your cookies?" The Dig, The Wash: It's Norm's, Guido, freezin' in p.c., running through the jungle, leatherneck, Silver Bullet, NJ jerk, silly, butt-bongo fiesta, "Viva Los...", Charring Cross, cheeseball, elephant man, JO tour, Mess night '93, warm sangria, XO p-detail, Rhody trip, great 'rents, mid mom, Piels with pops, hot wings, NFO, drunk golf, "I'll set you up Bri," "You are the most disgusting..." furmunda, lint bawls, "she's awesome, but married," Whether in a back seat or a foxhole, Bo knows. Los Hermanos. (JRK/JJA/SDB/JPP/AWP/RMW/CMC)

Chad M. Christensen
Salt Lake City, UT
Naval Flight Officer

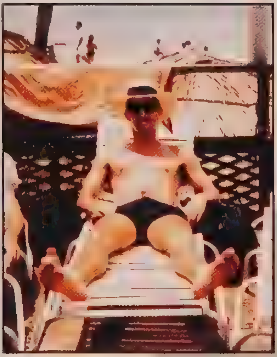
We never knew what to expect when he came, and we still don't: Put the Mormon with...I want to watch "Free Willy," the countdown, youngster golf, three-point crowd support, poolympics, "handles like its on rails," $528, standing on the wall, Argentina tales, "the valley o'," shampoo run, operation pappy, tool-time with Laura, "Chad Christensen calling," "S freakin' P!" hall ball, Rambo, Strum, 2100 regularity check, "I gotta see a man about a horse," USNA six-year program, nothin' dryer, the Cup, V-ball, hospital point parking, "Hey guys, I got another ticket," training letter, accidental discharge, Fletch lives through Chad, never misses on the court, two-steppin', low crawl, DH'n, dollar movies, "Chad's got my keys," NFO or gay Albinos-missiles don't care, Cinderella story, "Can we at least tailgate?" best storyteller, I think I might...I do, July 30. Los Hermanos. (JRK/BVC/JJA/AWP/SDB/JPP/RMW)



Charles Michael Cohn
Houston, TX
Submarines

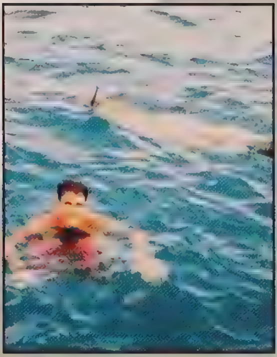
Chuck is the smartest, clearheaded, and most disorganized guy that I know. Well, he looked disorganized when you walked into his room, but somehow he knew exactly where everything was. Always in control, Chuck knew exactly where he was going, and always got there. Drill was a good example of this control. With CSTS, first section voluntary watch, and other creative means (like striper duties), Chuck successfully avoided almost every parade as an upper-class. With his D-qual, fast wit, and three stripes, he was the terror of 1st batt. Being in the VJEP program, Chuck continued his quest to be the best that he could be. Who would have thought that Chuck would achieve all this when he was known for playing video games all plebe year? Come to think of it, Chuck played video games all four years.

F.O.V.,JR MAM/AA



Mitchell Ralph Conover
La Crescenta, CA
Navy Pilot

Mitchell never really left California or that high school sweetheart of his. To be quite honest, plebe year was extremely difficult with all those firstie friends, not to mention your brother. That's behind us, let's get to the real memories. Deer, Deer, DEERRRR!! What? Use the word animal next time. We should be able to back out no problem. Yeah, right! Picture this: central lobby, all girl's freshman dorm, summer whites, red rose, a hopeless romantic or what??? Mitchell subjected himself to four years of ruining curves, self imposed stress, and a runny nose in order to accomplish the first step towards obtaining one shot in a million for an astronaut billet. At least you're on your way to Pensacola, if only you could find a set of wheels. So what happened to your Saab, anyway??? GUSH! GUSH! D. (I guess I'm free Friday???)



John Robert Kelly
Dallas, TX
Navy Pilot

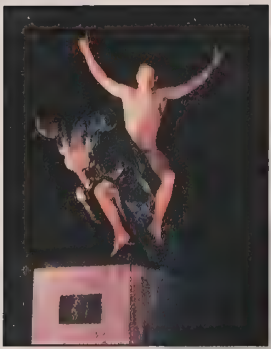
From UT, Hollywood preached how life should be. The next four years John found another life. The evidence please: monk school, "I am happy when I eat." Hood Ornament, milk and cereal, Mr. GQ, strike a pose, flexor man, Smiley, 2PIr, driftwood, "where can I hang my reefer", "who's the lump in the satin black comforter?", Hollywood, Shakespeare, chic induced accent, "nice belt buckle and boots Minnesota cowboy", Charring Cross, Cheeseball, "But she was firm", House of thrust, wrestlemania, find the booger, "You're the most disgusting... ", dutch oven, Candytoe, Mess Night '93, warm sangria, Tango, "I wouldn't come over here.", "Smell this!", Union Street Pub, WHIPPED firstie year, "put a fork in him". When John grabbed his diploma the transformation was complete. He entered a nice kid, but leaves as one of us. Los Hermanos. (BVC/SDB/JJA/CMC/AWP/JPP/RMW)

Arnett Klugh
West Columbia, SC
Medical Corps

While hailing from the socially oppressive state of South Carolina, AK came to us from the Green Machine, with all the pride and cockiness inherent therein. From the first day, with his cadences and 30-inch step, we knew he'd be one of the best. Remember Obermeyer?- He'll never forget you. Jump school was one in million (but you'd better get your gold!) Between stealth mode and his time on the phone with Nikki, he still managed to overcome and beat exams, the MCAT, and everything else to trade Marine green for surgical greens. Who could believe he'd be regimental commander?- just about everyone! I'll never forget Ring Dance, NH's 0200 calls, or our political "discussions." The Corps mourns the loss of one of its best, but the country gains a doc destined for greatness. You're one that I will always be extremely proud to call BROTHER. Semper Fidelis- RMW

Sarah Elizabeth Loverich
Bainbridge Island, WA
Surface Warfare

Four years together by the bay, literally. I can't think of anyone I'd have rather spent it with. This crunchy girl came from that little island in Puget Sound-Birkenstocks in one hand, tent and hiking boots in the other. Who else could have made me enjoy beads? Remember that first day? What's your name again? Two nearly opposites who turned out to be soulmates. "Brown Eyed Girl," referee for a third roomie, academic stress that turned into Dant's List, and complications with a love life that is now nearly perfect (not to mention a move out of company). A million road trips, parties, bars, jokes and stories. Spending hours together just talking and laughing, gossiping and planning. "When I have my OWN house..." "Do I have everything I need?" A kinder and more understanding girl I've never met, you are truly a best friend. And this is just the beginning...AJM



Richard Michael Meyer

Pittsburgh, PA
Surface Warfare

Hailing from Pittsburgh (and, for some reason, proud of it,) MM came from the nuke ranks, yet managed to break the mold. With his fancies, he was always on the verge of the Dark Side, but never took the plunge. (That's OK, 'cause Canada is great this time of year!) He extended his diehard SWOness to the wardroom as the Conn-master, yet his prowness at fieldball and on the court kept his time divided. 94 or 96?- Some joked, but we all know you were one of our best. McDonald's and Blockbusters- we were their frequent customers. 4 years by the Bay has made us great friends, and we know that you're going to change the Navy. It's too bad we couldn't convince you to go green. Stay gold, keep caring, and we'll always claim you as one of our own anyway. Semper Fidelis- RMW and AK.

Jennifer Ann Ogilvie

Springfield, VA
Marine Corps

The only one crazy enough to want USMC pretty much from the beginning, Jenny O. was always the gungy one. Long walks, great runs after giving blood, jumping jacks and running on the beach in Jax. Group 2 forever! Playing hoops for the first few years, she did it all. A big smile and a kind word for everyone, she was the nicest, sweetest girl around and the greatest roommate. Plebe year studying by flashlight (I still have the picture!) and the most stylin' drill stud ever. Will you still dance around to our favorite songs in your underwear? "I'm a fragrant pine tree, Sir!" "I'm on drugs!" No more candy. Trying on bikinis for SB plebe year, "I'll count the reps!", yawning when our abs hurt the worst. "Thank you, God, for Jen, she's great!" We love you, Jen. The Corps got lucky getting you. Best wishes! RMS ESO & Morg.

David Edward Osaba

Weirton, WV
Surface Warfare

"I wish all the ladies..." ahgmm, ahgmm... Some think of him as philosopher, poet, iron-man, tough-guy, but we know him as Mouse. Despite what many may believe, Dave and his former partner in crime YAGS, did not spend all their time at the academy on restriction. While going through the rigorous training required to earn a letter (black not gold!) Mouse found time for all the ladies, dealing out brutal hits and gruelling punishment to opponents on the football team, and making some great friends as well. His trips home seemed to resemble planes, trains, and automobiles, but somehow he always got back (plus or minus a week). Deer jumping over bricks? Wha??? Behind his tough athletic exterior Dave hides a critical mind which will be sure to help him immensely as an officer in the Surface Warfare Community.

Patrick Lively Padgett

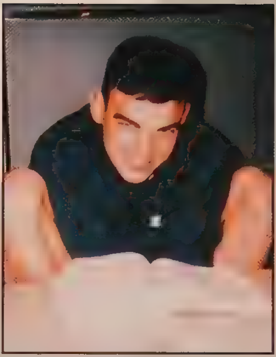
Wilmington, NC
Civil Engineering Corps

PP came to us from the flatlands of North Carolina with prior employment as a general in Army JROTC. Plebe year definitely turned him into a squid though; remember the TBLISI-class haircut! Even without complete ROY G BIV, this guy managed to get a beautiful girl. Pat what are you doing this weekend? 1) Get into the Geo Prizm 2) Drive like crazy to NC State 3) Get out and say hello to the misses 4) Repeat step one in reverse. Thanks for teaching me to be a fish -NOT- and enlightening me to new music...Particle Man is a way cool dude! Determination, perseverance, systems engineering, a new girlfriend and VOILA 3.8 GPA! Hey, how'd he do that? I couldn't have made it without you; even though you turned traitor and adorned the room in US Army Airborne w/the help of RW. C-YA at the Staff Corps Convention! Semper Fi!

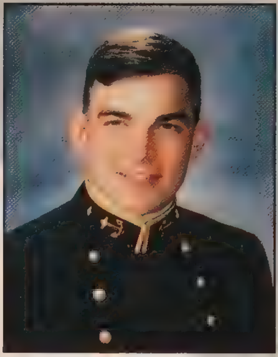
AKlugh

Morgen Paul
Anderson, AK
Surface Warfare

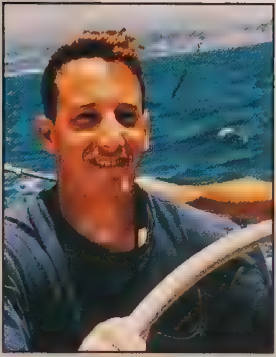
When Morgen rode in on her dogsled from Anderson, Alaska, we weren't sure if this small-town eskimo would survive the humidity. DFWFS, "Go Navy baby", where are my black socks? The great 4x800. Airborne! Swinging single youngster out on weeknight libs to Metallica. LAAAYLA. Group 2 - Jungle juice, Propellers, bridges, alligators, and skinny-dipping don't mix! Firsties finally! 5 stripes - most broken rules? Grand central station, thank God you had a phone! The catacombs, hmmm?!? W's night out. Cruisin' for men in the Alaskan sports coupe, who's the boy of the hour? Knock before you enter! Morgen Morgan vs. the towel rack. Pilot? Intel?...I gotta' call my dad...aren't you SWO happy? M, friends at last, you are a super person and no matter where you are or what you are doing, there's no doubt that you'll be doing it up! U R DONE! NKJ CGM ESO RMS & Jen



Alexander Ward Pease
Kensington, NH
Special Warfare



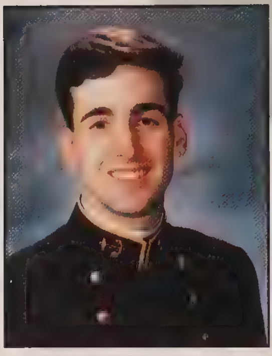
Alex, or is it Axel? Didn't anyone tell you you're not from Texas. Nice Boots! What are those, side burns? Is this the same honor student who almost left to be a truck driver because his grades were so bad? I said turn right. We had a great 4 years stretching from 4th to 1st wings, the 10th floor ledge to the tree in front of the Times, Griff's to the Green Turtle to P.J.'s to the gutters of Hopkins. I'll never forget your 21st and our special room guest. Watch out for crazy Swedes! Hermano! Four years of hard work, heart ache, and great memories. I can't believe it's over. Hooya and good luck on you career--Your 4 year roomie, Jeep. PS Your music really wasn't so bad. YOU'RE TOUGHER THAN ANYONE EXCEPT WHEN IT CAME TO ASKING ME OUT! THANX FOR THE AWESOMEST SEMESTER EVER. CUinVA-MLJ.



Jeffrey Peter Pellegrino
Dana Point, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

Who are you? Jeep. Jeep? What the hell kind of name is that? It's where my parents conceived me. Funny expression, and that was it. That is how Jeep meets people. You might think he's a little different at first, then you get to know him. Plebe year he was our first company commander, but the grades were a bit rocky. By firstie year, company commander again wearing stars on his uniform right next to that Marine Corps doohickey and pilot wings. He's got it all. Along the way: roadies in the party wagon; California cruisin'; Twenty First birthday bashes, Bob Hope to Griff's Happy Hour; psycho swede's and so much more. Once you get to know him, you realize he's a little different. Whenever you need help, he's there. He's a true friend, a great room-mate and one of the best people I've ever known. Hoo-Yah! -A.P.

Blake Hunter Phillips
Alexandria, VA
Naval Flight Officer



It all started at L'ville - Keep the Faith, Keep the Focus, USNA '94. Then rowing started and the rest is history. Thank God you took an extra year to get in - the memories will be forever. Plebe year with Martin: ergs and easy runs (who's the easy run champion?), stern pair, the grand finals, your Herndon Date...Good choice, welcome back drunks at your sponsors, second boat sophomore year (Sweaters!), the Marathon (why the hell did we do that?), Ring Dance: cocktail party, bus ride, booze cruise - - Firsties: THE HOUSE, Mtn Biking, History Honors Thesis ("Dude, I'm finally done!"), Ram's Head, A/N & the WINEBAGO, Navy NFO (Sampson TAD, Annapolis Roommates). THANK GOD. Countless trips to Macon/Alexandria, PCT planning: REI & "everyday is christmas." Get ready for the trip of a lifetime! It's time to start really living. See ya in Pensacola. Thanks for everything. RHM

Sjahari Pullom
Covington, KY
Naval Flight Officer

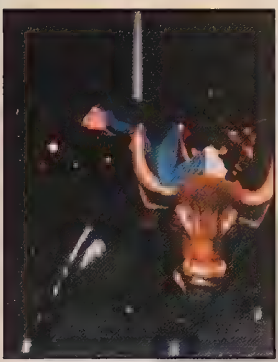
Fasting, Getting Organized, Booting Up, Head on the Lamp, WrestleMania with Jerry, Walking Coma Phases, 1/2 Hour on 1/2 Hour Off, "My accent has really improved just ask my room mate", "Company Weightlifting has a meet today", "Has someone been moving my socks?", "I'll pay for your ticket to see Malcolm X", Steve, Scott, S.P., Ed, Jason, Troy ..., Coin Purse, Reefer Blanket, Breakfast at 0330, "Can you bring me up some granola", "Don't make me beat you with my printer", "Maybe the Presidency", Pullom Quipped, rapier sharp wit, Medical couldn't find the needle in my toe, "Can you bring me up some yogurt", DAPA Meetings, "I have to get this reading done", "He's been a real trooper", "You guys just don't like her because she's dumb", Where're you from?, "Oh, By the way...", "I'm starting to sing along to your country music", BUPERS, Pensacola, Best of Luck Buddy! It's been fun! (CMC)

Jay Scott Schultz
Brookfield, WI
Navy Pilot

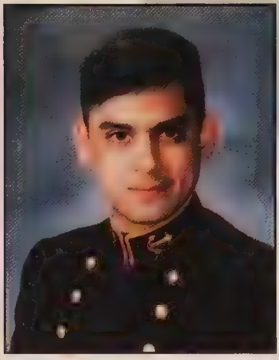
Four years ago, Jay arrived at the banks of the Severn from the cheese making, beer brewing state of Wisconsin. Whether on the volleyball court of MacDonough or wheeling at Club Buddy's, he always found the state of numb..."I did what?" "No way?" "What's the price? $.69 twice." We all remember: wheelies, SP beatings, eyes closed directions to Pat, crazy swedes, all-nighters, watering the hallway, and his truly optimistic outlook on things. The park, Puke smooching, T-bell runs, Ice shots, 18 D-ware shots, mirrors, Ciscofest, Dalmation horses, Ice Olympics, The dog, Schwartzmobile, "Cool, we're going to Hawaii", owning Allred/ Williamson 's room. V-ball memories: GOLFER'S CLASSIC, Cowboy Sushi, "Don't Blaspheme Robert", BECKER, eggs benedict, Pittsburg, mentor Beiter, Tito's, Detail/Leave, mysterious muffins. Jay, usually remembered as...luggage. Love, Fried, The Bro's, Los Hermanos

Matthew Albert Tate
North Canton, OH
Supply Corps

Tate, from North Canton, Ohio, arrived at the Academy after spending a year at Air Force Prep. Came in as a fullback, but a year and a knee surgery later, was the starting kickoff man. Tater will always be remembered as the one who would "break the wedge!" At least until it earned him another knee surgery. Into everything he put his all. When it was time to work, he could study with the best of them; but when it came to play, it was hard for most to keep up. After three years of hard work, he finally reaped the benefits! If anyone ever earned their way through here, Tater's the one!



Francisco Orlando Valdez
Port Orchard, WA
Surface Warfare



Orly Valdez was never afraid to speak his mind. Whether the subject was music or movies or CSORM or women, you could rest assure that Orly would give you his honest, uncensored opinion. We had some great times at the dance clubs of Baltimore and New York. Orly always seemed to always get busted, though. Speaking of movies, he probably had the largest and definitely had the most diverse collection in Bancroft Hall. Few knew of the award winning acting talents of Selena Steele and Steven Seagal and Victoria Paris and Jean-Claude Van Damme before they met Orly. There is no doubt that Orly will be a great surface warfare officer. He is not afraid to speak up and stand up for his subordinates, and this should earn him the respect he deserves when he hits the fleet.
CMC MAM AA PPP

Richard Christopher Vale
Elkridge, MD
Submarines

Vick the Salty Dog Vale, a native Marylander, began his journey to Canoe U as an enlisted firemen in the Nuke power program. He paid his dues at Naps before reaching the luxuries of the Academy. Plebe year offered Vick the life of any twenty one year old. "Do you rate playing computer games Mr. Vale?" and "Sorry Vick, I promise I won't fart anymore". Plebe year paved the way for two and one half more years. Easy going does not even begin to explain this guy! Thanx for the patience and help. I will forever remember your work ethic, persistence and will to excel. The D&B drum line is going to miss you, I won't miss the tapping. Congratulations on the EE major and your future career as a Submariner. Keep an eye on the ladies and watch what you eat. Go Navy, GO Thunder, Your Friend Tater.

Vann Howard Walke
Gibsonville, NC
Submarines

Vann the man, is from North Carolina, home of the Tarheels. Besides being a big basketball fan, Vann has filled his years at the academy sailing at every opportunity. In his first class year he led the yacht Etoile to many victories, on the race course and at the parties. Vann never had any trouble in his classes and his selection as a Trident scholar was no surprise to us. His achievements in academics were paralleled by his success with the ladies. Vann's victories are sure to continue as an officer in the submarine force.

Richard Michael Wrona
Valrico, FL
Inter-Service Transfer

RW came to us from the sunny state of Florida with an overzealous desire to perform well under pressure. This zest was probably due to a long family tradition of Army greenies, including honorable service in the All-American, Black Death and Green Berets. Even with his VanillaIce hairdo, this hardcharger led us down the path to success as company commander, putting the TERRIBLE back in TWO. Leadership by example, wear leathers AND shine them, the taller they are, the harder they fall. Sooo much macho from such a short guy, who couldn't hold down his beverages after Herndon. I couldn't have made it without you; found that out during your KAYDET hiatus at the Point. Too bad you're going to be olive drab instead of Marine green! We'll always be! Lead the way, Ranger...I'll follow you anywhere! --AKlugh
P.S. Please...work out everyday like me!

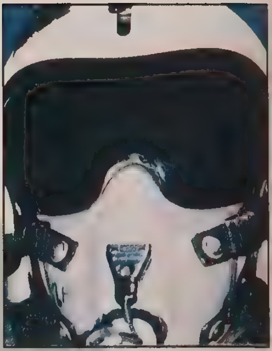
3rd COMPANY

Michael John Aden
Plantation, FL
Surface Warfare

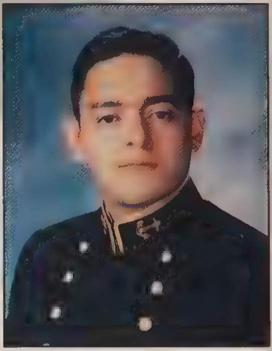
Well Ado, it has been a LONG four years by the bay! I guess we were fated to spend most of those years together after the Calc Validation Exam. "You're Aden...You're Glover!" We had lots of good AND bad times those first 2 1/2 yrs:"Sir, it's not MY desk!", the first encounter with Sandy(Ugh!), 5000-level Assault fries, 48hr Civilization marathons, Running/ Walking/Falling back from Irish Times and the Dedication Parade the next morning, the "Bait Cave" and the 6-wk rack rotation, and finally, a semester with a Zoomie!(I think Dan was the only one around who could match our insanity!) We went our separate ways for a year, I lived with the vainest mid in the Brigade, and you went off with TED! It's been awesome catching up on old times this semester, you've been a great roomie through it all! Good Luck and God Bless, DWG.

Christian E. Avendano
Quito, Ecuador
Foreign National

Put...Put-DAMAGE!!!! Holy CHIT!!! Its the Ecuadorian Tomba himself!! "Look at me! I'm so cool! Hey, turn out the Lights, I'm trying to rack", are common words uttered. He's done it all. He keeps track of his worldwide conquests on a map. He's used to hearing this line: "Pardon me, but are you a soap opera star?" We can never forget formation announcements: "What did he say!!! Soccer at what!!!!???" He's the Highway patrol's worst nightmare, "I was only doing 135 in a 35 zone", and the best navigator, "How many times did we get lost coming back from Fell's Point?" How else do you explain 220 D's and 125 days in Smoke Hall. But most of all, his AIKIDO. "I can kill you with one punch." "How did you get that FAT LIP Damage?" Yes folks, this man will long be remembered as a legend in the bars of Annapolis and DC. Good Luck in Ecuador, don't get any tickets speeding in a "chalupa".



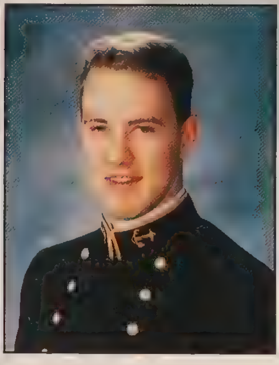
Aaron John Barbosa
Tempe, AZ
Navy Pilot



Hajii came from the windswept deserts of Arizona riding a gray stallion. A province where most Roman generals would dry up and blow away. Not Tiberius Barbosus. Much has he accomplished, so much it could not be contained in any tome. And yet so humble, trustworthy, and honest. A true friend to the end. We will never forget the Wild Wonderful By God WV hill where the strawberry Boones flowed freely and we couldn't help but smile when we saw daisy dukes. Tiki Bar bound with Nixon, Super Dave, Lord of the Elks, and Encyclopedia Downes, Hajii found love.....Chaaaaaa....
Fish-out-of-water, hail-of-bullets, "How U 2 day!", Hajii fetch (misc.), CLAP-CLAP, Hajii lose the stripes their drawing attention, DAWW...Not like that, Who's the psycho chick in Lulu's, she won't leave me alone, 3M system, marathon-man, moth club member, lightsabre wielder, Bar Surfer, Comic Man

JNSCMOJBDDMPRLCRLCRLC

Matthew Patrick Bartel
Barrington, RI
Navy Pilot



if you've ever sat alone in a room
and wondered what could have been...
if you've ever felt that you've been
defeated again and again and you
just cannot keep on fighting
if you've ever wanted to be loved
without ever having to look at the
past...if you've ever just wanted to be
ableto cry and have someone there
holding on to you forever...
then you my friend are human
and there are no easy answers
no perfections, and no easy love...
but everything has its purpose
and you my friend are only human
-always-

bart

Tomas Carlos
Baldwin Park, CA
Marine Corps

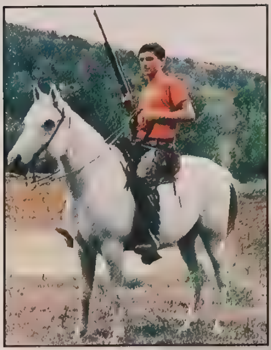
No mas Tomas, T.C. (Too Cool), Doo Doo Brown, pudut, Mr. Slap me some skin brownsoul man was a honorary member of Fun 1. He'll be remembered most by his radical death leaps and his death defying feats during summer cruises: Pensacola- that's not ii...it with Ms. I'm not as young as I used to be; El Toro- discovered new recreations in the park; Seattle- With the wonder twins, why did you have to start getting a conscience, it hadn't stopped you before. Here's to the New Year and 2 bottles of Jose and dedications to last a life-time or was it 2 bottles of Cisco and "who's going to take care of Tony." NCAA final equals a gang of Tanqueray and a chunky floor. The tea-bag "call me Mr. Lipton". Still holds the record for the 8-3, 2-1 dash. "Hey Craig when are we going to beat Tree and Stacey at Spades". Peppers- After the $200 bar tab "How do we get home" Good Luck in the Corps and to your new family.

Ricardo C. Cuenca
Auburn Hills, MI
Nuclear Surface

Plebe year Rick was Company Commander, and the biggest sweat we'd ever see. But at squad tables, it wasn't Rick sweating, but those he corrected ("Classmate, the answer--which I know, but you don't--is. . ."). Not a smile until Spring Break, when a demon was unleashed for a gallant near-win of the 3-beer-funnel championship (I won, dammit). Youngster year found Suave reading in yellow shooting glasses and devouring every brain vitamin, body-building drink, and self-help guide ever manufactured. During Detail, Rico taught '96 the importance of self-evaluation (Plebe: "My nametag looks like POOP, sir!"). After getting to the top 10% during 2/C year, Crank came back a Firstie and took a fall on his bayonet--it was Back to the Basics. Right now, I don't know where you are but I know you made it. It's a better Navy with you in it, and you deserve it--you sure sweat enough for it. Your pal, Jumbo.

John Bertram Downes
Crofton, MD
Special Operations

From the high hills of Crofton, Bertram crossed the street and found the halls of Bancroft. Initially unimpressed with Knowledge, Books (and Mom) were soon appreciated and we made his home ours (& Pablo and his right cross.) Don't know it? Books does. Too many grands and never caught (except once.) 2/C Spring Break, Books broke bad..."great body, but her face needs work". Remember: you can't drink and dive! Yeah, okay Senior. Fort Story... Ouch, Beach runs suck! Cheap Beer and Cheaper women, Thanks GENRO's. Hey Lesch gimme that Bubble. Sky diving w/Buck, you tell me? Almighty Company Commander and "Savior", JBD was one, & his e-mail... never be the same. "By the way, I sent you E-mail" - thanks. "How U 2day?! Can I help U?!" Kung Fu master never got over dating classmates. JNSCMOAJBDMP



Douglas Wendell Glover
Huntsville, AL
Marine Corps

Doug, G-lover, Glugman: I can't believe we both made it. I will never forget our time spent at Canoe U and how we met at FSU before we even knew each other. Your one of a kind (thank God)! I will miss your warped perception of life and your ability to spend more hours playing games instead of studying (like me, Mr Sweat). Maybe we will spend time together on a ship somewhere (If my ship is unfortunate enough to get both of us at the same time). Hope your relationship with Rosy improves, you make a great couple. Always remember "Don't use the force". Take care HOO-YAH and God help the Marine Corp. (PS: Mayonnaise doesn't go on cornbread, even in Alabama). Ado

William Kenneth Haxton
Waverly, TN
Engineering Duty Option

Ken (Kin) from Waverly, a town smaller than the Brigade. I couldn't understand what he said plebe year, except that he kept trying to "fix" everything. He could sing though, at least as we tried to fall asleep giving our own versions of "Peaceful Easy Feeling." Youngsters: the radio and no more singing, instead we devoted our nights to more interesting matters, like laps through T-Court in just "Chucks" or leaving our "mark" on Mother B with our new toy. 2nd class yr: EE caught in the "Back Alley." Stranded at Goucher with no Genie to help us. Finally firsties: the Prelude, the Ring, and legality. A run-in with another good ol' boy Jack, and Jack won. After four years as roommies, I've seen all sides of Ken, and not one of them is bad. While I roll in the mud, I'll be thinking of you sitting on the beach in sunny Florida, the brother I never had. VICKSBURG, maybe the South will rise again. Good luck on the mile and a half!! JPM

James Damon Hicks
Milford, MI
Surface Warfare

Good Ole Jumbo came to us from God's Country-Michigan or was it Mars? After Michigan State and being a Navy Ted-Reserve, Jumbo decided to excel. Plebe Summer would be our first glimpse of his best attribute--expedience. Plebe year welcomed Jumbo with his friends Stan and the Australian Reject, where they would become close and happy members of the Texas Chain Saw Massacre family. 2/C year Jumbo reared the same ugly head he did Youngster year, exercising leadership styles a la Fridley and McMurray. Firsty year Jumbo was true to form, in the rack when his number was called for service selection. Jumbo went through different phases, but ended up where he belongs--the SWO Dog that he is. Jumbo, the dramatic story teller, we all know your ability to BS will get you where you want, albeit probably late. Remember your Mickey Mouse clock for your first Ships Movement. Friends Till the End-RCC

Kasey Todd Ingram
Georgetown, OH
Submarines

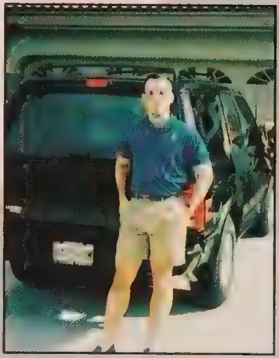
From the depths of darkest Ohio he came to the boat school, a countrified innocent. Through some rough months (about 12) he struggled valiantly on, and the process began...The Socialization of an Appalachian American. Kasey quickly earned a reputation as a dependable, honest, and hard-working guy. Just the type for Philmont Scout Reservation. With second-class year came his time to shine academically, and soon he was a duly sworn-in sheriff. Some partying went on too, (who can forget the Dome in D.C. ?) and before long the process was complete. We now see before us a fine mid, who will go on to be a great submarine officer. (We still owe each other that dinner) Good luck in the fleet, Kase, but you won't need it.

EMS

Gregory Thomas Jasso
Burlington, NC
Navy Pilot

Having been roomates for three years, toleration has become an art form. You are the only person that we know that would lose your body parts if God had not permanently attached them to you.

Having the most undesireable pie (en espanol) redolence will undoubtedly be your stong suit forever - we are certain of this. Dipping etiquette - enough said. Control of your faculties should have been mastered at a much earlier age (e.g. tying a windsor, the simple tasks of hanging, ironing, buttoning, washing etc...etc...) One positive personality trait though is your ability to answer the "weekend challenge" during the week or whenever, with flying colors. This was a given (e.g. like gravity). But on a serious note, we will forever miss the morning greetings (e.g. variations of Hi Riches, scuffles, and of course your humming which never seem to have any melody to them. Go Skins, beat the Boys!



William Sean Jones
Deansboro, NY
Surface Warfare

Bill, Jonesy (or Jo-nesy), TED (affectionately, of course): We made it!! I will always remember our time here. Playing golf, blowing your credit cards on bar tabs and always making it back to Mother B, 24+ miles of pure excitement (it still hurts to think about it), and beach volleyball in all kinds of weather. Hopefully you still have a hairline by the time you read this (its going fast) and we are taking apart San Diego. Whenever I think about you I will always remember a short, hairy guy with a golf club in his hands. You should have been born with a golf club instead of an arm. Take care roomie. Ado

Richard Eugene Jordan
Burke, VA
Naval Flight Officer

Dickey-gene, who said four years isn't a draught must have acquired the Buddha-like calm because most would have turned to drastic measures (as in Jumbo's questionable indulgence). To a guy who has spent the better part of his mature life in the area, a sense of direction is definitely not his strong suit. This is scary considering he will soon be a navigator for some poor chap. Without a doubt, if his laughter goes up just one decibel, there would be a minor crises. Is it humanly possible to have such obnoxious sleeping habits (snoring, drooling, fatty in place etc...). You have no supposed artistic inclination except when shoveling manure (for best effect, apply the French accent to manure). I will always remember your good heart, and hope to be lucky enough to fly with you again (don't get us lost - I know you never will). We look forward to the many more laughs ahead.

Michael HyungSok Kim

San Jose, CA

Surface Warfare

943534- for Michael Kim

Simpleton, where do we start? During your years here you have graduated from a nickel to a dime philosopher, if that. I hope by now you know the difference between a fire alarm and the reveille bell, it might come in handy one day. Diddy-dope-fly; great hair, great clothes, roomy girls. Ring dance, knew her well (???), but stilts couldn't help you. Who could have guessed that you would be dating Thelma. Hi Mom, send money, ya $500, ok, bye,ok BYE. Two-tone, lug-nut, monobrow, goony-googu...who did you copy those from??? See, the 10 year program finally paid off old man! But seriously, the three years of living in the most ethnically diverse room (rice, burrito, and watermelon) has been quite the adventure. Whatever you venture into, we know that you will be successful, you've got that personality that everyone loves. R.M. Davis, look out, here comes the KIMBO.

James P. McDonough

Florissant, MO

Marine Corps

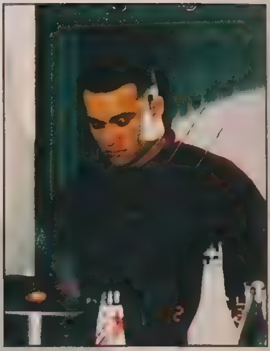
JP hails from Anheuser-Busch, Missouri. He survived the "Verhage" days of plebe summer (airborn-qualled summer whites, 6th wing p'king lot chow calls), and we began our four years as roommates. The other roommates were always threatened (with chairs and the like) JP's love for the navy shrank at the same rate that his love for dollar-draft night grew. We've had our great times - making the T-court lap in the buck, the "full moon" over Tehcumseh, mistaking your pile of clothes for a urinal, the New Orleans hand grenade, the brain pills that led to our "sheriff status". JP found that green suited him (after his soft grape NPQ'd him for flight). You started plebe year with a bad haircut and Kim. You're leaving here with an even worse haircut, an ugly bark, and Kim. Have a blast rolling around in the mud and know that the Corps is getting the most stubborn and hard-working man I've ever met! WKH

Jamie C. McGann

Fort Washington, PA

Surface Warfare

Boats came to USNA from the USS Mount Vernon via NAPS. McRatey squeaked by 4 years (what's a weekend?) while walking miles of 4-1 carpet his Firstie year. We've witnessed many of JCM's romantic interests: Miss MD, AC (insert Star Wars theme here), JK (insert Marine Corps Hymn here), X-I woman, 94's Tig o' Biddy; but I guess H.R. has won your heart (CHEEZY!) What are you two gonna' do when you're on the Platte? Oh well, I guess you'll CLIMB that bridge when you come to it. "Seriously, guys, I think she's the one." You mean #132. Congrats on succesfully running a Pawn shop while at oosna: Electronic daytimer, two printers, laptop, minidisc ("Hey, you can actually record on these things"), 100 disc changer, '94 Mustang, RX-7, sweepstakes convertible, compact stereo, Denon Stereo and disc player, and camcorder.Whew! "WRNV Rocks the..." OOPS wrong guy. CW&TCS



Pablo Francisco Mir

McLean, VA

Surface Warfare

Mr. Couth came to this fine institution from sunny Cali after 5 years of military school, you'd think by then he would have wised up (four should be more than enough for anyone). Plebe year he was instantly popular, he had a car and cool sponsors. Since our sweet Billy never offended anyone, it was weekly study-hour fight night with Jack. 3/C summer included CSTS and Bermuda (J1), Boston, and New York (You still owe me: Amazon Village). Youngster year introduced us to G-town, the Deb Ball, and Catholic U. (J2). Second class year brought the Hood excursions (both during normal liberty hours and self approved times), Florida, Georgia, and that horrendous Ring Dance experience. Then back to New York for CSTS, and pledging your love to those you probably shouldn't. Score: Girls 5, Pablo 3. Many a nick-name: Fe Fe, Pap, Gig, Meathead, and Buddha (2nd only to Dicky). Remember: Hoochy-Cooch-La-La-La; Buy, Buy, Buy; and Your So Cute! A.E.R. THE TEAM and THE STAFF-CMO.JNS

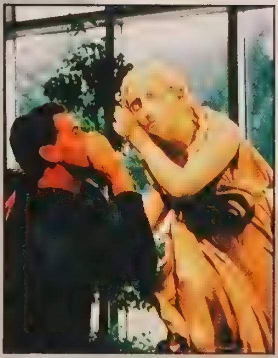
Colin Matthew O'Brien
Jupiter, FL
Surface Warfare

Hailing from the sunny beaches of Florida and points in between. Hey, I thought NAPSters made better performers (no drinking on duty)? BC..eternal DD&D,yes, officer I'm in the NAVY. He is/has a distinguished member: DFL (not just the president, but a member as well), the Staff, the Team, Bar-surfer-'Til we broke it. Undetered from becoming the Lord of the Elks and conquering the heart of a certain young Theta ("It's Probably Me"..CHAA). Excuse me Mr. K-Mart: large tube and funnel? Mom's stromboli, little corvette that wouldn't, lost in the Shenandoahs. Mix-master always had something spinning, and we're not talking music here. How much for Spawn #1? Almost thrown out his house (Thanks Budweiser!) but the tackling was better than the barking. Never needed to go to Karate practice with him and 94-hour around (Thanks again Budweiser!). Just one thing to say, 10:02, how about those runs? Girls 5, Colin 0 = NO ring dance. BRAWWWWWW! - AJBJNSJDBDMPRLCRLCRLC

DALCANAL
NEW

Sean William Quinn
Palm City, FL
Surface Warfare

He has many dynamic talents but the most distinguished is his ability to take absolutely nothing seriously. In a place where almost everything is taken serious, he always managed to shed a light of humor to it. With his vocabulary and knack for verbal lashings made rooming with him an interesting experience. I will always remember the days of plebe year where Sean and I would get our therapy for the day through our daily beatings of our other roommate Ed Stout. Thanks Ed, I needed that. He may have dwarfed us academically, but at least we felt better about ourselves. His dedication to supporting the breweries of the nation also had its merits. I have never seen any one person consume such great deals of the elixirs and still maintain his equilibrium. So Quinner and I move to a new era. We'll be spending some time on the USS DEYO together. Can't wait. MES



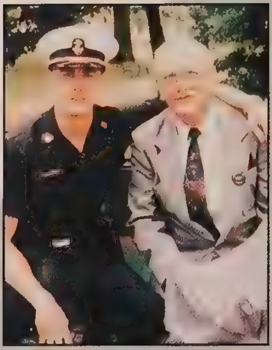
Anthony Edwin Rossi
South San Francisco, CA
Navy Pilot

A.E.R. came to us from San Fran. and soon after having his long locks removed, began to distinguish himself among the plebes. (Rossi! Get in step!) Plebe summer only lasts so long, lucky for him. The academic year, time for Tony to truly shine.(If anybody could have validated all 4 years ?) Mister four-oh, but rarely a sheriff, due to his warm and loving personality. All those extra weekends would have helped too, especially out in D.C., Catholic, Hood, the Dome, and sometimes, even here at Mother-B (plebe-ho)
You'll never get our $40, KC. Of course, even the Guido was broken, with the help of a certain jockey. Go systems! Don't let the married life interfere with your fun (not that it has so far...) Nyuk Nyuk Nyuk. Ptcsh Ptcsh. You still owe me a girlfriend. Beware of the Grim Reaper on the slopes, he's out there, somewhere...
G.I.G and

T.I.P.

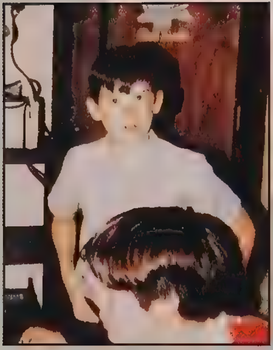
Marc Eric Schneider
Clear Lake Shores, TX
Marine Corps

Good old Marc Schnieder. For the last three and a half years no one has sweat as much, and done so little. Hey Marc, don't you have an econ test tomorrow? "yeah," he says behind a Griffins tall boy, "i do." Hey Marc, don't you have a class this period? "yeah," he mumbles under his sleeping bag, "i do." I guess you could say he took the path less chosen, and it has made all the difference. I feel that after rooming with the guy for three years, I am more than qualified to make these claims. Through the good and bad times, his perspective of Academy life has been a ray of sunshine in a forest of losers. More good times and smooth sailing lie ahead for both of us on the USS Deyo. It's fitting that we got the same ship, I just hope it's our last!



Jim Nixon Sherrod
Austin, TX
Navy Pilot

Devil Dog, hailing from the Great State of Texas, determined to ride the range F-14 style. Knowing Reef Points before I-Day. A reincarnation of Conniger, the last of the Mustangs. The S. Break that wasn't, Operation Football? Asked to step down from the surfboard for pushing everyone's girlfriend off. Who's that hunk in the STEALTH, Morrisey? WVU-lives. Back at the Bone-Fish Suite, we knew something was awry when we caught him licking a block of sugar, pulling off bodily parts screaming, "I'm getting BETTER!" Undeterred, it didn't stop him being the catch of the day for a few Theta's. COWBOY-SURFERS..maybe someday. What a leader too, being hailed as the second coming by the Admiral of a carrier on cruise and then the fearless 3rd Company CDR -- "OBEY ME!" Hey, that letter might come in handy some day. He lived in the Land of the Giants and won the heart of many a fair maid. -AJBCMOJBDDMPRLCRLCRLC



Todd C. Shipman
San Antonio, TX
Navy Pilot

This rope-slingin' Texan barged into Plebe Summer guns a-blazin', where he honed his chopping skills all the way to the capture of the Best Chopper Crown. Once Todd was allowed to let go his umbilical cord and start Plebe year, he commenced his question-and-worry phase, which still hasn't quite ended. Youngster year was another year where the Texan learned how to get along with roommates and perfected his unparalleled skill for complaining. 2/C year ended when he got his dream car, an orange buggy with white rims, equipped with every anti-theft device known to man. Finally, he received his coveted ring, in a fun-filled evening that brought the best out of Todd. Firstie year was a year of movies, a forgotten birthday, and Miss Florida--the answer to all Ship's questions and worries (thank God). Don't worry about the 12 years you've signed away, you're a lifer. And don't forget your fan. Your pal, Jimbo.

Edward Michael Stout
Allentown, PA
Submarines

Ed, the future Vice President, not to mention my philosophical sensei. Insight passed on to me through the late night bull sessions highlighted your nuclear intellect; add your natural cynicism and Howard Stern had better look out. Women flock to your savvy dress and "cultured" look, but your greatest quality still remains an extremely high earnings potential. I just hope your ready to support me in my old age. Fellow nukes have to look out for each other, but capitalism can be a cold sport and you are one of its best players, so I'll understand if my only hope for survival is living off the garbage your butler throws out. But if that happens I have just two words for you. I would say more, but you'd probably hire somemone to kill me in about ten years, or your wife would, so I won't. I would also wish you luck, but you don't need it. Instead I'll wish the rest of society luck and just hope that you remain the same great guy for eternity. KTI

Christopher Walsh
Wilkes Barre, PA
Surface Warfare

"Man Chi CHi" has come a long way in 4 years. He came quiet as a mouse and bare chested, and leaves as an aggressive heart breaker. Chris will be forever grateful to his roommate for showing him what life is all about, and for bugging the hell out of him for 8 straight semesters of late nights, sleep talking and begging change for a soda. Chris will always remember CSTS '90, Manhasset Bay drink fest, wrestling matches with Todd above Julie's room, prank phone messages from the femmes in WB PA, the Philly fountain, and the education from his Spring Break women. Chris proved it's possible to rack your way through the academy, be in love for 4 years and never tell her (SK), and be the secret stunt double for Bruce Lee and still look innocent. Just think, if you had picked Norfolk instead of Pearl you might have hooked up with her. Chris will be remembered as a great friend with a good heart.

Deanne Jill Wasielewski
Depew, NY
Surface Warfare

Wasielewski, Waz, Dee, 14, came to us from Chikata-what?? OH,...Buffalo!! Too bad your team can't win a Superbowl. There's so much to remember..."Did you know what you can do in 36 hours??" Griffins and Buddy's. Dancing..."don't get the wrong idea, that's how I dance with everybody". Girls what's my weakness??...MEN!!. Breaking in the house. "Do you know what I could do with this??" Softball team captain, not really pitching but showing off in Halsey. Good thing you don't drive your car like you drive a boat...or do you?? Your car (your baby), ...need we say more?? Taking care of us "younger" folk (in rank anyway...) From the beginning you've always been there with a reassuring word and your own special smile (see picture above). Nobody could ask for a more perfect friend. We love you, Dee. To our #14, yoot-daa-doot-doot: Peace Be With You, Babe!! Friends Always and Forever, REO and SLS

Kendra May Williams
Singapore
Navy Pilot

Yes, she's from Singapore, and if you ask her about it, be prepared to listen for the next 20 minutes. Gymnastics team captain for two years... too bad it was never official! But she didn't quit when they got rid of the team... those flips came in handy when it came time to get out of the top rack! Kendra, don't worry about getting your whites dirty... it's the Orioles game! You're not going to stand the entire time, are you? Darren, Derek, and Dale. Two bad he's enlisted... and a kid? And what's with Mike? "Just friends." Right! I thought you had an affinity for D's... glad you broke the trend! And what about Grandma's cookies... she sent them to you, and your roommates gained the weight! Good thing for 22 and 3 that you had that printer! Well, babe, you've been a great roomy and friend. We'll miss you, HMZ & DJW.

Heather Marie Zwyer
Worthington, OH
Surface Warfare

Hotel Zulu was in every ECA on the yard except ATU, NESA, and 3rd CO. Only her professional incompetence kept her from Supt's List, but she made up for this by becoming a regular on his list of dinner guests. The PAO followed by assigning her TAD to CBS/NBC. Musically talented, she sang the National Anthem at football games and the "Empire Strikes Back" theme elsewhere. What book are you reading now? Coach Waldo's protege won two national championships and a new wardrobe before validating team workouts 1/c year. "I like this -- no effort involved." She also became a full fledged 4-1 Roommate, but always seemed to be missing when Pete and Roy were in full swing. Her proudest accomplishment was her four-year pursuit of everyone's favorite striper, culminating in the first engagement of 1994. "CNO or bust?" I'll take the latter -- love, TDB and LRG.

4th
COMPANY

Ralph Camesa Baja
Stockton, CA
Surface Warfare

Ralphy, the small boy/pinoy, straight out of Stockton, came back to his birthplace in '90. The little Buddah belly battled the periodic chart and achieved a Chemistry minor. A 21st birthday (all over the streets of D.C.) revealed a side not desired by the flatulant one. The rack monger by day became a night owl who used his Computer Science expertise to develop a gambling system for his Atlantic City endeavors. I'm sorry to say that Ralpholo was deprived of his Gina during the 4 years at the sanitariun (not sanitation), but his love for her will bring them together someday. Finally in '94, after 9 "mile and a halves" he can do what he does best: "Eat good pood" at all of his auntie's and uncle's houses. Everything Ralph did was straight from the heart and that's why we love him, mang. TEL, JFK, EJD

James David Christie
Vancouver, WA
Navy Pilot

Snoop Loafy Loaf- Why do they call you Loaf, are you lazy or something? Golfin' with Charlie, Ralphie, & Pots! Harbour Town signature finish in 18th hole. Sausage nose. Is that a Chia-Vette or are you tired...of beers that is? First inspection, not only worthless but detrimental! "I need my space!" Mom makes great beef jerky. Shooting bottle rockets (When Derm and Bundy tell you something's stupid - it's stupid!). Giving rides to youngsters??? Black N candidate (we're proud of our boy Jimmy.) How could a guy like him get a chick that impressive! Sleep on your own rack, bastard! Converted member of the Looney Brigade. At times we wanted to rip your head off and vice-versa but we always worked it out. You may not understand us, don't try to, but realize that you have come to be considered truly one of our best friends. Good Luck Derm, Bundy and Shorty.

Brian Anthony Deneve
Woodland Hills, CA
Navy Pilot

BRI-FLY, the Martyr, hailed from the sunny City Of Angels. Universal Studios; the valley will never be the same. Plebe-summer and the King Hall eggs were nearly the death of him. Ac-year would prove to be a religious pilgrimage, thanks King. His rare form of Disco will forever be remembered throughout the night-club circuit of Cancun. "Oh..is she that really big.. fat girl?" Youngster year Bri found that he and his Rack were long lost lovers, this would never change. The stoic ventured to Alaska to find an Eskimo sweety. WV, cabin trip, "Briiiian, where are you LOVER?", Pepe Lopez to blame. Bri's studies carried him across the sea's to Paris, where he is sure to return. Christmas in Avolon Bay w/Dave. Even though he never wanted to go, he always had a great time. Brian, keep the faith WARRIOR. Thanks for everything.DMP.

David James Dermody

Coronado, CA

Surface Warfare

Derm-We're waiting for Derm...! Hurricane McBrayer. What's Latinlong? At Lamb's throat. Mr. Civies on Hell Night. I'll tell my daddy on you! Leggo my 'Beggo. Midnight showers and fur jackets. Team Fat. OOOh, Jonica. Evan 'n Coke. I feel like 210 lbs. of chewed bubblegum. Shock the world Jacko. Hangin out in Annapolis. Black N. Thanks Crackbaby. A crippling 21. Redskins. The mile and a half, not. Hats, hats we got hats! Best parking on campus, watch the ice! Fats in the Belfry, twice as nice. Strapazza's. I've had better. La belle in the Hall. A great driver. RACK... I have a meeting with my lawyer...RACK,WHACK,RACK. Regardless of where we all wind up, we have spent some of are best and most memorable years together. Thanks to you and your family for taking care of us. Good luck! We'll always be there for each other.-Shorty, Bundy

Eoin John Dunstan

Ludington, MI

Special Warfare

EJD: "Sunava beeeech, balls!" "Bullwinkle" came from quiet little Ludington -- where the phone's a dime, movies a quarter, and Sat. night fun is naked bullfrog huntin'.

4/c: How do you say that name?...the "Oing Doinger"...Hey Eoin, your sister's pretty cute -- oops!

3/c: "I'll review my notes [on your CPP}...An unfinished Coors Cutter at the P.P....the nude triathlon..."I'm too sexy for Key West"...JMU: "Can you find my friend {to save me from you!!!}

2/c: 1/2 gal of EW for those little kindergarteners...Eoin & Abe having a Mickey's -- "Ohhh, THOSE beers, THOSE are ours...

1/c: Spicy Mexican dinner & spicy Bancroft dessert...Muskrat Eoin...Erin Go Bragh

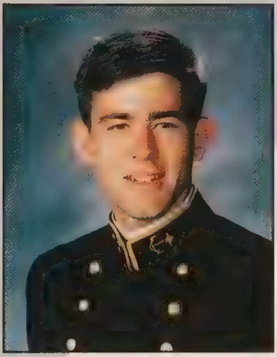
Runs like a deer, swims like a fish, [Mike, p - leeeeese], the teams have a good man and perennial harda__ heading their way. Good luck and be safe. I'm looking forward to some rocky mountain oysters from the Dunstan Dude Ranch.

-MJR

Daniel Clifford Gordon

Yakima, WA

Naval Flight Officer



Dumbo was from Podunk, I mean Yakima (YAK-im-aw). Started plebe year by spooning the upperclass; not bad for a dirtbag. You were no help for 'Sof and Bundy. Tennis for 4 years was fun, except for the officers. Did you win a match senior year? Oh yeah, MSM was your first. That guy weighed less than the bowl from Richmond. Your bro came and went, and Mac was your OAO. I was your best buuuuudy, women weren't. Unless you count that sunrise. Uh, huh, huh, it broke. Got rid of her, got the Heisman in return. Looked at the page, but it was blank. Ralphie and Tom were cool, except for Naji. Without Rvrwind, you'd be at UW, and there'd be no 3 Amigos. Griffin's, like clockwork. The Dark Ages were rough. 20/25, PSYCHE!! Who's driving? I don't have any gaaaas! We made it, and you'll always be my buuuuudy. PLM

Enochia T. Herring

Joliet, IL

Navy Pilot

Ops, Nush, nushie, biggest beanhead of all. We've learned so much from you: differences between black & white, exactly how far voices carry, & not to loan out our cars! (2 accidents/ 2 weeks--how IS your back?) Your open door during the rush hour policy saved us (chopping, you know the deal). You mothered Albert, faught w/Boo (Bermuda-clinch), but we can't wait to meet the man who is going to **"GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE"**...& watch your reaction the next morning! You never quite seemed to be on time: meetings, 1.5 mile, 10m tower or an english paper. You were always @ church; however, you still had plenty of time 2 hear our man problems (12am-6:30am). Synthetic hairdos and hallelujah dances--calgon take her away (preferrably off of the floor). But, we're going to be alright. Fly high girlfriend. To God be the Glory. **NETWORK**. EJS, KCH-R, JAM.

Scott Kier Hornbuckle
Huntington, WV
Marine Corps Pilot

Scott came to us from the finest state in the union, the Mountain State. Hornbuckle, WVa was nice to visit afterall. The nicest, most charismatic guy you'd ever know, {said with a *wink* and *the point*}, Scottie befriended most everyone. Such the sports star: The All-McDonough Basketball Team; Navy 150# record: Most Patterns Run; two **N*** and National Championships - watch out Jordan, it's Sweet Buck. Did The Mountainers show up on New Year's? Bread-n-honey; how much you weigh *now*? CompSci, thanks! Fly Marines {errr}! The Corps will benefit from your leadership and positive attitude. What next, Counselor? Hornbuckle for President. Many came but one was chosen. Kier finally smitten by Señorita Paola's *amour verdadero*. The few, the proud, **The Married**. Hang in there, you'll be with us soon. God be with you, bro'man. Watch dog, bow wow! Med, Third, Art

Christopher Marino Kidd
Stuart, FL
Navy Pilot

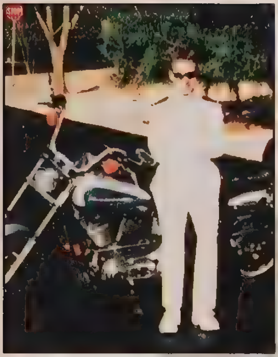
Chris, AKA Slim, the prior enlisted Tron Chaser, would join us after a short stay at BOOST. Slim rowed heavy weight plebe year, but would hang up the oar to spend more time as a Mech E. Mech E would take its toll on poor old Slim, stress would lead to denying his receding hair line and the overhead tiles will never overcome their encounters with #2 graphite projectiles piercing their outer shells. Enlisted rack ops under the flight deck would be modified for a perfect sleeping environment here in Mother B--NO stereo, NO noise, and PERFECT darkness. Three years of living together is coming to an end. How did you ever put up with me, or how did I ever put up with you? Ram's Head mug owner-FINALLY. Don't forget, I drove your dad's Jeep before you did!!! If your squadron is deployed on my ship, we'll look for Sid together. MBO BDL

Jason David Lamb
Worthington, OH
Surface Warfare

Dude! Haney and McGunnigle are all over me. While we're on the topic of sore spots, got any Zovirax? Lambchop came all the way from Worthington to be a SEAL. Over spring break Lamb discovered the best cure for a hang over was a thumb of aloevera. Looking for love, Lambo cruised swimming pools & warehouse stores, but he always held onto #1. 3/C year saw thousands of dollars spent on daily planners & electronic gizmos, but nothing could get the dream team to formation on time. 2/C year saw the birth of the Triathlon team. Lamb's color laptop 486 dual turbo w/twin overhead cams, & proof that he did have a $2000 limit. Fueled by powerbars, Jaeger and his overwhelming charm, Lamb had many more good times then he will remember, but we will. "DON'T COME KNOCK'IN IF THE PATHFINDER'S A ROCK'IN!" We love you Jason, we carried you back. JDC,KMS,ALM,BAD

Thomas Eustace Lazo
Mount Ranier, MD
Submarines

In many ways, Tom was different from most midshipmen -- he had more bounce in his step, more rhythm in his march, more smell in his shoes, and definitely more "RUMP" in his "SHAKER". "Wind in his hair" excelled in the field of naval architecture, and even rewrote antisubmarine warfare doctrine. Everything he did, he did with a certain *flash, style,* and *pizzazz*. He'll use his talent to pursue a career as a musician, ship builder, or even a hotkey consultant for Quattro. The abdominal one will be a valuable asset in the submarine community just as long as he doesn't play his go-go music too loud in the sonar room. There will be a day when Elvira comes along to discover how wonderful a person you are, and why you're one of our best friends. We love you, mang. RCB, JFK, EJD ... One more thing:



Bradford D. Ligo
Sharpsville, PA
Surface Warfare

Western PA country hick who joined he Navy to see the world. Little did he know that the enlisted life corrupted him into a wild and crazy party animal that mothers warn their daughters about. NAPS only sharped his party skills until the Academy took away the liberty this social butterfly craved. His four years were a constant battle with grades and liberty. Eventually his never ending energy earned him a Rams Head mug, a future wife (bet still going as to when he will propose) after simultaneously dating 6 youngster year, and a '94 HD so he can tour after graduation. This PT stud boyish appearance never gave him respect for the women as proven when this 25 year old gets carded for the R rated movies. Brad's heart is and will remain a SEAL until the day he retires from the Navy as a SEAL. No one knows what he will do next. Good Luck! CMK MBO

John Howard Maurer
North Tarrytown, NY
Submarines

As the son of a son of a sailor, Jason or is it Pope John Howard--came ready to make the Navy his career with the "perfect navy wife" to do it. But a semester of Maurer-hour quickly put an end to that, and by spring he had a girl on every coast (not to mention a few in the Hall). This brought some trouble, for during second class cruise he found out how small the world really is. Although a key player of the "no shame brothers" for quite some time it looks like Willy is leaving as steady with a girl as when he arrived. We knew he would never be a Marine from his PFT scores (despite the power bars), but his cadences we will never forget. So it looks like he's following Daddy and Poppo. Don't bite Jason, you know we love you. --MSR, KMS.

Jennifer Anne Mendel
Groveport, OH
Inter-Service Transfer

Jenn. That pious girl came from Columbus School for Girls to play with the big boys and came face to face with Scott, Kenny, Mike, Ben, Billy, Steve and Ramone but ended up loving Mark. She learned that Southern Comfort and ice cream didn't constitute dinner and Lt. Molina's party was no excuse to miss watch. Catherine Wheel, roses, free haircuts and beer was the offer that night. Koosh Balls, electronic noisemakers, pillowfights, arguments, laughter, D&B stories and pissing off K.M. did it plebe year on 6-0 (alarm clock incident) with stereo arguments and physics youngster year. Hell on 3-3 fostered hatred for 1/C, cyncism and silence after 13 Dec 92**(not E.E.) but we bonded. Loved H-S-H-S dialouge and ten different haircolors (Elvis). Concerts and a different Georgetown in '94. Sorry USAF--Take her! Miss your BIG Beanheaded Mug, Roomie--ETH. DMT.

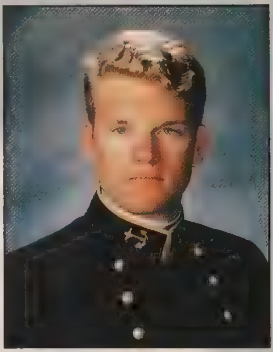
Adam Lee Musoff
Matawan, NJ
Marine Corps Flight OfficerK

The Moose came from Old Bridge, NJ (we're not sure which exit that is) and arrived for Plebe Summer without his flesh-colored stockings. After a few choice words with his upperclass he finally made it through. Plebe year, Soff winged down to King Hall and jammed like the Stones. Zimbledork never saw the humor. Our little Marine bullet-sponge first went head-to-head with Airborne pukes in Cancun. Gold wings, German wings, and free fall all proved his glory, but nothing compares to his infamous tree-fall (don't tell Mrs. Moose) And who'll ever forget the Plebe Summer that waz... Taking CMEO on board whole-heartedly, this exhibitionist could only be charged with Assault with a Dead Weapon. The ATU dining-in and his 21st B-day proved this light-weight to be a cheap date. Even though all this is true, we love you. --KMS, JDL, BAD

Andrea Jean Myers
Palmyra, NJ
Surface Warfare

Ann is our favorite Jersey girl- without the hair or accent, thank God. Generous, spunky, organized (Do you have stock in Post-Its?) and not to forget spastic-"Yes you locked your locker," And how about that slug fetish? Must be a family joke. The only worldly woman we know with a soft spot for Winnie-the-Pooh is shipping off to Japan- "Do you have your toothbrush?". Pre-Quantico bash "Make sure you squat uphill!" Cute little waves and big blue eyes for the gate guards- what is it with those Men With No Hair anyway? Andrea, anytime you're up to a study break just turn the music up real loud. We laughed, we cried, we loved, we imbibed (stock in Griffs too!) and we've become friends for life. "All you need is an ear to listen, an eye to behold, and a heart to feel." You've got it, Ann! SEL & KEP

Eric Jon Naranjo
Jamestown, RI
Surface Warfare



ARG! ARG! ARG! (scratch, adjust), Eric (Nappy, Orange, Cheese, Banjo, Navajo) came to us from Oyster Bay N.Y. to sail. Plebe summer: spitting in formation, eyes in the boat machine, pneumonia, .04 (OH MY GOD!) room formal. He never knew what hit him, and still doesn't. He has excelled in sailing and attended the Academy in his spare time as Hasson's star pupil. If you wern't so entertaining I wouldn't have been able to room with you. Stinky sailing gear, hockers, no military bearing, plebes asking (no disrespect indended) if you took drugs, bagels, fat free coffee (and everything else), duct tape (so it won't explode), nappy, moaning to music (if I wanted to hear you moan...), lack of social graces. Never talk to him about sailing, cars (his Posrche) or composites unless you have nothing planned for the next few hours. ...in your eye. Get a hair cut. PTOWWWWW! NAPPYYYYY! May you always have good breese. Sid.

Michael B. O'Driscoll
Watertown, NY
Surface Warfare

Odie came to the Academy as a varsity swimmer from Watertown N.Y. and ended up in varsity physical therapy for his shoulder and got a SWO gut. He started his plebe year as a "waste of tax payers money." After surviving 6 Ac-boards, he got his first A in EE (?). Odie stories: driving home and back with 20 feet of snow, 15 accidents, and 10 near misses (probably southerners), explaining to cops why he ran a red light to keep from getting rear-ended, pulling guns on crack heads in his back yard, love-hate relationship with Carrie (who's your Odie) (I hear wedding bells!), Ogilvie (positive leadership). Favorite toys: .45 long slide with laser sight, Uzi 9mm, shot gun auto loader (huh I said load) phase plasma rifle in the 40w range. RH beer club #339, Guinness, potato eating, American made rice burner, CC, bone dry, collecting adventure miles. NYA! NYA!. SEE YOU IN HELL!. Sid.

Edward Ervin O'Neill
Lake Bluff, IL
Surface Warfare

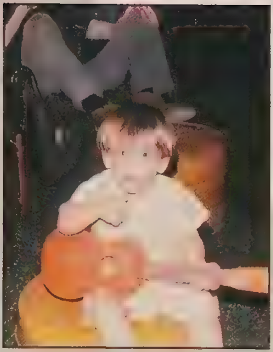
Bundy, Red Headed Step Child, Quatto - Unintelligible cadences. A skinny red kid. Cancun bar dancing. Smelly foot alert. Body bug removal. Pre-Erin Bundy, Out of nowhere with chicks. Gordo death threats. Don't clean-let Moose do it. Black N days. 240 lb prize in PC. Oh Mrs. Bundy. The Bundy Bite. Shock the World Jocko. The Crack Baby debacle. They love us here. The Good The Bad and the Bundy. Anti-Bundy cluster bombs. What company are you in tough guy? Some good EE gouge. Bryce had a Calendar. Cash for Skins tickets. That mystery girlfriend. What a golf swing. Hats Hats we got Hats! Beans Again Cookie. Halloween transvestite. Mom jokes. Next time I'll take the fifth. Barf-fest '94. We're all gonna be in San Diego together so don't think about living with anyone else. You'll always be our Bundy. Derm and Bryce.

David Michael Phillippi
Alexandria, VA
Marine Corps

D-nice didn't have to travel far to USNA,but the drive from Alexandria took longer than planned.He stumbled through WVU, grew a cheezy squid stash, and cruised through Newport until making it to USNA.Only burnt hands and VerHag could stop Dave from smiling as a plebe.Dave's biggest problem was finding a bar where he didn't know anyone or wouldn't get left.From Rhode Is. to Guam, Mexico to Canada,there was never a shortage of lovers.Living and dying by the "george,"the King of the Wardroom was either surfing through channels,on a walkabout,or out "studying."An honorary member of third company,the academic ninja took to music,and the Indigo Boys rocked Annapolis.After his time with the Marines,maybe he and Mr. Happy will make movies, his true calling.Fact or Phillippi.Thanks for making it all bearable.We love you.-BAD

Mark Steven Revor
Apple Valley, MN
Marine Corps Pilot

Apple Valley, MN blessed the Academy with its finest native son. A quarter of his way to a commission at U of MN, for some reason Mark decided to start over (what, no validations). A short relapse to his normal college days got him busted for contraband during the first week of plebe AC year. Yes, a whole company can fit in one room Notorious for taking advantage of his best buddy's friends from high school, he finally settled on one during the dark ages of second class year. A Marine from day one, his hair never did grow too far, but his personality did. Despite the urgings of everyone around him, Mark insists on wearing a tree costume after graduation, but we'll still love him. - JHM & KMS

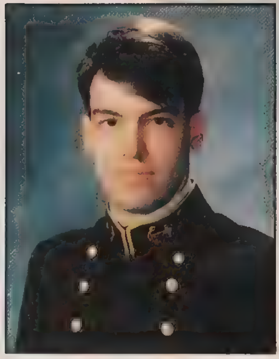


Michael James Riordan
Seminole, FL
Special Operations

Well Kevin C. the waitress at Pizza Bolis was no Kicking Bird and despite my most ardent attempts, there was no vector crossing between B.P. and M.P. There were two girls not from the Paradise state that caught your eye though-JMU, tattoo, blonde, ladder..I mean the other one. "Are you feeling alright?" & Jenness. Your heart lies with a great state, one that has such hand-standing services as the Pink Pussycat, Mons Venus, Texaco and bare road races. Thanks for a most memorable trip: Bermuda/Black Seal/O-club/Shower/Trash Can. Despite your major we all knew your true love lay with math--something about a right angle and Ebinezer. If that doesn't make you a JFK, then you always have a promising future in the dive shop/palm reading business. Al Saushi Mu Shashi to a great guy and a most verbose author. EJD

4th
COMPANY

Kelly Michael Shekitka
Brookeville, MD
Medical Corps



Kelly came to us from the metropolis of Olney, Md. Plebe year with the Pope & JFK was short lived. Cancun set the trend & e-mail helped to close the gap. 3/C year showed that he hadn't throw in the towel & weekends were spent at Duke. With the summer he skirted the idea of marriage & the Dr. decided to change his focus. During 2/C year Kelly worked the Log and Lucky Bag staff. When he wasn't at Trinity/Catholic he was devoted to his axe & Thursday nights w/Indigo Boys. Two Can Sam fake falled his way back from town. His ability to be drunk one moment & sober the next baffled us all. As club lax Pres., Kelly was chief cheddar with his big-stick. Over four years he spread his cheese pretty thin. "Can of Woop ASS" "Road-soda" "Barley-pop" "Jo-mama" and finally "See-Ya!".
Love BAD, JDL, ALM

THE
SOUTHERNM
POINT

Stefan Tarek Sidahmed
Alpharetta, GA
Submarines

Sid, the bubble-head, came strait to us after shutting down the reactor for his last time and taking a four year leave from our prime sub-surface community to attend the boat school here on the Severn. Nuke power left its mark on old Sid, an "S" shaped bald spot on the back of his head. This camel-jockey would become one of the best on the varsity pistol team after never shooting a gun before plebe summer. Sid would also become the God of the EE department finishing as a top 5% student. Rams Head mug #327. Grease Man follower. NYA NYA consumer. Pistol detail was great. Good luck in grad school and good luck in the Olympics--I want a ticket to watch. Don't surface in front of me, I will ping you and then run you over. One more thing, Sid, "I'll see you in Hell!" NYA! NYA! MBO

Bryce Addison Whiting
Hampden, MA
Surface Warfare

Michu, Shorty - How's the Cao? Livin' with Heavy Skid. Oh!? Bad Luck Roomie. The Mediator. poison ivy boy. Joey Joe and Special K. Delaceccia. Tie eyes. RV roadtrips. midget love. The Taz. The Mouse Trap. Whooshing in the hallways. the buck monument tour. Romanelli. all-night fishing in P'cola. Rooty Tooty in the Duty Booty. Laying sheet metal in Everett. Geriatric women. The Shocker. But Sir, we had a calendar. Hats Hats We got Hats. Sunday Boat trips on the Wild Rover. A throw-rug for a loin cloth. Sorry, never took the class. Dewey Beach - 3 in 2. Miss Pre-Teen Maryland. Say Hello to my little friend. Strapazza. Just movin my car Sir. Flipping coins for Service Selection. A cruiser just cruises around, right? Despite the fact that you don't have a Black N, you're still our best friend. Thanks for help through the rough times. Love - Derm and Bundy.

Ahmed T. Williamson
Greenbelt, MD
Marine Corps

5th
COMPANY

Dana Randolph Barnes
Richmond, VA
Marine Corps

Having took a longer rout to USNA via Howard and NAPS, Dana was a little more experience than most of us. Soon as he hit the pipeline to the Marine Corps he began to lead. At NAPS, he was given his first change at command, and was so unselfish as to almost give it away. When he arrived here for his tour at the Boat School, he learned how much he loved italian cuisine. He loved it so much he left his security back in the states for a cruise in Italy. After his return to the US, he once again fell in love with his Nubian Queen and spent the next three years on 95 south to Richmond. In between trips, Dana showed us how this old man could still run with the young bucks as he walked on the Varsity Football Team and found a home on the 150# team. Dana became our leader as company commander to finish our stay here. He always had the juice even though we never told him. Sinc, DL, and Riggo.

BUSCH LIGHT
BUSCH LIGHT DRAFT
BUSCH

Jason Anthony Bell
Orange City, FL
Marine Corps

This "rude dog, psycho" surf-punk "Graces" us (no pun intended) with his presence from Deland, Florida. Always the one to go for the least sensible option, Jake told you where you stood (in big way), no matter what your rank. Remember star-gazing and philosophizing on top of Memorial Hall, or in a room full of scented candles, the Doors, and company-mates who left the room asking, "Where the hell did they come from?" Or that 5-week memory lapse after your 21st, "Ahhh, I'm so sick." Remember the velcro-jump - thanks for hookin' us with the free beer, roomie. Heckling at all those briefs - I never would have made it through them w/o you. The rental car buried to the pan in Florida - "Sure guys, we can get through there. Remember, I live here." How 'bout Harleys, "Lawrence of Olivier" and that wild night in Bancroft, psychoholic slag, the block, Ben's blind date (don't be seen riding the moped), LOUD metal at reveille, our sordid pasts, or your love for Spanish women and Sierra-Lima. I'll miss the hell out of you, bro. Hang loose - DAP.

Traci Todd Benjamin
Church Creek, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

Thirty seconds to taps and no Benjamin to be found anywhere...Out the window, "Hey, throw down my shoes, I forgot 'em!". That Traci! Strikes again--taps always a big countdown, plebe year to first class...Where had she been? Oh, probably with Yea-Yea, Gum-Gum, Deda, or TOMcat! Our initiation to Traci's strangely named family was as interesting as her initiation to USNA. Remember "Thpruance class forward to aft", the lambchop and bishma? Yes, we were fellow mice and little pigs. It was Traci's "unique" habits when she got up in the morning, planned her day, made her "lists", and wouldn't sleep without "Oven Mitt's" shirt and a plan of action for her day. She soon outgrew the skin of "Towby", however, and found bigger and better things with "Townwolf". Traci came in wanting to fly and four years later she's going into Marine Air. We're proud of you, Traci. Best of Luck always! Love JAL, LJR

Benjamin T. Bierly

Woodlynn, PA

Marine Corps

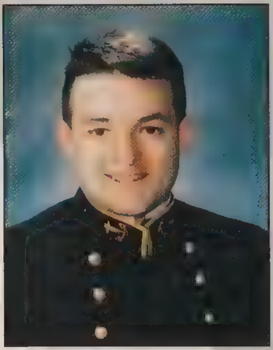
Ben came to USNA from the "City of Brotherhood," Philadelphia, PA; but had strong ties to the California coast, and origins in Oregon. It had to be either these ties to the sea, or his time spent at NAPS which ingrained in him the utmost desire to be a Navy SEAL. He had, after all, "successfully completed SEAL Cadet training," a fact which he was proud to announce to any beautiful fraulein that happened to be sitting within earshot at MacGarvey's or Frannie O's.

Despite his shaved head and crooked nose ("I'm getting it fixed."), Ben was well known and genuinely liked by all of his classmates, although Ed was the only one brave enough to endure 2 years of living with him. Best wishes from all of us in his new career in the Marine Corps. Viel Gluck! EK, Chico, JB, CM, AS, DP, and all...

Marvin Winfield Carlin

Stevensville, MD

Navy Pilot

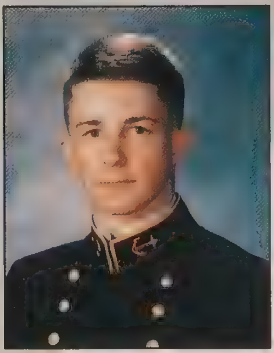


Marv came to USNA from across the Bay. His near death experience during plebe summer almost took him away: "He looked death in the face in the face, and laughed." Youngster year brought the "Marv scale," and a sandbox to his house, along with many a weighty date. The bizarre love triangle led way to group activity. Marv never got kicked out of the sandbox he left for his future bride by Jeep. Although the runs were at a snails past, they always proved exhausting. A prudent spender, second class year brought grocery shopping in King Hall, food deliveries to Pittsburgh, long e-mail messages, and his first bad investment. First class year brought a campfire, a ring, and a mortgage. Though he started out beneath the waves, he ended up amongst the clouds. SEE YA! CM,CV,JR,TM,&JW

Matthew Curtis Clay

Canfield, OH

Surface Warfare



Matt beamed to the Academy from Youngstown, OH, thinking it was really the Starfleet Academy. Once he found out he had access to e-mail, though, he didn't mind so much. In fact, he proceeded to dominate the network until Ward Hall had to set up NADN to accommodate him. He started with the Catholic Midshipmen Club plebe year and immediately worked his way up the CMC hierarchy, eventually becoming its president. Unfortunately, this meant more paperwork would be piling up on his desk(s). Where did I put that chit? Must be in that box in the closet under those plebe year PODs. Carry on, Matt! Second-class year, he found something to take him away from his computer and the CMC - his babe Kerry. Wouldn't you know it? He met her at Father Hines's place. "Why, yes, I'm the CMC PRESIDENT..." All those prayers finally worked 'cause she's a sweetheart. Best of luck on the Kidd from the boys! LH BAM GAS

Michael Ray Cooper

Decatur, AL

Submarines

Coop blessed us all with his presence that summer of 90 after a year at MMA, well on his way to eminence. We thought he was a marine wanna be until he validated plebe year academics and decided the USMC would have to give him a waiver for his brain capacity. Now he's so far into reactor physics he glows in the dark. We can't forget this one from plebe summer. . .Cooper! "Cooper!" Shut up Cooper! "Shut up Cooper!" And of course his classic faceplant on Worden for Parent's weekend! If there is anything he likes to talk about more than triple integrals, its huntin'. He's ornery when he's drinking and short fused all the time, but it's no surprise he ended up with five stripes. Now he's enjoying VGEPPing and off campus residency. Despite the jokes, he's a darn good man who's got a bad habit of being right, but we definitely won't miss him. Best wishes to he and Gina from a friend. GAS

Kevin William Havens

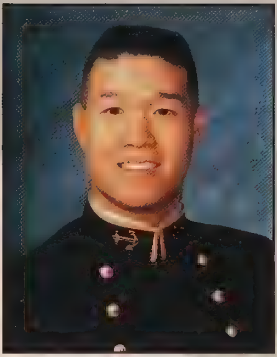
Corning, NY

Surface Warfare

Leon Hsi

Hockessin, DE

Marine Corps

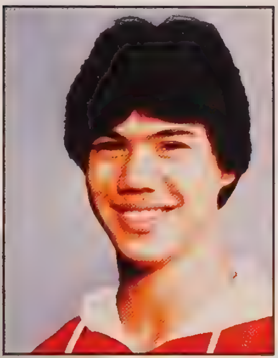


Leon, the "Tall Chinaman," from Hockessin, Delaware (how do you say that?) started out with Byron and Adam, telling them of many "Ancient Chinese Secrets". One of them was: Confucius say: "Chinese sweat not: need no Right Guard." This, of course, was a new innovative look at evolution from the Asian continent... Then it was a good thing that Debbie Gibson didn't have an E-mail account, otherwise you'd have a permanent job in Ward Hall [but unfortunately, others (J.O.) still weren't jealous]. Then you learned how to spend money, and then you put fear into '96 as they all turned to go the other way on 3-3, even when Hot Rod showed up to fry you! Integrating SPY-1 technology with chow calls, though, was a Leon Original. And remember--it's also much safer to PT with clothes on...Best of luck, of course, and who knows where the power of the PC and PROCOMM will take you...MCC

Justin E. Jones-Lantzy

North East, PA

Justin, the local jester and wild man known by all, gave up his olympic hopes, a full ride, any chances for a fountain boat, and any hopes for a real life to join us at USNA. Justin blew through plebe summer and plebe year but left his grades back at NAPS. Virtual master of the ac-board, Justin set his sights on a spectacular track career until a bad CANTELOpe made him sick. A pleasure cruise in St. Thomas, a wind surfing championship, another ac-board, a jibba' for a roommate, Cancun, and more antics made Justin a true celebrity, especially with the women. Although a player, Justin's tread ran out with a near death experience, a broken pelvis, a supply corps billet, and a never-ending chit. The car wasn't so lucky. Despite the setbacks, Justin always managed to make it to the next Happy Hour. "Where's J.L. at NOW?" JR



Edward Allen Kruk

Belfair, WA

Surface Warfare

Eddie Kruk is the cheesiest of them all. He is the sandwich chef of the USNA. One just isn't enough when he does 'em. In fact, Eddie seems to be the master of the double take. This is one of the few people I know so determined to get in here that he applied AGAIN after being politely sent to George Mason U. from NAPS. Women just can't seem to get enough of him! Especially his King Hall mistress and the girls in the repair tailor shop (word travels, Ed). How about that female stripers' night out at the Gingerbread Man? Actually, Eddie is not only a member, but perhaps the proudet president ever of the 2% club. Seriously though, we'll all miss you, (except Staff, of course). Have fun spending winter in Newport, yet a second time. Even though you're quest for warmth will continue, I'm sure you'll finally find happiness somewhere. May peace and fair seas follow you where ever life and the Navy take you. -Ben

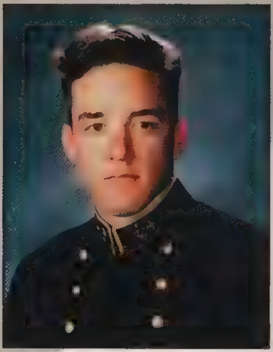
Jennifer Ann Lane
Two Rivers, WI
Surface Warfare

Jenny-fer...Too many memories to count, too many shoes and books thrown against the wall on a bad plebe day (everyday). Good thing for Fluffy-there to the bitter end..."I HATE it here!!" It must have been that stupid one pull-up and many days on the shower rod. Speaking of showers, where did that drop of water end up on towel-clad Moody? Computer class...What?! RUN a program? At least there's the man with Carlos the Cactus to make it all better. "Yes Jen, he's cute." Rentz-TQL squad leader always making sure things were going swell. And if things got too bad, there was always the candy bar The Go-Go's, three blind mice and three little pigs, we never lacked for adventure. At last, FIRSTIES, and you're heading to San Diego. But might as well buy a magazine while we wait, maybe two??? The west coast awaits you but Room 8223 ("Come by anytime!") will live forever. Love, TTB and LJR.

Chico Manning
Evansville, IN
Marine Corps

CNN rolled into Navy from Hoosier land. A runner up regimental plebe of the month, Cheeks found time to rack at will and watch TV on the yard, and run a dating service for the entire company. Ironically, the "Man" never managed to hook himself up. (sorry Cheeks, fifteen year olds don't count). Fortunately his luck changed 3/c cruise when he met his Filipino fantasy. Chico brought many things to the boys youngster year, barking dogs, kimshy (rotten cabbage), a near death experience at UVA, ownership in bathroom stall, a CNN transceiver, and the blade game. Cheeks also got BURNed into three extra weeks of physics. Second class year brought Frannie O's, heinous women in comfortable shoes, and engagement. First class "Senator" Manning shook and kissed his way to the top, ending up with four bigs ones and chia-pet haircut. SEE YA! CV, TM, JR, MC, and JW.

Timothy J. McDougall
Livermore, CA
Navy Pilot



Dougs the crew-cut, clorox king, came to Navy from a cave in California. Plebe year he just wanted to stay home, although Cupid brough Courtney, his Annapolis mom intervened for Timmy's protection. Dougs found out that getting into the sandbox was easier than getting out. After a preview in the theater, Dougs continued the saga with HEAVY petting, sloppy seconds with the St.Mary's fairy, a toilet cocktail, and a night behind bars. Back from cruise, Tim continued his academic excellence, and not much else other than a mouth full of sand. Second semester Dougs never could trade his report card money for a date. Looking for love in all the wrong places, the rabbi finally got him to Ring Dance. First class summer gave him a trip around the world, a hot tamale, and letters from abroad. Uproven in the saddle, Dougs looks forward to Pensacola and a chance to ride. SEE YA! CM, CV, JR, MC, and JW.

Brian Andrew Metcalf
Bowie, MD
Engineering Duty Option

"MEAT" (no, that's not why) had been everywhere from Honolulu to Paduka when the Navy found him. All that travel made him a right likeable fellow with a knack for making friends fast. Since then those friends have been getting him into all kinds of trouble. . .from offering his intestines as sacrifice to the porcelain god in Daytona, having to explain his way out of that nickname, and thanks to Eddie. . .an E-MAIL queEN. We'll remember it all. . . kings of the court in racquetball, the real "Big MEAT" on the Yard, that gangrened leg, and go SWOEDO! From Joe Ford to Joe Beel, he's hoping for no more Joe CO's. Well, if there is anything he loves more than building boats, it's a little "PT" after a long days' work. Hopefully Melanie's cooking will put some MEAT on those bones. Anyway you look at it. . the Navy has found their man. God Bless and all the best from the boys. GAS

Craig C. Monroe
Roseville, IL
Marine Corps

"Man I'm screwed for 6 week grades, no its 12 weekers, no wait-I know there is no way I'm gonna get better than a 2.0 this semester---What? I can't believe it, hey guys I got a 3.0...boy those profs. sure did hook me!" Well Craig, if there is anything we'll remember most about you, other than the muggy sleeping conditions...playing the same song or is it the same CD over and over....being just NASTY....talking about all kinds of girls (did you ever date one?)...missing clothes that suddenly appeared in Chico's or was that Matt's locker....FIRSTIE FITREPS (whatever happened to peer evals?)....it would have to be those grades!! So, Corn-Tron, have any bike wrecks in your room lately? Remember almost getting shot in Daytona, while reaching under the seat to give the nice policeman the gun? Best wishes in the Corps, Craig. I know you'll do well. STAFF

Byron Boyd Newell
Bowling Green, MO
Navy Pilot

For most of us, our first memory of Byron is his soul-filled rendition of "Blue Suede Shoes" at Blue and Gold. Elvis lives! This singing cowboy came to us from the heartland, Kansas City, MO. The Marlboro Man came to Annapolis with one ambition: Fly Navy! This was made evident whenever any aircraft would fly overhead, Byron's gaze would automatically turn skyward, even in formation. Although he waffled a little and actually thought he was a Hoo-yah for one whole summer, he eventually realized his dream and selected Navy pilot. Look out P-Cola women! He found the right girl, finally, although he had to find her twice before he realized it. "Crash" did a lot of things twice . . . Snow drift . . . tail-light! Well, roommie, here's hoping they issue No-Doze when you get to your squadron. Remember Asateague and the runaway tent, and remember, "They don't pave dead-end roads." JLY, CDS

David A. Pawlowski
Ithaca, NY
Surface Warfare

P. The god of company racquetball. Led his team to multiple brigade championships. He also had special gifts in the area of academia. He began his USNA career as a mech e., progressed to oceanography, and finally transcended to general science. He said he became a more well rounded midshipman by following this path of glory. I think he made history at USNA by successfully attaining unsatness at the end of every semester after plebe year, but never went to an ac-board. Academic magic! He was also quite handy with guns, plastic ones that is. Ask the Deland Police Department in Florida. I will never forget those golden days: Spring Break in Florida, the month of OBLIVION, a weekend drive to Daytona, and taking that Junk out of Saipan. All I have to say is "Stand by U.S.S. Arctic, Nanuk is pulling in to port." You were a true bro Dave. It will be hard to find another like you. -JAKE BELL

Jamie Lee Rakow

Las Vegas, NV

Submarines

Ra "Fro" the Lizard Killer from the strips of Nevada knew all the laws upon arrival. With a questionable origin, and nightmares of shotgun weddings, CFC never got a dime from the Fro. Youngster cruise and all that cash led many hook ups, although all required a power source. His satisfaction interrupted by a brother, Jamie took it hard and let it all fly out the window. Second class year began the computer dating service, a new leather jacket, and CHILD's play. Even with a new hat from Domino's, matching sweater, WHITE socks, and flooded Toughskins Jamie high-beamed his way through Ring Dance. Involuntarily seperated again, Fro found haven with the Ice Cream bandit. Like Captain Ahab, Jamie chased his white whale around Moby's. Patrol sock in hand Fro man heads for the deep adventures below. SEE YA! TM, CV, JR, MC, and JW.

Lori Jean Rickert

La Porte, TX

Surface Warfare

Good 'ol yellow rose of Texas, Lori was mom, moderator, advice-giver, and cheerer-upper. "Sir, request permission to push up my glasses, sir?" (Those "dang" glasses!)-Only after you take Hygiene 101 and get that soap in a soap dish, Rickert! Found any "mildils" lately, Lori? We said bye to Andy and hello Chris after she primped for practice and caught the eye of her future hubby. Along with her obsession with exercising came an occasional chow-down on a batch of brownies ("No, really, I DO eat!"). Wish all brownies came with a diamond in the middle!- even though you didn't tell us the truth for 8 months! Klutzy 'ol Lori-"a little dirt never hurt anybody, ya'll!"-until you fall on it from a ten foot "awesome". Do you have enough belts?...Maybe we can buy some candy corn and pretzels to go with that case of diet Dr. Pepper! We couldn't have asked for a better third BLIND mouse! We'll miss you and we love ya', Pollyanna! -JAL and TTB

Michael P. Riggins

Snyder, TX

Surface Warfare

Mike Riggins came to us from the party town of Snyder, Texas but always referenced it as, "West Texas near Lubbock". Four year varsity football player and probably the smallest DB to ever start for Navy. 2/c year Mike was overwhelmed by females and dated four consecutively. He really knows the meaning of closet space and credit limits. Riggo slowed down after meeting Jamie, then the Academy just became a place to sleep. If a person didn't know any better they would assume that Riggo had a job out in town. Taps! "where is Mike" "he will probably be back two minutes before 2400". Plebe year Riggo had the hardest time (Silberman), "You want to hit me Mr. Riggins?", "Yes, Sir!". Mike always had the answers, "My dad said ...". Stay real. Work on your dancing and enjoy San Diego. See ya after Nuc ,TBS, and SWO school. Peace!!!!! DLW,DRB,SDS

Clark David Sarge

Bloomsburg, PA

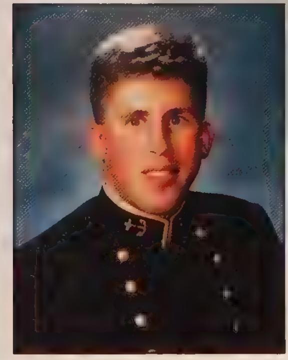
Submarines

"Good morning Bancroft Hall! This is Clark Sarge coming at you with the best of Christian contemporary music live on WRNV at zero dark thirty on Saturday morning." Okay, so maybe we didn't listen to Clark's show EVERY morning, but we always supported him. As a matter of fact, he once held a phone conversation on the air with Byron while music was playing. Wrong switch Clark? When Clark wasn't jamming on the airwaves, he could always be found buried within the confines of Rickover, which obviously doesn't bother him now that he's counting that nuclear bonus. One of Clark's crowning achievements came early in his plebe year when he became the first in a long line of 'Laura' victims - thanks of course to Chico. Hailing from the quiet little town of Bloomsburg, pulling words from Clark is like pulling teeth, but that's always been part of his charm. Best of luck my friend. BBN GAS

Jonathon Adam Siegler

Ridgefield, CT

Submarines



Despite validating the core curriculum, Siegs came to the Academy uneducated on the finer things in life. He was a rosy cheeked boy who came from a town with no fast food, no three story buildings, and the only excitiment was the local cinema. That changed in a hurry. Jono went on to become infamous for his exploits with the women, the foose at 140, and of course the cheapest bottle on the shelf. Jon dreamt of a simple life; tunafish, football, no Jim, and Christine, only when she's needed. If only he could come out of the closet. And what of the problems; Hopkins, Perdue, Wisconsin. What's a guy to do. That's all right Siegs, one comes along every six months. Never forget the King of Rates, Cancun, the House, Jibs, Popov, Star Trek, Ron Rico, the dreams of Danny-butt, racks of joy, Jim's dishes, the Wall of Shame, and always remember, Who's Gonna Hook Up!!! KH

Gregory Aaron Sleppy

Penn Run, PA

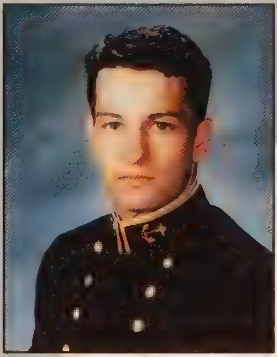
Navy Pilot

The Schlepper came to Annapolis and, for once, he was the only Sleppy in the whole town. He started off plebe year going to OCF meetings and the Mansion. God only knows how he got hooked up with Michelle. He spent the next 2 years burning up those phone lines to Tennessee. When he WAS away from the phones, he was either studying or playing his guitar to the tune of that Kentucky Headhunters CD and - who could forget - Bob Dylan. Too bad he wouldn't start strumming until midnight. Killer Keith showed him who was in charge youngster year, and Gregg earned his first ever D (though short-lived) for 6-weekers. Classmates were always welcome to his house - the family could always use an extra hand to round up the chickens or feed the cows in the backyard! As a friend, he was one of the best. Here's hoping our singing

Jamieson J. Slough

St. Peters, PA

Marine Corps Pilot



Slouch, Young Gun, JS-Love, Whiskey Lima, Fruit Pie the Magician. Came here via the Hill School to play Soccer and Squash. Ended up making All-American in both Squash(4x) and Lacrosse(3x). JS & TR-"Young Guns", Beer whiffle ball at Bob's(Pritch), Road trip-S.C.(JT, Dona, Onion, TR), "Spanish Galleon", Harmony, Carol & her kid, Nicole(HS sweetheart), Bree, Sam, Lori- Who ever thought his motto would be "If she aint in uniform, I don't want her." Vail 92(JT, TR- So. Cal & flamingos), Md & Towson Soph Yr, Army 2/c Yr(10-8), Duke! 2/c ring dance weekend, Loyola playoff(4 g's), Summer Seminar, Comm. Weeks(TR's teeth 2x), Zone's wedding(C__kblocking JT), Vail 93 (the Fellas- Mt. Wash),World Team tryouts, Army/Navy 93(TR's sister), TR's XMAS party, Dinner at Bruce & Sharon's(SEGA), A true ladies man! Fly high in the sky devildog. Your Bro- TR

Sinclair Durant Smith

Chattanooga, TN

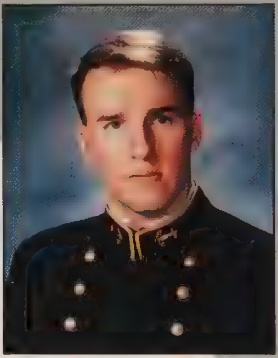
Marine Corps

The "rock" came to us from the hills of Tennessee. "Sinc" showed us all that Tennessee was the birth place of all-- great things? His love of WM's stretched far and wide even into the DARK depths and it showed no discrimination neither CLASS nor race. MR even called him a salesmen of love. Sinclair's lust for life is almost as strong as his lust was for Tom's woman. He found new love in the winter of his second class year, and he was so proud of his love that we could almost hear him shouting her name late at night as if she was beckoning. She left but he persevered and returned to his old hunting grounds at USNA showing more interest in swimming than ever before. We all love B-Ball, but he scored more off the court than on. Q is the symbol the "rock" is his name. Peace out and always riissseeee to the rim. There's no shame in your game. DRB, DLW, MR

Anthony Joseph Staffieri
Lawrenceville, GA
Marine Corps Flight Officer

"Staff" came to us from Atlanta, GA. Rather than take the direct route straight from high school, he chose to enlist in the Navy. I guess you could say grease was just in his blood. In addition to granting him immortal "PRIOR" status, becoming a "NUKE" no doubt also aided him in "knowing it all before he got here". Once here, despite being older than nearly all of his upperclass, he still managed to impress 36's own little Brigade Commander with his immaturity, not to mention his beard. This all ended though when he found out that what he had spent almost three years learning about nuclear reactors, certain classmates were learning here in less than two weeks. That's what you get WITH OUT PAPERS. Other interests included Ada, Amy, Halley, Julie (thanks Dave!), Stacy, and of course Trouble (Joo Joo Joo!). Beware the Duke of Deceit. Best of luck and many good years (or at least as many as your old bones have left in them) in the fleet...RUFF! Craig

Christopher Joseph Volk
Brecksville, OH
Oceanography Option



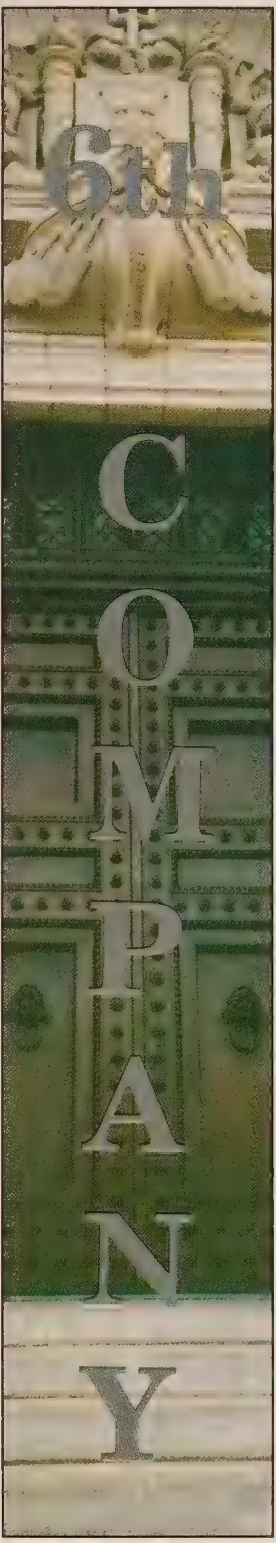
Chris, AKA Volkan, Pearly, Hymie, Lone Star, Sea Spray, RipCord, Undertow, Daddy V swam to Navy from a private monastary in Ohio. Performing his way through a logical plebe year Daddy V never saw the back of RJ's head. RipCord had a close encounter in the Dark Side with a hairy humpback. Volkan's cruise to the islands introduced him to No-Go Zone, and he soon realized that twenty wasn't enough. Without water in the sandbox, Chris packed sand on the weekends. Piano lessons, swimming in the bay, long runs and e-mail let Pearly know that Childs didn't need a baby sitter. Saved by a Viking Warrior with mighty oars, Sea Spray ended up voyaging across Scandinavia in search of more Swedes. He started First class year blowing bubbles, but cavitated on the propeller of the USS Reuben Sandwich Kit. All over but for the crying, Hymie heads for the shores of Captain Cook's hideaway, where his mermaid awaits. SEE YA! TM, CM, JR, MC, and JW.

Darryl Lamonte Wilson
Cambridge, MD
Submarines

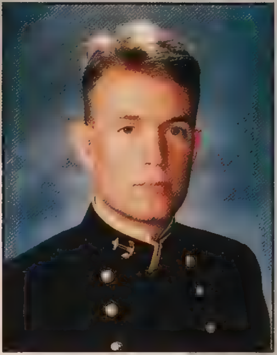
At NAPS, the legendary school of hard knocks, Darryl was introduced to me by the 3-2 and 2-1 crew as D.L., the smart brother over in 3-2. The BIG BOY from the Eastern Shoar would carry that mystique of being brilliant with him throughout the Academy and through the long years spent at NAPS and here at the Academy. It's safe to say that you were always faithful and never let those last minute hop urges get the best of you, Right D. Yes, it has been your strong dedication to your work, Elayna, and your family that has carried you from the swamp lands of the Shoar to Canoe U. The fellas, D, Sinc, Grimmy and I, will miss ya; the late night Soul Train lines, the covert Friday night movies as third class, and the off the desk SLAM-BAM THANK YOU MA"AM rack ops.

Jeffrey Patrick Wissel
Batesville, IN
Navy Pilot

Jeff AKA-Wheeler, dealer, hollywood, shadow, puffs, company tax adviser comes to us from fish-Bate, Indiana. He snapped to anytime Cheerios was around to ask him a rate. He sailed away from 36 without his bags. Hollywood's nightmare in Bermuda brought images of puffs, prayer, and overdramatization. Second class year brings memories of special agent Reese, sand box sail groupies, hollow death threats, special warfare/supply corps/marine corps/EDO, a life size tonka toy, and a dreary forecast for the financial future. Another round for the boys culminated into debts nearing the national defecit...and the interest is still compounding, but the insurance should cover it. Wheel's America Cup hopes SWIFTly evaporated as did his chances with Mellissa but a magical poem composed in words not his own won him another chance...for life. Success, fair winds, an engagement, and a bigger pay check point Wheels to the friendly skies in Pensecola. SEE YA! CV, CM, TM, JR, and MC.

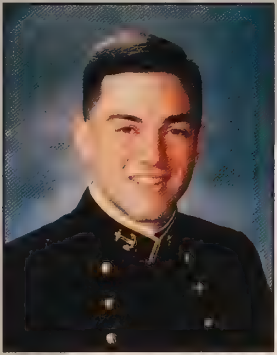


Victor W. Argobright
Canal Winchester, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

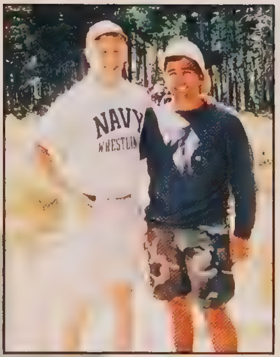


Ending plebe year in hot water with two big calves, Angus Khan began 3/C year with new wheels and too many toasts at Coconuts in Dewey. Soon Winstons and finding lodging at different AU dorms was the rage. He overcame a severe case of Dragonfinger from Fells; the ammonia treatment worked. Snarlin' at 3rd edition, Scankuary, Gari. Debuted at Camden Yards Spring '92. 2/C yr found new mission of reviving victims at Lulu's (Like Big Nose). Army/Navy in Phila, South Street, making an offering in Kris' BMW. The international Peruvian cartel robbed us blind. 1/C year no more OSU/High St. trips, Chi-town CPR seminar, more AU lifesaving at 22nd&M. Army/Navy 93 jammin' in NYC, Underground peeling potatoes. Whose idea was it to get that limo anyway? He beat Army and himself during those 30+ days after arguing himself a 5000. It was four fun years of tearin' it up. DFS ELS

Erik Arthur Arrington
Sepulveda, CA
Marine Corps Pilot



Erik truly believed that if you sleep 12 hours a day you're only here for two years. With rack burn and slobber on your chin you slowly rise from your slumber and stumble to class; wearing WhiteWorks of course, due to your late night exploits with underaged, yet not underdeveloped teens. Semper Paratus with off the wall utensils, or more importantly, watch-belts(you have the largest standing collection of watch belts this side of the Severn). You never know when you need to impress some highschool girl. Anyway, I never could figure out how we met(JBS), or those stupid Science Fiction Books you always read. Well buddy, even though I can't stand those damn aerosol deodorants you insist on spraying all over my toothbrush, thanks for all the support at life's lowest. You're a true friend and I will always be grateful. Goodluck and see you in Pensacola(TJS)!



Brent Merrill Blackmer
Portland, ME
Navy Pilot

Brother B. from "The Way Life Should Be" State. The Neck, Snake, You're huge. What are you doing this w/e. A Boot in the head from Johnny Law. "I don't like hanging out with w-----, I like hangin out with you". Two-fer at UVA. "Jimmy run very, very Deep." (BF) "Let's ski the moguls for our last run"- Good Idea Jerk--! Summer '93:Palooza w/ Boz and a visit to Strong Island...Just leave monday.T-Nap and the boys at CPI."Hey can you move up so I can gas up...D---". How's your Shrimp. 7&1/2 to ME w/ BT. The Team downtown. 700pm:"Let's rage"--800pm:"I'm staying in the car". NO, NO, I'M GOOD, I'M ALL SET...CAN I GET A PIZZA W/OUT CHEESE AND A YOGURT W/ BROWNIES. Great memories from a great friend. Look forward to many more.(SO,PA)

James Timothy Brady
Vinegrove, KY
Marine Corps

There are not too many things around here that I can think of that don't have to do with or involve my roommate in some way. I came here expecting to learn and to get a lot of things, I realize that with all of that other stuff I got a brother, the one I never had. Jim has given me a lot since I've been here and I hope we stay close. . . . Semper Fi, brother.

A few memorable quotes/events:
-"Ahhhhhhh, HaaHaaa, this sucks!", "Don't even talk to me about hair cuts, I was wearing high-and-tights in this Marine Corps while you were in highschool. . ."
-Here's to being in the butts over at the Naval Station exchanging good secrets, "Phil you'll never guess what I did the other night. . ." Well chief, just watch out who you walk back from Ramshead with at night!
-Remember the summer, road trip to Lejeune in the Jeep and the Venus, weekends on the beach and at Hooters, and getting ink at Ziek's!
-"Sometimes I just want to get in the Jeep and ride west, just drop off the face of the earth!"
Thanks for the memories over the past four years my man!

Patrick Henry Crais
Conyers, GA
Surface Warfare

Patrick came here from the great south, Conyers, GA to be exact. Annapolis is no Athens. Found that out plebe year, when he would rather have done Papa Tango than babble about Ticos. 3/C year was OK, when we could stand the smell of things, and I dont mean my feat. Became a pseudo-hermit 2/c year. It was either the books or, well I won't mention the what else. Avoiding an entire company of flyfisherman was truly an accomplishment worthy of praise. 1/C year brought the two German Love Sleds, more studying, and the YP squadron (GO SWO!!!). Oh yeah, "Hey Pat how did you do on that Thermo Test. A 100 Really!!!". Patrick is outta here, and off to become a SEAL eventually. He only has to run a few thousand laps around his LSD first. Good luck, Patrick. KJ.

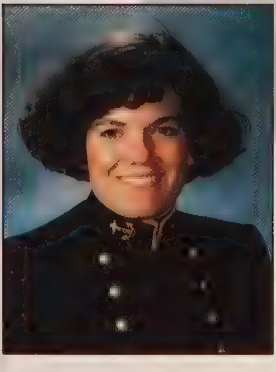
Keith R. Deerkoski
Mattituck, NY
Marine Corps

Deerkowski.."I like it here, I want to buy it".."Sir, I let two guys take your stereo...Two rifles Sir?"..Corder's chowcall...Youngster year's meaningful discussions...Call me when you get home from work..."Yeah I'm pissed. How come you didn't stop by 2 weeks ago"..Mountable curbs. Nike Poster Boy. 3-day w/e workfest. Summers spent on a Farm? 3-minute rule. You told the CO? "sheshefsky". "I have 3 set, but can you set yours too." Remind yourself to breathe. "My point is this..." It's been a Pleasure to be your roomate. Try not to let life stress you out too much.(SO) So many women and just not enough time, you know how this place is.."Phil, you don't understand, I haven't even played one game with this racquet yet, I haven't listened to one song yet either," Why is it that women that are already taken seem to flock to us? Thanks for the times and the memories, look forward to many more!(P.H.D.)

Philip Hawkins Dwyer
Chesterfield, VA
Marine Corps

Hey a**munch, WHISKEY TANGO FOXTROT? All those nights of studying and listening to Bob speak the TRUTH (Rastah don't work for no CIA), where have they gone? From livin' with Woody plebe year to becoming brothers the next three, and continuing as brothers in arms in the greatest fighting force on the planet, here's to you, here's to the Corps, and here's to the future. What are they gonna do, shave our heads and send us back to Annapolis? We gotta make plans for Mexico dude! Senoritas, margaritas. Maybe between wars, we'll get there. Until then, what can I say except Semper Fi.

Stephanie Anne Henson
Littleton, CO
Nuclear Surface



Throughout the years we've become more and more impressed with our roommate: swimming captain, XO, pipes bigger than Pete's, phenomenal flexibility, fast growing hair (on the legs that is) and finally her prowess with the men, especially Doug cubed and Chris sqd. Russia was quite a trip. She never ceased to amuse us with deep thought provoking questions: "Where is Atlanta?", "How do you spell swiming?" You should have been a history major. She was a great supporter of her roomies and of Navy sports, "Hit Em Again, Hit Em Again." She didn't have a green thumb, about the only plant that was a success was her face plant in t-court. Change those pencils to Ens Henson. Don't worry, Mark Mathews would be proud but, why is the first female nuke on 4/c privileges? We'll have to get together at HB's. We love you, D & A

Jeffrey Lee Hockett
Greensboro, NC
Naval Flight Officer

This previous long haired redneck hippie came from what he called "God's Country". I believe it. 4 years have gone by and we are still waiting..hair dried yet? He thinks sleep and Weider weight gain improve his physique (try working out). How's Bundles? WE adored her! What would his pecks have done without that mirror. Been a blast G-town, Spring Break, ACC tourney, tickets?? Maybe Ms. Illinois or the Dragons at AU know how well he flexes. Griffin's did him well. How many mops did they use? He's really like a kid. He gets more cereal and granola bars from home than any plebe I know. Maybe he's still a plebe. He just can't escape Flecker's curse. Mr. Stock Market. Keep collecting those pennies you'll need to make a bundle to pay for that car. Seen your cover yet? I hate that wind too. Good luck! Go for P-3's they're slooooow. Night peeper. BFW PSM KJM

Christopher A. Linder
Lake Ridge, VA
Oceanography Option

An import from that most humble of places known as Wisconsin, this madman has shed every stereotype. He's the King of the Hill People. Takes an erasin' like no one else. Milo's was an early hang-out of his-and then on to Tracks: she had her WHAT pierced!? What a pillow biter! Mind the gap, please! Memorable was his self-inflicted eyebrow gash at Heaven (thanks to Al Jourgensen), or maybe his 7 hour New Year's dance-marathon at Woody's in London. Reykavik impressed him, but then again, so did Angie (sigh) and Bjork (schwing!). He thinks he's a real oceanographer - at least he got a free trip to San Diego out of it. M.I.T. is calling, and so is Karen/Lisa (hopefully). Good luck with that. It'll last a month and cost him a fortune. Hold the meat, please. You're so..Cryptic. Good Luck! BF/MO

Peter Leo McArdle
Houston, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

Peter, known as Pete to his not-so-close friends. Rowed short for 4 years, 2 maybe 3 Nat'l Champs in 4 years, a gentleman and an "athlete". A modest scholar, "my GRE scores might not be good enough to get into MIT." Pretty dumb for a smart guy. Wary of 2/c roommate but ended being best man to more than just his roommate. Part of the 2% club, popped it on the 18th finally, drive to Towson = 43.8 min. exactly. Taco Bell and Chili's only way to get the three out to eat. Split'in the tab at Griffins with his buuuudy. When will he get rid of that car. Yut, yut through and through (he flew). McStinky was a well-earned name. From dirt to one of the elite striper "members" (huh, huh he said member). alley, Big Jay and phil friends past the end. JLW

Victor Dana Mickel
Newport News, VA
Surface Warfare

Philip Scott Miller
Dallas, TX
Navy Pilot

“Slider” came from all over the South ready to fly. He tried almost every sport to get that letter and live out the Granddad dream. Well, you'll still get a sweater, but it will be yellow in color. From “tiny bubbles” to 14Jul94 it has been a blast. The weekend rendezvous in SC, the beach house, an afternoon upstairs with AP ??, G-town escapades and AU, Army adventures, and those deposits you left in my backseat--Thanks! 2 fights in 4+ years-U can keep the football. We've survived: from the Army week disaster, our infectious roommate, that non-infectious woman in Charleston, whew!, Shaggy and the boys, and five months. Detail and Dole stickers, love shack. Your not rid of me yet, Jan31. You're like a brother and a great roomie. (finally someone with more hair than me) Good luck to you and Amy, and you'll do great in P-cola. Consider law school we make a great team. KJM

Kristopher J. Moorhead
Anderson, SC
Naval Flight Officer

The NFO (DIVER?,SWO?,JAG?, SUPPLY?) community is accepting (are you taking?) into it's ranks a great leader and ‘American’ in Kris. It was truly 8 (or 9?) great semesters together by the bay. Life began plebe year with struggles as Mung and Slider with the Brents living on the Edge with an interesting chain of command. 3/C adventures led us into D.C. and the town nearby where you found a Shell you could keep on the shelf the rest of the years. 2/C year: what an A/N game we had (sorry again), the Spring Break storms (need I say more?), what a recovery after the Dance, and oops that 1 tiny error we made before Christmas. As 1/C, we grew closer (by force!) and took it as Champions, Gin and Rummy became our only poison. I couldn't have asked for more in a roommate or a better friend than Kris. See ya' there. PSM

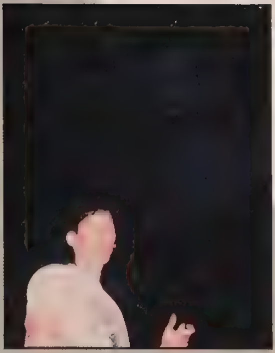
Steven Paul Olivera
Farmigdale, NY
Naval Flight Officer

Brent, wouldn't if be funny if I started dating you're sister??..Sneaking out to V's..who owns the belt? (K.D., P.A.)..stitches?..(K.D.) Horse, Spice, Monster..Jimmy run very, very deep (B.F.)..The wrestling hobby-”Mad Kicker” of the “Team”..”Yo man, you got a problem?”--BAM--”Can I use your car for the summer?” (P.A.)..Trodabone..Summer '93, let's trade houses! (B.B)..Courtesy and respect - throwing things?..Christmas train ride - “Hurry Up!” (K.D.)..”Hey, man you guys been drinkin'?” (Joe O.)..Fuscili..Corder's wakeup, Scuba, Fishwich, drunken pro reports -J.Baez - Sit Down!..window pumpkin, Murphy pie'92.. skied Crazyhorse, swollen eyes, friendly ride home?..”Fall out underway”..Little Bill...Pass the Peanut Butter..Football-I don't think it sounds like a good idea..Kidney stones-want some orange?..Mr.: Scratch, Nasal Passage, Ripper, Flex, Iceman..(K.D., P.A., B.B., B.F.)

Jonathon W. Powell
Mahopac, NY
Submarines

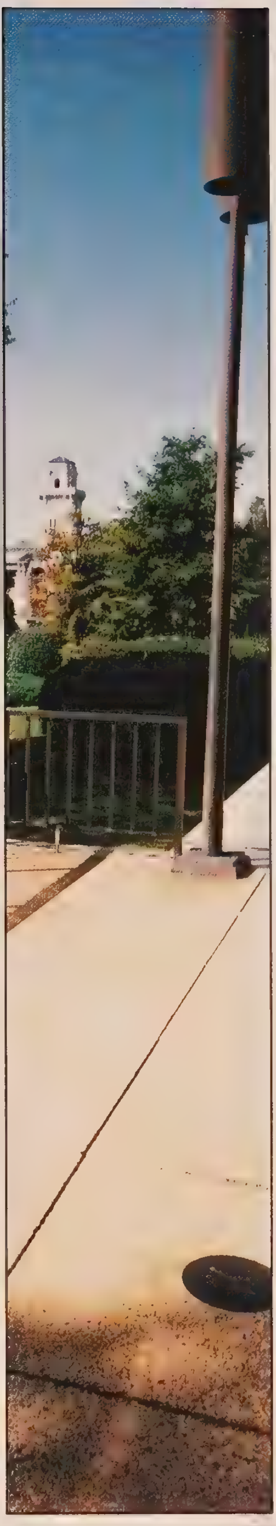
Bernadette S. Quattrone
Corning, NY
Surface Warfare

B.S. Quattrone came to the academy hoping it would teach her organization - not the case. We are still looking for glasses, keys, that damn pro-book, and of course the RIGHT MAN. Should it be Dave, Bill, Greg, Jimmy, or maybe a Mac tonight...husband thief! Ask Bo, he knows best, or maybe 4/C Quattrone knows best. "Can I come back drunk, in black shorts, spitting pretzels, and after taps? I'll ask Nana Adae." Detti, you have always graced us with your voice whether it be in the shower or on the stage. Detti and Ali saw the world together; Detti and Steph saw their food together. You are the "Queen of the Fairies", a great roommate, and a best friend. We love you, A & S. PS, You can't get AIDS that way!!!!



Michael G. Rosenbaum
Shaker Heights, OH
Submarines

It is tradition at the United States Naval Academy to have the following biography be written by a close friend. Since those whom are unquestionably more knowledgeable than myself have decided that tradition is more an Achilles heel then a standard to be lived up to, I have decided that I too am justified in breaking with tradition. The person who should have written this paragraph is no longer a midshipman, he will not graduate with the class of 1994 and may not be included in this book. If his name is taken out it is included here. Jim Maclaughlin was a good friend and I wish that things could have worked out better for him. Good luck Jim, and good luck to everyone else who ends up a victim for deciding to come here.



Kevin James Rowe
Aurora, CA
Submarines

Kevin rolled into usna with salt on his shoulders. he managed to be a perfectly generic plebe for one semester until chuka got a hold of him. ever since the spangster, he has sailed rough seas in the lip service business. 3/c cousin rowe set the record for most hours slept during finals week. 2/c rowe became four-o rowe as well as an international don juan in both sweden and mexico. 1/c blues man put his efforts into blowing things and making noise at the same time. he sweated his way into and out of a successful nuke interview and is on his way to florida for poopy suit prep. it must be mentioned that he has been robbed of color man ever since plebe year and has yet to make his rack for the emperor. rowe gets the best grades, wins the most awards, and chews nail while the rest of the mids chew cotton candy. go rowe dive deep.

Timothy J. Schulmeister
Mililani, HI
Navy Pilot

Timmy "The Emperor" came to the Academy from Northwestern with a tan, blonde hair, claiming to be a great surfer from Oahu who really grew up in BEAVER! Coming to fly, he got the P-Cola Jeep, 1001 allergy shots and a waiver--off he's going to be someone else's SIX semester(ETERNITY!) roommate with the coke stains, snorin', rockin', and smackin'--the rack'll never be the same! Then came the women--WOW, just one free semester!!: J then J (Lord Vader!) with the PSYCHO women intermingling: ADM.'s Daughter(e-mail), Tonya(2%?), Chicago(??), Glee Club in general. He liked plebe summer SOO much he did it 3 times: his squad, the Sensitivity Squad, loved him! The Schoolmaster's a single-minded, lolling-tongued, guitar player with a Newscaster-perfect hairdo; one day he'll learn how to tie a tie, gain some weight, get a chest!! GOOD LUCK, WE LOVE YOU!!! EAA & JRH.

Eric Laverne Severseike
Radcliffe, IA
Submarines

Eric "Bottom-Gun, gorilla, Garboy, Rack-hound, Dunleavy" Severseike was an instant attention getter for Flecker Plebe summer. Yet, his highest rent times of tearin' it up were at the Best Western in Parkersburg and attempting to take a nap in uniform in the shower after rubbing elbows at the Alibi. Bermuda's jailbait and waterbalooning goat-court was the avant GARde 3/C year as well as burning holes in Broncos. 2/C year sleeping in the trunk after "Rosey" lost it, mailman's 7th wing delivery, shavin'it clean, in the head with the red-headed-wildebeest and calling to Ralph off the stern of the Spirit after Ring Dance. 1/C year the N-Jaguar, pea-shooter, courting SHE-MAN, and post Tally-Basher toilet cleaning. A/N 93 he flooded Giants stadium with more tears. Thanks Mrs. S. for those half stale packs of gum. Have fun down below breathin' out 'ya ears. DFS VWA

Daniel Francis Sheridan
Newark, DE
Navy Pilot

Dan Top Gar, Beefcake, Dragonslayer, Mr. Label, I Never Signed That List, Sheridan at one time played every sport for Navy. 3/C year, he hooked his All-American. The love was worth the weight. Hey Dan, ever get rid of that fungus you picked up in Jamacia? Dan tried an all-out air attack on Peru, only to find that his war chest was empty. Dan's best friend at the Academy was the mirror. He always got a good laugh from it. He's also Navy's top secret Spike Webb award winner. Putting that 'D' qual to work? Remember the ring dance? You gave a whole new meaning to sea sickness. Although the football team couldn't, Dan beat Army two years in a row; I bet that white trash woop still has a dented fender. Your'e probably still tearing it up down on Carolina too. Always check your 6; We'll, or at least one of us will be right there. VWA ELS

Alison Jane Thompson
Auburn Hills, MI
Marine Corps Pilot

Alison, Ali, Oopster, Alicat, or should it be Alley, as in Army-Navy football plebe year. What's become of this innocent girl? Skinny dippin, PD, even her underwear is getting racy. Ali wanted to do it all, and though it meant many late night papers, she did. ATU, soccer, glee club, 2/C commander, and track. She still had time to go to D1W1...you almost made it to the head. You always liked those marine types..ring dance, Kevin, and of course Neanderthal man. You finally decided if you can't beat them join them and became a marine yourself. You will finally get some big toys to play with, no more wooden gliders. Best of luck always, give them Hell. Love, D & S. PS Don't dust too many floors.

Matthew Oliver Watt
Warren, PA
Marine Corps

Boy, Matt, you have had a truly tortured Academy life. Between Amy and Sable, your social life hasn't been that much better. Looking forward to your graduation, 4/C Watt? At least you get to listen to your stereo, even though some enlisted guy has all of your CDs. You and the Navy - Full Speed Ahead! What can I say? Between being unsat and on plebe privileges, you can never seem to make it off the yard. That has its benefits, though - two brigade boxing championships and the fabled Spike LEE award. At least we have a lot of pictures from the days when company officers went home at 11 am and youngsters had unlimited weekends. Well, Matt, at least you can hang out with the Marines on your LSD. You can, like, lift with them or something. Your destiny is to dive - you'll be spec ops yet. Lothar.

Brent Frederick West
Winnebago, IL
Submarines

Never has a human being ever experienced a more dramatic metamorphosis than B.F. West. Who would have guessed? Once the innocent suburbian midwesterner... now the hardcore mosh master of both Heaven and Hell. TOP OF THE MORNIN TO YA! BF, did you leave something in India lately? Get sick of an unsuccessful darksiding career? Wanker! Perhaps nobody in the class of 94 gets more computer junk mail than BF. OH NO! It's another PC World catalog! I'll give him credit, though - he's possibly the nicest human being alive - you know, the kind of guy you'd trust on a date with your sister. She'd have to ride in the back seat, though, because his calves would be sitting shotgun. Brent, you're a true kamikaze (you've had enough of them, in any case). Get off that grenade, Brent! IT'S A LIVE ONE!! (Thanks, Karl). Lothar.

Jay Lance Woodruff
Saint Petersburg, FL
Naval Flight Officer

Jay, Woodrow, Woody, Wood, Pooh Bear. His list of names is wider than his shoulders. Jay came as a cocky prior Nuke, and quickly endeared himself to his upperclass. Many pushups later, he still thought Edge needed an extraction. Knew the bars in town before we stopped saying "sir." Cheering helped his date book, hurt his image. Even caused him to go bald, briefly. Only lighter in the company youngster year. Protramid was good, batting .571 in P-cola not bad. "T" stopped the streak, wound up ending his career. Sorry about the Thanksgiving jinx; watched "The Godfather," almost saw it again. Dan finally calculated JT^2. Last pick in the room draft wound up coming out big. Three amigos inseparable until the end, you never could make us understand. Went 'FO, finished as XO. Thanks for not asking me to be best man. PLM

7th
COMPANY
CHALLENGER

Christopher Dale Baker
Herndon, VA
Marine Corps

CDB comes from what he thinks is the center of the universe, San Diego. Little did he know that in two years his parents would use their better judgement and move to the East coast, also known as "God's country." He worked his way through the rigors of plebe summer, especially trying to hide dirty clothes in his desk drawer during formal room inspections and trying to motivate his roommate. NOT! CDB lost his true love at the end of plebe year, only to become quickly reacquainted with an old friend, Jose. He has had a sparkle in his eyes ever since. Then came 2/C summer in which he did detail. Through his hard work in training Conway, he received a free, non-chargeable weekend: "1-2-3, I wanna see the Chaplain!" Then came firstie year, where as XO, he "technically outranked his classmates." Good luck in the Marine Corps. Give 'em hell! CLS

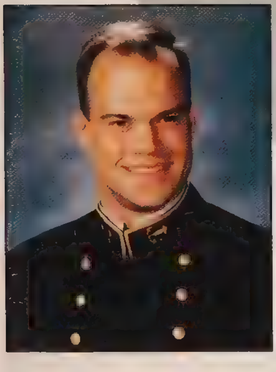
Matthew William Bancroft
Redding, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

His name is Matt! Attitude. We found out how big Matt's was when he answered "Yes!" to "Think you own this place, Pleber?" Attitude made Matt a legend throughout the brigade, especially Mac D Hall where Matt spent countless hours with that cult of basketball creeps (Balow, Kozak, Blake): now his ripped blue-rim hangs! When 7th company's standards weren't equal to Matt's he found solace on 7-4 with 14th: half the standards, twice the company. Matt's standards were so special, forced to change roommates and under the sharper eye of our new CO, he was realized for what he truly was; an A performer?? (Good thing they couldn't see the permanent marker stains youngster year.) If Scull could've been here for sword fights in their underwear, and Paul could've kept Matt up past 12:06 for music, maybe just maybe Matt would've...not graduated? All things happen for a reason. Good luck, Banner. Yarch!!!! Petey & Cleavon

Christopher Luke Bradner
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

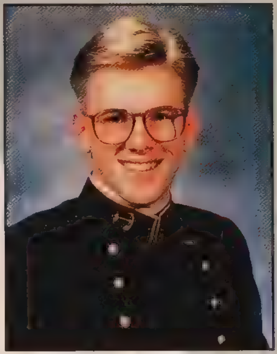
Annapolitan CLB had a tough time accepting the confinement of the Naval Academy wall. Plebe year (Leigh) provided more liberty than he was allowed firstie year. His third 4/C semester came about when he lost the supervision of Prada. He frequently demonstrated his awesome physical abilities: self control on the plebers floor, driving skills in Philly, skiing skills at that bowl in Taos. His true talent came on the lacrosse field, the offensive side. Too bad his aim with the darts is not as good as the lacrosse balls. Always one to find a party, but not always welcomed to stay he kept ties with his corrupted friends Dax and Andy. If Bradner ever gets out of the Navy or finishes his class projects (which ever comes first), he'l be famous for his juggling act: sure got enough practice @ the Academy. OH, FAG-GOT! CS, MB, CP, PP.

Gerald J. Burghardt
Yarmouth, ME
Navy Pilot

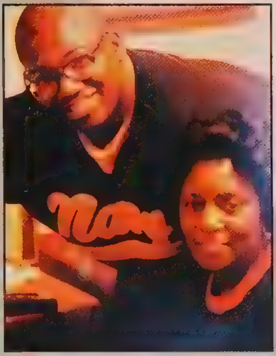


Tackleberry came to mighty Bancroft from Germany via Maine. Engaged prior to plebe summer, but soon filled his membership in the 98% club. Immediately put Blue Angels posters up. Great fashion sense. Computer issue-"Oh, it's just like Christmas!" Plebe Year- Hair loss, WRNV, new computer (Gerry, you paid too damn much!!) King's Dominion--American headlights don't turn off by themselves. Youngster year- Hair loss, music (I still have more), Comp Sci (his true calling), NMex and AJ. 2/C- Hair loss, cellular phone, Audi, more Comp Sci (Gerry, it's operator error), Ring Dance blind date and interception (see MKJ), MG, MG at McGinn's with roommate, MG again. Firstie year- Hair loss, ANOTHER computer (you paid too much again!!), MG...PCola ASAP, real phone, pilgrimage to Deutschland with Supe, another M, too many jobs, detail, stripes (you wake up too early). "Suck bowls." Fly Navy (thank God you'll have a navigator). KEH MKJ MRN MTG

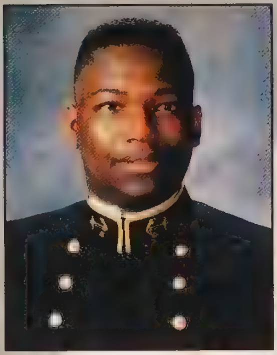
Kyle James Colton
Smethport, PA
Surface Warfare



When I hear "Four Years by the Bay", I think of four years of great memories. Youngster year, you were inventing new sports, like trash can diving in Norfolk, or seeing who can lay still for the longest period of time (which happened to be the same night). That same year, we found our way up to Hood College and you discovered yourself, along with Kahlua, Koh's sink, & the Marine Corps? After two pairs of glasses, and the aid of some super glue, you were ready for second class year. You continued to demonstrate your cool, mature attitude with Tubridy, Jose and a certain University of Maryland teddy bear. But 1994 was to be your year. You would become 7th Company Commander and an even better friend. I will treasure our four years together as roommates, and I wish you the best of luck in all that you do! Hope to see you and Amy in Hawaii. JMR



Tremayne Gerard Criner
Bellwood, IL
Surface Warfare



Tree hails from Chicago and brings a unique outlook to the academy. He's a Napster that just won't quit and always seems to know what's RGO. One can't forget his James Brown and Blues Bro imitations plebe year. Tree has a certain sense of style that is uniquely his own, not to mention his English. With Firstie year the shaft mascot and Kilroy became a slogan within the company. His squad logo the "Bushwicks" is nothing but a G-thing. As a manager tree was there for the football team making a difference. What did you do all those hours in the FB lockerroom? Tree plays a mean game of hoops even if his jump shot's not as good as in his younger days. It almost goes without saying the Old School is still the Old School and Tree is still Tree both are in a class to themselves that will never go out of style. MJE MRN MKJ KEH GJB CEH

Russell Andrew Crow
Oakwood, GA
Navy Pilot

"Which way did he go...Georgia?" Russ was one of those "good ol' boys" (gyu gyu gyu!) that didn't believe there was a world north of Dalton. Owe your life eternally to the Curtijant for the HOOK, though you may later find that you are somehow related to her. Never forget the great times with Bony and Roberslob, plus the plebe year WWF matches on 8-4. Buy any great gun racks lately? How'd you like all those years of WPOC? Demerit free but still had 4/C privileges for a week. Handyman almost lost a diamond ring as he proposed over a waterfall, way to go CROW! "Duh, which way??" The only one who saw (GREEN) death over plebe summer. Remember any

Mark Jason Early
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

THINGS THAT MAKE EARLY GO HUMMMM!
-MARK ASKS TREE WHAT TIME IS NOON FORMATION AS THE NOON BELL SOUNDS(HE IS **MARKED LATE** NOT **MARKED EARLY**).-HOW MARK CAN GET OUT OF A SUPT'S CALL DUE TO SOME CSTORM TECHNICALITY(STOP IT YOU'RE USING IT AGAINST ME)-GETTING NORTHAM 3 SEMESTERS IN ROW FOR 'EE'.("THEY'RE WEEDING ME OUT")-CONVINCING NFCU BANK THAT THEY CHEATED HIM OUT OF 2 PENNIES EVERY FOUR MONTHS(CHEAP !!!) -COMING UP WITH A NEW TECHNIQUE OF PROVING HIS ROOMMATE WRONG (DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT IS!!)-DOING A JAGMAN ON MARK ON WHY HE HAD TO KILL THE FINANCIAL OFFICER FOR MAKING INTEREST ON THE NEW FIXED PAY SYSTEM(HE'S CHEAP!)- BECOMING THE ACADEMY'S FINANCIAL ADVISOR IN TEN YEARS-RING DANCE DATE(GOT HER FROM A BAR)-THE RING DANCE KISS !!!!
TC KEH MRN MKJ GJB CEH MTG

Michael Taylor Gardner
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

Gardner joined us as a 110 lb stud from Charleston. After surviving his plebe summer roommates and the rest of plebe year, Mike got bored and decided to visit NYC--midweek. His numerous hours in the hall following his trip were met with several unsuccessful attempts at imitating Darth Vader. His 19th birthday resulted in a late night swim and an early morning meeting with the Colonel. After timed served, he made a legal trip to upstate NY where he found that skis are not easy to stand on. 1/C year brought him detail, the best shoes in the regiment, and an eternal drill billet. Mike--never lacking for female companionship, always lacking the female relationship. Never forget: chins, sustacal, restriction, leave watches, Thor, Guns, wings at O'laughlins, dome lights, parking brakes, antennas and Buddy's. Will we ever go hiking??? Stay cool and please stay out of trouble. MKJ, MRN, KEH, CEH

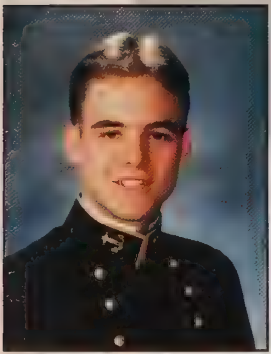
Brian Paul Goldschmidt
Minot, ND
Navy Pilot

Goldy arrived at USNA by riding the setting sun and has done things backwards ever since. During Goldy's first-class year, he was a first-class representative of North Dakota citizens complete with boots, belt buckle, hat, duster, and pickup truck. We learned a lot from Goldy. We learned how to run ten red lights in DC, in Navy vans without getting caught. We learned why they call the flatbed of a truck, a flatbed and how comfortable they are when passed out, and that living with Cleavon could get anyone into trouble. Goldy, that little son-of-a-zoomie, went three near flawless years at the Academy, but after moving in with Cleavon, he copped an attitude. Fortunately, Goldy learned the error of his ways and realized to reach his full potential he must follow the path laid by his idols, CDR Cajones and M/LCDR Petite.Fly Navy, Ayyahh.Cletus

Keith Edward Hartman
Wadsworth, OH
Surface Warfare

"Fleet Admiral" hails from Wadsworth, Ohio, via the fleet. His tall tales of "Been there, done that in the Phillipines!" and his neanderthal greetings of "UNNNGHHH!!" made him infamous. During youngster year, Keith started his loving relationship with his rack. "Fleet Admiral" developed a talent for waking up fifteen minutes before an exam, writing out his gouge sheet (still authorized then) and still getting an 'A'. Keith developed a habit of "snaking" best friends' girlfriends (Jim at home & McGinns backseat episode). 2/c year- KEH found and somehow seemed to keep Heather despite frequently putting his foot in his mouth. 1/c Year found him as MISLO, Log Editor and "motion-sick" after tough nights at Lulu's. Keith will leave the Academy as a Surface Warfare Officer, Great Storyteller, expert in everything, uncoordinated as Hell and deeply in debt. Good Luck from all of us, GJB,MRN,MTG,MKJ.

Curtis Edward Holiway
Harriman, TN
Navy Pilot



Curtdog came from a small town in Tennessee. He wasn't sure which town, it changed about five times without his house ever moving. Was it Kingston? Harriman? Oak Ridge? Knoxville? Way to confuse your classmates. Then there was his famous cadence "Left foot right I KNOOOOWOOW, Oh oh you know I knoWOOOH!" Later, Curtis lost his identity as he went from Curtijant to CurtXO to Curtoon Commander then finally back to Curtijant. He could always be found making it back from Towson at 2359.999! Curtis, can't your parents send us more food. We're starving here! Hope that you will keep getting Christmas cards from your HUGE secret admirer on 8-3. Make sure that you tape off before your wedding night. Beth might inspect you. You ultimate sweat. By the way, when are you going to get the Heishman trophy? Just remmember don't eat ice cream down in New Orlean unless......with Quinn. CHY, RSK, KGQ, RAC

Christopher Jon Howard
Bridgeton, NJ
Surface Warfare

This great outdoorsman came to Annapolis from the bowels of New Jersey after a brief stint with rot-see hell-bent on "flyin' the fast movers" and pursuing a EE degree with masochistic devotion. It was soon after arriving for I-day that he learned with horror that females were here. "Damn ...," someone recalls hearing him say, "this changes everything!" Chris spent the next couple years in self-imposed restriction sweating over EE books and occasionally being heard say, "HEY!! I'm tryin' to study!" When Chris got out though, his unwinding was a whirlwind of wine and women. Remember DC, Swedish nannies, Cisco Park, and other legendary escapades too obscene for print. It's a shame medical wouldn't let you higher than the pilot house. Stay cool and kick ass. JDS

Michael Kenneth Jones
Corning, NY
Oceanography Option

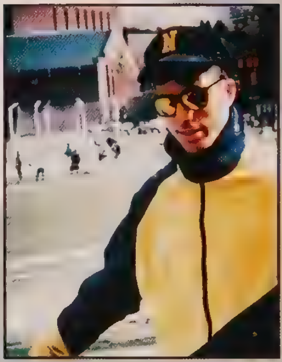
Jonesey, arrived from the glasstown of Corning. Plebe Year found MKJ as Ex-Lax and with a fortunate eye level, depending on the 2/c. "EYES IN THE BOAT, JONESEY!" Youngster Cruise found MKJ viewing the side of a YP upside down. Ac year paved the road to eternal Dean's list with easyography and a failed attempt with Space Cadet. 2/c Year brought wings at O'Laughlin's, Ring Dance Fieldgoal attempt, Ring Dance Hail Mary(Kelly), Ring Dance Interception(GJB), dead Mustang at TSU, Breakfast Club, Tree-hugging, and wakeups with Too Tall. As a Firstie, MKJ enjoyed sleighriding, the Deb Ball, Halsey Laps, Parking Privs, a romantic evening with the "Linebacker", Supt's Stars, and numerous trips to the Farrells . His positive attitude was a model for all to follow. By the way "Did Barchi ever grant you carry-on?" Go Sabers, Go SWO, Go Weather! MRN,KEH,MTG

Stephanie Price Kogler
Findlay, OH
Surface Warfare

Steph comes to us from the whiteland of Ohio. She learned to tie her boots at Devil Dog and after the squadron officer call and pokadots the MC will never be the same. With Youngster year came Friday nights- we'll leave it at that. She met her true love, and Dr. Pepper. HoJo's was fun. Spring Break introduced us to the art of film making. Buffett ended the year. 2/C year brought us all closer and I found it took 4 pillows to sleep in Mexico. A yard of beer? Her love for kids and mornings will always be remembered as well as New Jersey and our DC episode. What does Aye aye mean anyway? 1/C year brings Detail???, her only conduct flaw, and soccer-without a brace? Her birthday brought 6 foot beer bottles and the Deee J stand. I couldn't have made it without you, you're the best! See you in Norfolk! KMH

Robert Soonsuk Koh
San Diego, CA
Submarines

Potassium Hydroxide. Spanky's lighter by the rack, Midstore shopping sprees in PE gear, "Hey, Gadner!!!" -Los, HO boards with Curjitant, "Mr. Croh....yes sir, yes sir!...Tell me something I don't know!" Jacobson's ladder. Life with Witter from Derrider and WPOC. Youngster wardroom! Blues-n-stoagies on balcony. Too good of a time @Trenton State, Fresh-roast-teeth with Hong and Kevin in London. EM nights. "You sarcastic...." NO247, hood, He finally made it to Wilson after going AWOL at Notre Dame with Kevin. By the way, why don't you show us your rash? Show us not Showme. He still claims that he saw Miki first! That was a lot of fun at Guadala Harry's! Pick up your tab next time! Rob, get a new bucket for Curtis! Don't miss your sub like you missed your flight down in Pensacola. Hope that you find your Ariel, Princess Jasmine and Beauty! CHY, KGH, RAC, CEH



Matthew R. Niedzwiecki
West Milford, NJ
Navy Pilot

Nedz hails from West Milford, NJ by way of NAPS. He always found his way into stripes somehow (NAPS, Plebe Year, 2/C CO and finally 3 as a firstie) Who says there is no halo effect? When he wasn't lobbying for stripes he found himself running around in circles and earning stars. 3/C year we lost Nedz forever to the infamous "townie". His relationship has run smoothly ever since except for escorting a 16 year old at the Deb-ball. This still hasn't kept him from taking the final plunge (bye bye Nedz). A memorable or less than memorable trip to Bob+Jeff 2/C year allowed Nedz to paint 695 on the return trip. "Whoaa Nedz not good!!!!" He spent all of his loan on his car---the '80 Volare. He's now off to be a helo pilot---who would have thunk? MKJ,MTG,KEH,GJB,CEH

Christopher A. Peterson
Chicago, IL
Surface Warfare

Passion was his fashion, or was fashion his passion? Often mistaken as Morrisey, in 4 years this genius mathematician earned almost as many nicknames as he did demerits--Petey, SSSSStevenson, Black Adder (what a machine, nobody is badder), Ford Time Lord. While raising 2 pets (Tantor & KLF), he developed a love for snow activities (permanently shown on his face) and fine wine (Cisco Park), and stayed in shape with the Greystoke workout. Able to fall asleep any where (Smith's Car), he was easily awakened with a gentle touch of the neck. This cosmopolitan freak added life to all of us over the years with his humor, insanity, chemical inbalance, disco inferno, and almost believable stories from Chicago (evil kid). Poor Wagai, with him and the hole. Take care of him Nicky, you have something very special (& different). Good luck, you are the Fist of NorthStar. -Your apprentices. CS, MB, JS, PP, CB.

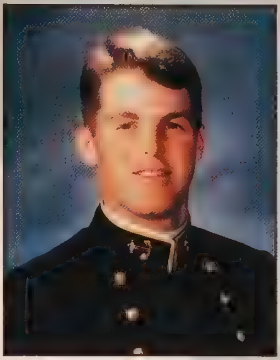
Kevin George Quinn
Churchville, PA
Surface Warfare

"Mr. Quinn, why the %&*$ would I have your summer whites?" A. Lawless as a lifetime fan....the legend of sleepy Holiway, 8-3 room next to Charlie's Angels. Great times at Hood, got anything in the drawers? Col. Dad: "Now wait just a gosh darn second!!!" Dahlgren hops where you received lifetime passes w/ HEY MIKI!!!! after getting dissed the first time, though! Made it 3 and a half years with the Chessmaster and the Curjitant. Would have been less if Hong would have kept his streak going. Remember free vacations in Europe with Hong (Hotel St. Germaine, never have a better time, not even your honeymoon!!!) and Rob ("Big Ben, Parliament..." A tragedy curtailed a professional soccer career, but not one as the captain of a championship racquetball team. "Triangle Man, Particle Man..." Bermuda...chick? Hooking up Hong BIG time for the Fall Formal. No car, no chicks, no fun into -> no Miki, no fun, PERIOD!!! CHY, CEH, RSK, RAC

Justin Martin Reeves
Oklahoma City, OK
Oceanography Option

J-man started his academy journey in the front leaning rest by,"Waiting for his classmates, Sir." Sparky had a very special relationship with a certain Dodger Right Fielder. At the end of the first 6-weeks J-man's grades were worse than mine. This would be the 1st and last time. His youngster year began with the opening of the 8446 wardroom and (X-rated) cinema. Youngster year also saw the beginning of the RACKMAN saga, which has become a trilogy. Somehow during the three year hibernation, J-man has found time to turn our room into Radio Shack by purchasing tons of audio-video equipment and movies. During his first class year, Sparky has gone from mild mannered midn to Marlboro Harley Davidson Man. You are a true friend and will be a Superior Naval Officer. Good luck with your career and continued success with the ladies. KJC

Mark Alexander Schafer
New Hartford, NY
Special Warfare



Fellow member of the Brotherhood! Two-time national champion and the stroke who I followed to the IRA Gold in 1992. So many memories, maybe someone will tell us about them. The tradition, takin' care of business. OARLOCK '92- Cavemen take over the D1W1.Herndon '92:Aaaruuugah,Aaaruuugah, SCHAFER. Army/Navy: dangerously close to DARKSIDE. UVA Excursions: the Taurus "I just threw some mud on it." Sigma Phi Epsilon-loosely translated to *all friends of Chico welcome.* "You're always right Schafer!", "Man, hook me with Amber." Too bad you had to resort to the Air Force. Colorado: NY's w/the Boys, Ashley, sleigh rides, "I got fourteen!", embarrassing Val & me(O.C.) on slopes, Schafer Graphix, Beaver Trap/Liquors. 21st at Ruuudy, countless nites at Griff's, Benfield's, LuLu's, Tomb's: Nurse at GU and makin'sure we both went home alone and all those others that may preclude any career aspirations. Good luck with SEAL's. CSP

Lisa Johanna Schule
New Glasgow, Nova Scotia
Marine Corps

Lisa...a chocolate lover? (nah) Dropped out of the Canadian sunset on a horse called Bayzjon (why not name him Spot?) into the powerlifting gym to whip us into shape. The fourth roommate we didn't really mind, but if you two EVER pass that laugh onto your kids...kids?? Don't even think you're getting silver...how 'bout a round for your Browning? No, you're getting AUTO SHOP LESSONS for your Marine Corps all-terrain (always broken? nah) vehicle. We know the real reason they made you training officer...don't worry, we didn't take your KISS OF MINT for granted...and we know 'Manly' (who REALLY named him?) didn't either! Oh, Corey Everson, we're forever grateful that you came up here to hide with us...you brought more blond hairs for Desa's weave than Karyn could ever brush out! WELUVU LISA EVANS (or is it Jane Doe?) - DLB,KJS P.S. How did you get back from Hammerjack's? GJB,KEH,JMR.

James Patrick Screen
Baton Rouge, LA

James P. Screen III, Cajun Spice. From the Bayou to NAPS and then to USNA. J.P. came into Plebe summer the ragin' Cajun. #80 will always be remembered for 4 great football seasons and some of the greatest hits on the highlight films (Notre Dame '92). Jimmy's love life jumped for Southern models to searching Mother Bancroft for dates and back to his Southern sweethearts. Jimmy's Southern charm got him well acquainted with the USNA brass (for good and bad) and being one of the few true Clinton fans got him an occasional trip to the White House. "Jimmy, where's the *&%$! toothpaste cap?" It's been a long bumpy road but Jimmy Screen will always be remembered for being the great person, friend, and roommate that he is. Best of luck to you Jimmy. --MAS

NAVY
NAVY
4
NAVY
5

Cleavon Smith
Baldwin, MS
Supply Corps

Whoever said you can take the boy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the boy didn't know Cletus. He evolved from a country poke (Baldwyn, MS?) into a budding poet, music & drama critic, football star, and of course, a fine wine connoisser (T-bird, the rascal of the vineyards). His intellect is not all that grew. Being stuck here for summer school X 3, Jugurtha made the most out of his time--all nighters at Andy's before 5:30 workouts, uninvited (invited) guests in the room (Peg), Lolapalooza. Too bad he couldn't spend some of that energy studying. With late-night darts, 1206 club, SimCity, 9:30 Club, and mid-week trips (is Steve working?), Cleavon made an art out of putting off school. Its a shame it ended so soon. What we been had, OH! CLB, MWB, CAP, PAP.

Chad Lynn Sweazey
Palm City, FL
Surface Warfare

"That's an F-14, you moron!" With those words, Chad's glory years at WVU magically disappeared. For him, plebe summer was a time to learn who rated outside benches, and why you don't laugh at squad leaders who buy lame music. Some struggled with youngster academics;, Chad struggled with his computer golf swing. He also embarked on a three-year journey to catch up on the sleep he missed as a plebe. While two years in Seventh Heaven (one with a mad-dog) are enough to drive any man crazy, frequent trips to Gas's and Harry's kept Chad sane. Chad's destiny with success is assured by his down-to-earth personality, the support of a very lovely fiancee, and the patience he showed with a certain roommate for three years. May your future be graced with fair seas and following winds (and an early morning mist to cover the amphibious assault). CDB

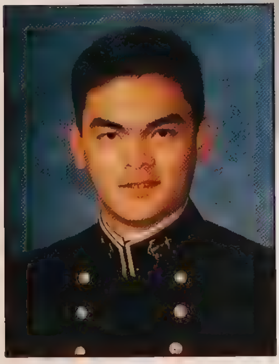
Jonathon David Sweeten
Turlock, CA
Navy Pilot

The guy who slept through plebe summer" was most likely dreaming of those Pensacola beachbabes or possibly 94 cent drafts at McGarvey's. After that year, his pet troll was never safe from ritualistic glue and cereal torture, burning at the stake, and the final act. Of course, none of this could dampen the young stallion's spirit, as there were more momentous endeavors awaiting on the second deck of Dahlgren. We will never know how he managed to maintain such academic excellence along with countless expeditions to the deepest depths of D. C., Fell's Point, Cisco Park and the endless train of local beauties! Good luck, get some, and I pity those who make you mad! CJH

Frank Carl Wittwer
Deridder, LA
Surface Warfare

After fixing toilets in Orlando, FW decided to give the Academy a try. Napster beating and sub painting. Youngster year brought systems classes, and away went the stars; or maybe it was: MS, TT, JM, SS, TM, DD. Reading sports pages in Kalme's class. He was unsat all second class year, just like ES (but still managed taking lots of WE's). DD in Thermo with GH (bagels, ma'am). DD in EE reading DG's mail from SL with CDR Mumbles (oops, he's not deaf!!!!). Knowles flame sessions (I love this guy!!; he reminds me of MGMcCoy). RSK cooperating in Bechert's class. Ring Dance with TM (why?!?!). Mini-BUDS (are you CRAZY?!) Where is that M-14 anyway? Weekends at the Mossers. Breaking promises to Dave (No, I swear this time). Out of company. Meeting girls while fencing (I do it for the competition). I love you, man. See you at SWOS!!! DMD

Chong Hong Yap
Petaling Jaya
Foreign National



TAC! The Chessmaster. PUKI LU! you modan. The only plebe who answered all his rates correctly, but only because no one could understand a word he said: "I don't dab dee da, do dell you". Took the football march-on command "Drop Trou" literally on Hospital Point. His excuse: cultural difference, which is actually cultural IGNORANCE. A pro at avoiding squash racquets but not so good at juggling three dates in one weekend. Classmate loyalty for having 3 roomates kicked out in one semester! Spending leave well, sleeping in parking garages in Paris, on laundry room floors in Germany, and in the walking alley of a train all the way through Spain. "Big Ben, Parliament..." Can never get enough American food...Shehah right! To be a top-notch SWO-dog after so many YP cruises. Regret that you didn't take that "first-class" offer in Halifax? CEH,RAC,RSK,KGQ

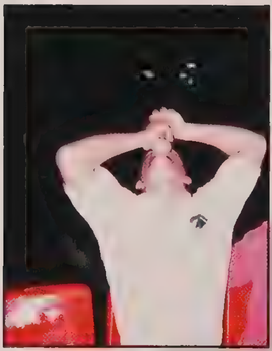
8th
COMPANY

Peter Leo Antonacci
Stamford, CT
Surface Warfare

Peter!?! (translated: Guido) BAMF-Loverboy came to USNA a married man. Whatever happened to Holly? The little green men grabbed her, Pete. I learned to love PA's descriptive/disgusting nature. With women on his mind, I'm surprised Pete ever passed. The foundation was laid with C.Smith, the rest is USNA history (you,DEB,RW). But that wasn't the only brotherhood of flesh Pete formed (MR). "I just love your company./ Yea, Eighth Company." Never did I meet such a hairy beast. "Pete, can I shave CSORM into your back?" The consummate Dark-sider, Pete soon found Julie. You want me to what? Didn't you see the Diamond-Vision? What was that guy screaming, anyway? You know we love you, Pete. We learned a lot. Best of luck at SWO's and with Julie. Keep a room open for us in your love shack. Your brothers, Ratboy, Biggus, Schpago, and Schnabs

Roy Frank Bartkovak
Houston, TX
Supply Corps

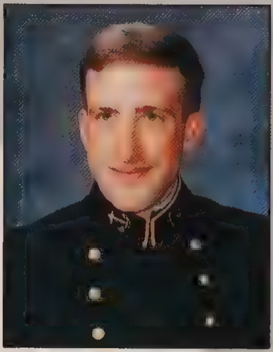
Well Bart, its been a long time coming. You've always seemed to do things the hard way. Started out '93, made the switch to '94 after your first youngster year. Extra year of everything, especially swimming. Double shoulder reconstruction. Hey whats the bottom of the pool look like? Marathon summer cruises and summer school. Lost a few close to you. Rest in peace Sarah. I love you always! Tough billets, little recognition. President of Dolphin Club, Sec of Pistol. By the way, why did they go club. 2 'Supts, 3 'Dants. Yeah Roy I think you wrote the book on doing things the hard way. Between guns, knives, and CDs, you ran out of money to buy a car. Dreams through NAPS of going Nuke (NOT! OOM still applies). Supply Corps Baby! "Easy" second semester class year? Not if you figure in all the B.S. he's put up with (Basic Stuff of course!). Almost got out of here in December. Hey, how do you get to Bethesda??? If you need it, Bart has it! If he doesn't, he can get it. Fair Winds and Following Seas Roy.... -DJG,RFB



David Edmund Bolduc
Hinsdale, MA
Engineering Duty Option

Mrs. B gave us this foul-mouthed, hairy Biggus from Budwieser MASS with 151 imprinted on his brain. From sitting, ripped in the shower for nearly an hour to a Quervo induced spit fest... we all know the rest. Next in the bellyflop contest...and the winner of the Garcia toss...Hey put down that funnel, you're up Dave. Frau Lover, the Bigfoot family, and Dave Mustaine didn't mix. "Ice-pick, your chicky-bac-bac's bringing friends? No thanx!" 0.008 is just enough to get Frank outta bed. "D-Qual???" C.Smith-and the triumvirate of lovin (PA,you,RW). Bermuda-Sponge: "Evening, occifer RALPH." Four years of pure hell with a hair helmet! "Dave, how'd you get that into the disk drive?" Google eyed Dave, Newport bound-Texas Jen will not pull you away from us. Beer Club-NOT! Drink one for us, and don't ever change. Schpago,Ratboy,Schnabs

David Charles Cox
Nashua, NH
Marine Corps



After 6 tortuous years including a year at NAPS, academic boards, 3 semesters of Probability and Statistics, bench membership on innumerable sports teams, and fleet time in the gymnasium of a carrier, Dave has emerged from the crypt to triumphantly receive his elusive commission. Along the way he danced down to 5-0 as Batt Ops, where he found solace both in the house of compsci and the friendly confines of Bancroft. Although he has forever jaded my opinion of all people from New Hampshire, I count myself fortunate to call Dave my friend. He is tenacious and loyal to those around him. He is currently headed to FFG-15 in Norfolk, but DC's dreams of the Marine Corps or the backseat of an airplane may only be temporarily on hold. Good luck in your final warfare specialty - you will go far because of your unique sense of self preservation and drive to succeed. -LJPL & DEF

Jason Ryan Embree
Huxley, IA
Surface Warfare

Every company has an enigma - Jason has been the 8 Ball's. This Cornhusker heard the call for good men and came east to the sea. Breezing through plebe year with top ranking did not exempt him from hardship; two stints on restriction, Ocean Engineering, and a food fight kept him close to the Hall. Fortunately, he was provided the Crash and the Lutzman show, Woopboy, and GR McDaniel in generous doses to occupy his time. One constant was JRE's unremitting admiration of women, although the proximity of those women changed. We always thought that Jason would service select olive green; he surprised us by returning haze grey and Aegis. He is a man of extremes; Jason has lived black and white inside of these grey walls. He knows no other gear than high and accepts nothing less than 100% excitement. His loyalty is legendary, as his truest friends understand after 4 long years. - LJPL

Gregory Leon Ezell
El Paso, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

Hey BAMF! Welcome to the East. Had this El Pasoan ever seen snow? From 1st w/Jasso to last w/Seif, gotta love that look. "Did you shove that whole burger in your mouth?" She's a manly looking lady! No, not Katie. "She's so cute", like Buster. The 1st black man without rhythm. Reaching for an $11,000 Slim Jim - eating a 5000 series Snickers. First blood drawn - fiery El Paso tempers. Monitors and covers are flying now! From subs to Marine Corps - dreams really don't come true. Ring Dance with Jen, did you ever pay Katie for that dress? Jen just can't CONTROL herself `cause "YOU'RE A HANDSOME BLACK MAN." Nov. 21, '93 -- picture perfect. EZ has 1 less life. We thought 2/c year was for flaming. "Tool cadence, delay the cadence...." Take taps lately? "If you were on fire..." The few, the proud, the only Marine from 8-ball. Semper fi! ECG CAH TJK KAT

Christopher James Fisher
Jamestown, ND
Surface Warfare

David Ellis Fowler
Morgantown, WV
Nuclear Surface

Dave walked barefoot from the hills of West Virginia (and his sister) into our lives. He had his jaw wired shut for two months youngster year but came back for more fieldball punishment as a firstie. In the interim, Dave found companionship both in and around the Academy. Dave may be the only Aero major to select surface by choice; he lost that lovin' feeling for aviation when he saw the nuclear navy glow green. He now heads for his Burke in San Diego. What sets Dave apart from other friends? Dave was always willing to listen and lend a hand when the walls of Bancroft were too constricting. Landing on batt staff as a triple striper surprised no one except those who thought he deserved more. Good luck to a guy who never knew any other way than the rules - you are a great friend. -AHM & LJPL

Ernesto Carlos Gamboa
El Paso, TX
Surface Warfare

Doo-Doo DAVE. (Translated: Fire-Crotch) Garcia came to us from the stormy city of Seattle with a NAPS reputation. A lover of fine beer and women, Dave consumed them the same way, thick and dark. An Alfred E. Newman look-alike, Dave hits the streets of Annapolis running with his under-aged friends. Behind St. Mary's playground, we joined the out-door drinking club. Hey Dave, call Cadence....DOOR! "I met this great Swedish Woman." Whatever, Dave. Turning 21 before us was your downfall. And, changing your major from PolySci to Mech-E...DOOR! Anyone for some Smith's tunes? It took you too long to find a compatible roomie. But, with Roy, smooth sailing all the way to SWOS. "How much for a train ticket back to Annapolis?" Spring Break '93, too much. "I wanna boiler-maker, with Guinness." Yak-Yak! Good-luck finding that "woman" in Newport. Ratboy,Starbuck,Guido

David Joseph Garcia
Seattle, WA
Surface Warfare

The favorite BAMF came to us from the infamous El Paso, Tejas - Juarez really. Plebe summer 2/C toy. Grimace aka Buddha aka Blacklung, but "You're not an animal, you're a Gamboa!" Plebe Summer meals were for eating, not puking and bathrooms aren't for sleeping, closets are. Scratch-`N-Sniff. More plebe carepackages than anyone, but never enough mayo. The living Soap Opera. Oh Cecilia, the song must be true, so were 5 F's and a D. Go Econ! Finally came "El Mustango", Trina más fina, and the brick, two big ones. AMEX, I'm there dude! Great wardroom diplomacy was his strength, but humility wasn't, GO COWBOYS! From Harriers to LPDs, EG never forgot his sense of style: Polos, Silk, Bass, Silk, & 5.0. Firstie year brought Amanda and more "love" than he could handle. All hype aside, EG was a true friend who always stood up for what he believed. Watch out San Diego! -JRE GLE KAT

Goddard Berry Hampton
Lousiville, KY
Surface Warfare

Boogie-Bear, time for Annapolis. Goddard was fine until, "Smiles sucks." He was Satan in a plebe's body, and we all felt the wrath. We forgive you, Boogie. Next test: room with B.J. and Jimbo. You're goin' to the Pit. Jimbo moved out and Jen moved in, enough said. B.J.-is it real or is it fake? "Boog, wanna go to Daytona with us?/Naw, Jen's coming to make wedding-plans." Wyatt Erp woulda been proud of your quick draw and straight shooting. Give ya a dollar for those picture frames, (no beer in-season) how about your golf clubs. Nice car, Boogie. What kind of oil does she take. "OIL?" Bleach-blonde hair? Sure thing Ken, where's Barbie? Let's go to Ram's Head, Boog. No, got a test. Buy you a "Snake-bite." OKAY. Tying the knot and Mayport bound. Good-luck, Brother.
Ratboy,Schpago,Biggus,Starbuck

Christopher Sean Hannan
Phoenix, MD
Surface Warfare

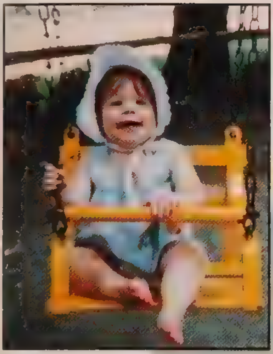
Christopher "Marge" Hannan: Four years together by Fells Point. Room 8142 spawned USNA's house of freaks with JQB. I thought V. was roommate #4. Chris became the poster boy for poor-study-habits. "How'd you pull a 3.5?" Sleep till libs was your credo. "Sometimes I feel like a woman." WHAT!?! We still question this one... but some new batteries did the trick. Refereeing tonight's drunken fight: CSH. Was the rematch any more fun? Then came Jenna. We thought V. was a mind game. How many batteries did that relationship call-for? "Rich are you asleep?/ Get away Stangl./ We're Okay, Jenna." Let Guido clean the sink. Chris, what's up with this shirt? Don't ask. Why's the shower so shiny? I don't know, ask it. An unlikely brotherhood grew from our friendship. Wouldn't trade it for the world. See ya in P-Cola!
Ratboy,Biggus,Schnabs,Boog,Schpago

Chester Alan Hom
San Francisco, CA
Surface Warfare

BAMFS Unite! Chester the Molester came to us from sweet San Fran via NAPS. Dontgetexcitedcausewecantunderstandwhatyouresayin! Speed speaker/spitter. Complex contractions - 45 degree look. Never could keep a straight face. Mundy's man, "Hey Hom!". Plebe room from Hell. No newspapers on uniforms and no twitching. Do the Chet walk, warm and cold. Ac trouble? CALC, EE? Remember, Physics is Phun. "Chester Hom is a fine marine..." Don't you have a car yet? Go Niners, don't let EG see you: tickle, tickle! Want another Long Island? You need a Pluh, what's a pluh? That's Cathy. 3JUL92 - passed out on the brow. Oooh Child - Oooh Crack Baby. The 3 B's. Hot buttered rum? Mmmmm! Wardroom Rep, LAST YEAR we had a wardroom mess! Good Gators though! Miss formation? 4/C Hom off to Germany. Norfolk over Alameda!?! Go LPDs! May your waters be calm, your watches short, and your sinks unclogged. Peace, GLE ECG KAT

Kevin Alan Jankowski
Northville, MI
Surface Warfare

Robo or Ski, came to us from Pollsville Michigan. Member of the 2% club- stayed with his honey. Good morning blue eyes. But Ski always found the time to go out with the fellas. NAPS, V-Tech, ECU, MSU, DC, we did it all. As with Nurse, we found being a lightweight runs in the family not only in football but also out in town. Despite the Cancun lotion on the face, Ski still managed to ascend to a SD Company Commander. The butter knife in Daytona, jackpot! TED/ Cali -Booze Cruise -the Deutschland trip, two bindings and a coke! I'm glad your still my friend after watering N-M Stadium-DJM. Hmmm, Hmm. Hey huge neck, where's your shoulders? Good luck on the Gladiator, Texas women and country music. You'll always be one of the "fellas." Best of friends. Go Big Blue! Cowboys that is.
Whopper,Jass,Schnabs.



Tara Jean Kalafus
East Granby, CT
Surface Warfare

No. 2 of 52, the pride of East Granby impressed us all. One hard working BAMF with one cute squad leader. Such compassion for Vern. Might I have some apple with that peanutbutter? Flo hook you up with that haircut? Roomtours with 160 demerits not one day served. How many thousand for going out on watch? PA that's not my back! Hackerson Sunshine. Chunkster cruise/year. You/Kent, closer and closer. Boogie and Brian backrubs. I'll be in 10. Now 8Ball. What happened after the Slippery Rock incident? Great bunch of firsties. How many in 93(GF/BP/ET) Me and you and B&L?NOT. Drunkin Weekends. Harry Brown's, Women's Head. Germany to Norfolk-AGAIN. 1st Team all-SWO. Then DUTCH. No V-club. Wedding Bells? First Pascagoula, you'll be out in no time roomdawg. BEST FRIEND I wouldn't trade one day and I wouldn't have made it without you. I love ya-CGM

Leland John Paul Lutz
Hampton, VA
Surface Warfare

The youngest man in the brigade, "Always Late" Lutz came to us straight from the Cleaver household. '91 had a special place in their hearts for the Regimental Jester and his walkman. Youngster year brought the Crash and the Lutzman show, the last Halloween food fight, and restriction for a foul room. Always a fan of Navy cheerleading, Lutzman graduated a great supporter of all Navy women's sports. Second class year, Leland's room was invaded by Todd the Woop Sprocket and sundry rotisserie thugs. Who would've guessed a retired D&B guideon would command Plebe drill champions? Firstie year brought four honor stripes and no accountability for our unsat hero. We thought Paul outdid himself with the Lutzmobile, a '57 Chevy, but then came a smaller, newer Burke. LJPL never let us forget the true meaning of life (baseball, women, pizza) and always stood fast to his ideals and especially his friends. -JRE, DEF, PAC

Anthony Howard Miller
Media, PA
Navy Pilot

Back in July of 90, Philadelphia sent us its finest, TBR. Tau Beta, Tony never found time to study, only rack or sail. In fact he holds the record for missing 5 straight weeks of class for the kissing disease he caught from some officer, no doubt. After trading his sporty car for something more "practical", true love finally caught hold for good with that "special dinner". In one semester, Tony fought the Tailor shop tooth and nail as he pioneered the striper ascension program. Yet despite his upward mobility, he never forgot his roomy, tagging him along with one less. As a systems engineer, AHM never broke a sweat, but inside Bancroft he never stopped. The final dilemma was service selection, what should I wear?; so you stole my major and I yours. Good luck in the air, but always keep your feet on the ground. Happy Robomating!! -DEF

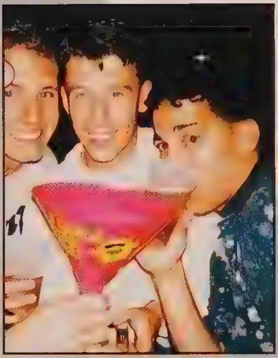
Catherine Grace Morgan
Stony Brook, NY
Surface Warfare

"I don't like girl hugs." "Formation goes at 1230 right?" Wrong again Vern. Try using tampons. PLEASE?! Yes sir, Mr. Jasso, I mean Dave, ummm....my boyfriend? Sorry Bill. Youngster J.G. to Youngster bliss. Are we really this stupid? I'm never going to drink. Clams and alcohol don't mix. Good God Amy, what died? MORGANA! Can I borrow....? Yea Stormy's! Simo, JT, soccer - chutley anyone?. Hey Coach, lipstick is meant for lips! Goodbye V-club. Boink leave us alone! Acyr 92/93 - 3 men down. Nice work blue eyes. Weekend drunk fests. I don't remember exactly... "You can't handle the truth!" That infamous blue couch. LJPL and detail. Monogamy on the rocks. Single at last. Brigade roving patrol. IGBOYZ - So many contenders. `Ted'. `Done'. Back o' the bus - no dorks allowed. `Gracie'. Lemon drops, Billy, rippin' of Flashdance. Chic-n-Ruth's, Jump da' wall. Yasta. Goodbye roomdawg. Always follow your dreams.
- TJK, JMT

Mason Lawrence Parker
Houston, TX
Nuclear Surface

Mark Jackson Raybeck
Plano, TX
Medical Corps

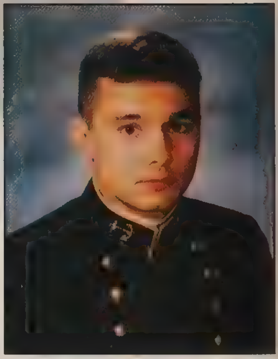
Marcus Raybackius/Starbuck to most, came to USNA via Camp Hill a hard-charging, short tempered-where are those airline tickets?-plebe. Come Herndon, nothing held him back, not even the top rack, with Chiquita and Dole stickers in order. Youngster year with BJ, where are the lights? Trips to Quig's, cheddar dancing, and partying with Brad at GW. 2/C year-the psycho sisters from hell-sorry! Once you'd tasted the Spra at 125 on 50 you had to do one better- Vette. Just another luer to add to your tackle box for nabbing (your favorite vocab word) chicks. Stories from SD-where did your clothes go? Over the guard-rail? Help that poor-boy...ROURKE! A secret of the dark-side, the light saber was always at hand. 4-Stripes? Army/Navy... where's your uniform Midshipman? Your turn to pick-up the tab....for once. Good-luck, Doc. BOOG



Michael Todd Schnable
Saint Louis, MO
Surface Warfare

What's the NAVY? Why you callin' me a plebe? The bow-legged, long-haired ogre came from the soccer fields of Missouri. Coach was all smiles until his .6. He started plebe year roping out windows for extra libs. "SHUT UP, GARCIA!" A part of Mikey left when BR took off. Ratboy, lets go to LULU's! How's the Jeep? Get it fixed yet? Rockets red glare, why you outta breath? Wrong way, here come those lights again. This test is hard! Gallantry got us into trouble, "Isn't that Rich's chick?" One N-star was enough, its time to party. "Kelly's in town, gimme a call at the Econo-Lodge." Sure, Mike. Bobby voice in a cave-man body. The woopin' at CU. "Oh, Mike your so brave./What's your name?" VH rules. Good look in SD! Watch out Navy, Zetta and Schnabs on the SIDES.
Ratboy,Schpago,Boog,Biggus,Ski,Whopper.

Paul Frederick Stangl
West Bend, WI
Nuclear Surface



The West Bend Iguana-man came to USNA a stud wrestler with high potential for stars. A blown-out knee and a few form-2's later found Stangl with only a perfect 4.0. Remember: SoCo slammin, bloody-eye, youngster's birthday, Army/Navy game, and The Green Turtle. Took it all in stride with a log per week, 4.0. What happened to your car, Schpago? RATboy did it? Any luck at CU this weekend? Who me, naw I got Twang. Anyone seen DC's date? "Turn-off the lights, I'm gonna light one." Let's stop and help this bum. "I'm done." Spring Break '93: enough said. A 21st birthday dedication and free pitchers from that waitress, WOW. (sorry to have to drag you away) Never one to get down, give no less than 110% work or play, a little advice: calm down before you spontaneously combust. Good-luck in Pearl, Arleigh. Brothers forever,
Biggus,Ratboy,Schnabs.

Kent Alexander Terrell
Irvine, CA
Surface Warfare

Rip Van Terrell, symbiosis with rack was achieved! (By the way, what does symbiosis mean?) KT sure loved his comforter. Rack. Can I get some baby oil in Georgetown for three? How 'bout some s. chocolate to cure that Jungle Fever? Or maybe a Swedish nanny? How do you say Kent with an English accent? KENTITO, the car that traversed 48 states, retired for the new California convertible BLAK KAT. Will we miss the 2 hour trek to Eastport every Friday? Involved in Gospel Choir and track? Rack. KT found religion second class year, making weekly pilgrimages to Catholic U. And who's your favorite singer--JANET!!! Rack. An Econ major that's always broke--but never too broke for Boone's, Colorado Bulldogs or crosses from Int'l Male. Well, you shocked even yourself by making Dean's List. Finally going back to Cali--we won't tell Visa you moved. GO BAMFS! -GLE, ECG, CAH, TJK.

Richard Michael Weeden
Fort Myers, FL
Navy Pilot

Ratboy flew to us on the wings of United to display his sack full of goods -never seen one bigger. Wheaton's wrestling wonder -where's the practice room? At Henry's with "Mickey" and the "Mad Dog" -an addiction was born! "Got a new one -need a racket."- another addiction born! Cotton briefs, what're they? Balls-a-flyin' toward one hot GEO. Beatings at the hands of JQB and those little girls on the beach -WOW. "I'll drive -sorry 6K $3000 later." MOJO's little bro. Proud member- CS triumvirate of love (PA.DB,you). Changing the ICOR of 8142 never looked better. Didn't know Illini were so good at catching critters- Watch this (crunch!)-One cicada down the tubes, possum...thump!, bat...drown'em, bird, Cletus. Many in 8-ball owe Richie their commissions- He always did it for us. Good luck in Pensacola, keep your pants on... watchout for crabs.
Schpago,Biggus,Schnabs,Marge,Guido

9th
COMPANY
ROFT HALL

Jason Andrew Abell
Harrisburg, IL
Marine Corps

Is your name Jason or Andy!!?? Harrisburg's Mighty Bulldog launched himself into USNA from the Illinois lands of Dog's with peach seeds and squirrels in socks. Armed with a stocked medicine cabinet, no ailment eludes him (except for his rhinoceros-like snoring!). In a nutshell... recon/Abell/fence/fall/break. "Abell quotes" --finishing second is like relieving in dark pants, feels good but nobody notices. No meathead ever took Laura away from you. Turning 21 - "the tape", a week without underwear gave plebe view of Company Woolly Mammoth (man has hair!). Judo-- saw a box? Gymnastics-how? Swimming--rocks float better. Abell adventures - Christmas tree, Gettysburg. CoCDR, the Major needs to see you real quick?. Youngster year table talks and late night proofreadings by Navy's poet laureate won't be forgotten. With his unique style and determination, Full Metal will undoubtedly lead men and capture his own moment in history. SJD TME

Arnold Bandolon Alqueza
Madison, MS
Submarines

The FOB floated over to us from the PI and Mississippi. Plebe Summer was enjoyable!? Try excruciating. Who's that guy up after taps? “Whatever happens don't get 19th Company....” Youngster year, Double-A hooks up with his partner-in-crime. Picked up this crazy idea about going Corps, “Comp-Sci, Do or Die, Semper fi!” Detail--it's amazing he didn't get put up for HAZING!! Who's that turkey barking over there? Arnold, as in Schwartzenegger, next wound up in Nazi 9 and MORE STAIRS!! 4.0 and in the rack by midnite?? Cabbage-patchin' all night! Plebe Summer again--this time BIG stripes. Got caught up in drill and banished to 6-1 Firstie year. Washes his new Jeep every weekend. “I'll have a beer, ROOT BEER!” Service Selection--nobody knew he was really going Reactor Corps! Is there a doctor in the house? Arn, you've been such a great friend. KEEP KICKING @$$!!
RAR & MWE

Brent Andrew Beach
Ananville, PA
Submarines

With no effort, Brent figured out how to succeed studying USA Today sports page more each day than he studied systems in a week. Once he learned there were ladies outside Hummelstown, Pa., Brent got on with life. Not afraid to dabble with the young ones either. Had fun woopin up on Heavy (so what if he only had one arm), at his wedding (how old was she? Thanks for coming by to say...), Atlanta for Christmas (Hard Rock), Phantom, Minesweeper, Spindog's Bible study, fun with Julie, Strom, Chadwick, and...the room: Put up with each other's music, (don't worry, you'll come around) (thanks for letting me play guitar), agreed on Carolina (not much else geographically). HEAVY...WHAAAAT!?? A little confidence and 15 pounds made Brent a starter at second base. Good work, buddy!!
You can always hear Brent coming, and he's a good friend to have there. Best wishes, KIRB.

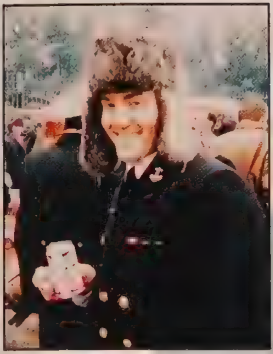
Brian Thomas Bruggeman
Cuyahoga Falls, OH
Marine Corps

Bruggabody! Mr. Big, and got bigger! Lover of the Stones, grundelmania, Sports, WOMEN! Browns/Kosar Rule. Leave some shrimp for us! “Classmates, if you don't want your cake, pass it to me.” Tim the squirrel. Duchess... world's greatest dog! “Uh, Steve, I'm on all calls now - so are you.” She's like a Rainbow... “Lisa, we're finished - gotta go to football practice, bye.” Steph. Gina!? Julie and my monitor! Smelly woman in a boat. Tracy-- now love?, come heere... byebye--Brugga strikes again! Lil' Allison-- now you're done Bri. ROOM ANTICS (Inexplainable) ... orange game during exams. Those your feet? Bombing goat court. Rackmosphere-set. Poster goo-splattering. MacGriffins!? Friday night chicks. Lizard under a rock/roadkill/ring of death. YELLOW JAUNDIS! 150s Football star-- All League!, knock the dog. Nice! True friend. With his ever-present wits and humor, there's nothing Bri can't conquer, nowhere he won't be followed.

Este (SJD)

Steven John Daczkowski
Fullerton, CA
Naval Flight Officer

Daczkowski--You're MEAT! I'm a rock, sir! Pass the mustard. The army week fall. Wake up, Steve---Whaaaa? Would you look at that, Sir! Brian,I have the wrench...Do you rate this?! Are you insane?! Rachel SAGA--you're done. Roll the bones. You need some more watchpoints--I got you a drag. Feeling rather pensive? New friends Kara/Katy. Between You-and-Me Cards. Mystery family (who are they?) Mars/Nutty Professor/Class Ring. The Room tape. Ham. Oh, Brian. Enya dance. My Community. Room secrets. Communications project (thanks Andy). Company CDR. Another meeting w/Problem!? Ohhh yes!! I could go on... There's nothing in this world that Este can't handle--or laugh about. Nobody will ever understand “room” antics. No use trying to explain. A fine student, friend, urinal cleaner (detergent in the shower?) Steve-o will set the standards wherever he goes...Because he's wholesome. Drehdle--BRUGGA.



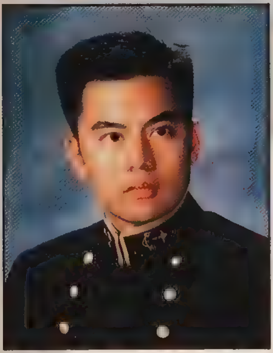
Matthew Wayne Edwards
Freeport, PA
Navy Pilot

The Lobe hailed from Freeport, PA via Orlando and NAPS. Good Ole Matt went through roommates faster than he could sing "Angie" to Dobbs. Three roomies gone from USNA in one semester. Bull classes were a joy Plebe Year. Didn't know basketball, TOO BAD!! Ever since, not one bead of sweat fell on Egg Head's brow when it came to USNA. The Old-Timer would later find companionship on the Death Star. NAFAC was another Spring Break. Russian diplomat on BALTOPS?! Gee, let's go work on our PQS books. OOM looking good for Pensacola, another excuse to go out. Summer at TOP GUN sealed his fate! Was that the reveille bell? Something academic, his DESIGN, finally got his attention. Firstie year made easy by Honor Stripes. Look out Miramar...here comes Eddie! You've been a great friend by the bay, Matt. BEST OF LUCK!
RAR & ABA

Todd Michael Ellsworth
Marietta, OH
Surface Warfare

Turning down the ivy to serve his country, Total Man Ellsworth reported to USNA a recruited football QB. Tiring of the gridiron (and cleat marks on his chest), Bo...I mean Todd... walked-on the baseball team, his rocket-like arm earning him a position as a relief pitcher ("Man you throw a lot of changeups!"). Bouncing back from Plebe Chem, Mega "T" pulled off 5 semesters of Dant's list in Econ! Youngster year brought the Platters and disappearing Physics notebooks. Moving to 5-4 w/the Missing Link, Todd overcame the language barrier by speaking in movie quotes. Flaming his way to 2/c Co.Cdr, "T" gave his heart to baseball over Ring Dance. Firstie year brought Plebe Detail Platoon Commander, drill(gulp), intramurals(GULP), and expertise at B-movies, steam, parking cars, and drinking soda by the 6-pack. This Ayatollah-class Swarrior with the Puritan work ethic has a heart of gold. God Bless.

Vicente Cruz Garcia
San Diego, CA
Surface Warfare



The one-beer wonder (OK, two), AKA electronic love-muffin came to us from the unsuspecting metropolis of San Diego. Our only BOOST candidate, Vic certainly could have used one as he became our only surviving square-root club member. Twice. Vic wanted to go into astrophysics (really!), but USNA had other plans for him and turned him into a narcoleptic. As an upperclass, Vic dropped his nick-name of "Er-ee," and within one year became the proprietor of Club Vic, the social director of a harem, and (almost) the -- well, you know-- of one of his cousins, though he'll deny that part. He also got sat (finally), and in the free time he spent awake showed us that he could, and would in fact, drill just about anything. We wish you the best of luck finding the woman of your dreams--next time try a civilian!!
WMG, IST

William Monroe Gotten
Memphis, TN
Navy Pilot

Will came to us from the city of Elvis, leaving his Memphis Belle behind. Early on, Will took to the stage as Satan (how appropriate). "Stoic" spent his plebe year tutoring those upperclass who were supposed to be teaching him. In the latter part of his career Will spent all of his time with that mysterious creature in Maury. The glorious days of bachelorhood came to an end with Will landing himself an attractive little debutante (with a pretty important daddy to boot). Poor Evinrude didn't quite make it. May he find a nice transmission repair shop in car Heaven. From Broadway to Beale Street, we've been through a great deal together. Thanks for helping me at the Deb Ball. God knows I'd probably still be lying on the floor. Good luck in P-cola and beyond. May we forever remain brothers in sarcasm and cynicism. IST, VCG

Arthur Patrick Growney
San Francisco, CA
Surface Warfare

The boy from San Fran..Giants are better.."Sir, I said Cond"..Back shaft water fight..Inspection goes in five minutes, Tension on deck!? FAIL..Bauder..Tango/Kilo card..Classmate, I hated it..*Your* dad's a Colonel?..Lacrosse, maybe not, manager, definitely not..Petrini, don't look at me..skipping plebe quarters..Herndon party..we room together because no one else will..Irish Times..Bill Gallaher hooking us up..Hutch leaves us..Pensacola 12..Labor day at PPB..Drink, Rage, throw up, fall down..19 to 9..new company nightmare..loser firsties, "I never thought it possible to *want* to go back to 19"..CDR Jones Hates me..dining in drinking scandal..Ring Dance restriction..Parents weekend football game fry..saturday room formal by the Batt officer..Rugbyman extroadinaire..I'm going air..Not, SWO=5yrs..Counter to many predictions and with a wake of broken hearted females, we did it!..its been fun JFP MHL

Matthew Thomas Kirby
Atlanta, GA
Surface Warfare

Matthew Kirby came to USNA from the Peach state with guitar, football in hand. A typical Georgia boy---full of grace and punctilious courtesy. Then he met us. Now Kirbho is quite a slouch--but it was the Kirber who won the hearts of many women (and Lynn?) as the stud QB in 150's (MVP/ 1st Team all league/world/universe). Always entertaining with his knack for the guitar, (drunken Carols--our own words, of course) but also with his funne quotations: "She worships me, Brug" "Kirb, did you touch her? HELL NO...she wouldn't let me." Now its on the medical school--whoa. "I'd remind you that if I hadn't gone to USNA, I would've gone to Vanderbilt." Always a natural with the ladies--Get to know me! Leigh, Wendy (marbles?), Buffy (an enormous what?) If you're ever down, wanna talk--SAVE IT! BRUGGA/ TEPHLAN (Wanna see us naked?)

Marcus Henry Lee
San Diego, CA
Navy Pilot

Marcus came to us after running with a notorious San Diego gang. Via Naps, this academic pro was great as a plebe for his four flight dash up to 4-4 on saturday nights. He went unscathed even after lecturing Dobbs on the finer points of leadership (She wasn't standing close enough!) MIDN Gangsta left so many cookies (tossed?) in Goat court for the workers that they personally came and thanked him. He let his bat do his talking and emerged as Navy's best. His true heroics didn't occur, however, until he choose to room with us. He tried in vain to introduce us to room standards and rap. Mr. Debt was always in good standing with Visa and Celluar One. Firstie year, Marcus tried to scientifically prove that one could live on Taco Bell and sunflower seeds. We can't wait for your Topps rookie card. Peace! APG, JFP.

Brett Haas Lessmann
Cape Girardeau, MO
Surface Warfare

Somehow Brett surfed himself onto the seawall from Virginia Beach. Nobody, including himself, seemed to know what was in store for him. Plebe Summer was hectic since the Academy Brat couldn't remember the 3rd Law. "Oh, and a Varsity Athlete too?, we just love Varsity Athletes..." 19 would make a man out of him. Youngster year, the ghosts of Frost and Keats were too powerful for Brett to resist. Then he disappeared....every weekend at William & Mary with his ball and chain. Idolized Mr. Alexander from The Lords of Discipline. Showed us how it's done when he flamed the living daylights out of '96! Firstie year, why bother with anything?! Nazi 9 and 5-0, %#@& that!! Decided SWO to be his calling....but only so he could become another one of those restricted line MEDICAL PUKES. Brett, you've been a great friend, take care of all my "aunties" on WESTPAC! BEST WISHES to you and Jessica! RAR

Douglas Verne Anders Lof
Denver, CO
Navy Pilot

Doug. We never saw much of Meat Lerf, because the man with the umlaut (it's pronounced "er, sir") chose to spend his time at USNA away from USNA. We were introduced to LerfSpeak early on when he became Plebe Year Company Commander ("Early is on time, on time is late, and late is BS!") He even made it through "Mister Leerrrrrrrffffffff," but was scarred for life as a youngster by a freak phone call from Jennifer (what was that about, anyway?) and met someone we only remember as "The Missing Link." It was in October of 2/C year that we realized that Doug was at Air Force (ping pong, anyone?), but not until November that we decided that he wasn't accountable for formations. Or room formals (actually, we knew that long before 2/C year). Enjoy the heck out of helo's, Doug. Good luck! IST, WMG, VCG

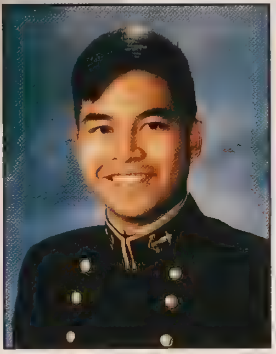
John Francis Peterson
Setauket, NY
Marine Corps

Chicken Hawk came to us from the land of Buttafuoco with an unwavering pessimism and the attitude that all things New York are right. After suffering through a summer with BP, "I feel sorry for the guy O.K.?" John began his four year indoctrination with PG (ML came later). Intense study sessions with DR and DB got our boy sat and forever out of ACboard range. Room standards and regs were never strong spots, but you could always count on Hawk for good road trips. PPB, MSM, and his classic performance during Tough Guy Weekend at Penn. "Yeah, TL, USNA" An unwilling taxi driver, John provided the means to cross the unknown and discover the IT. Great place, before mids ruined it. He had some memorable lines at Pensacola that the 12 will never forget: "Sir, we definitely saw a duck" Giving us a commision? "Worst move ever". APG/MHL

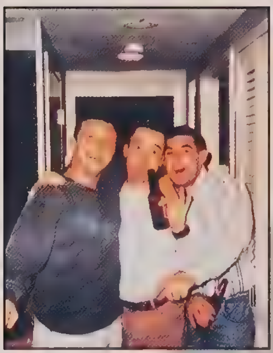
Kyra Anne Prawlocki
Oultewah, TN
Surface Warfare

Plebe summer found ROBOPLEBE drowned by the humidity. She mastered the art of peaceful settlement of disputes and refined referee skills on 4-4. D&B in the pit...fond friendship with "Pinky" continued in the Persian Gulf: "where did you get that ribbon?" Thanks to mom and baggage claim, SD became "affiliated" with EJ the DJ. The summer school saga and lousy pick-up lines marked 2/c summer. Slender, seductive hips and the sis-pic brought the blonde goddesses together. PROTRAMID made for fast and enduring friendships. That year,as captain of the Plebe crew team (rowing rhinoceri) KAP saw stars AND stripes! The transplanted southern belle (NOT!) went from 4 boards to 4 stripes(X2) as Ooltewah became her hoot. Swordly bliss followed Gator Mamas from the MWS Comstock: PeeWee, GQ (hair biz w/ RP), TJ, Zimas, Lyle, Mav, wrestling, filthy minds, mid lounge & coffee shop. If only we could turn back time! Your amazing ability to live, love and laugh brightens our lives. You've come a long way, baby! L,

Raymond Anthony Rivera
Bonita, CA
Submarines



EZ Ray always knew what he wanted. Plebe Summer...no problem for R-Double. Stalag 19 was hell. Room formals every weekend thanks to Richardson. Way to stick it out, Way! Youngster year, we had the room. Systems Major! ZZZZZZZZ!! Get your @$$ out of the rack!!! Got silver dolphins while on vacation 10 weeks submerged. "Ray?...He didn't like me much as a plebe"('95). 2/C year was an Academic purge. Hard! OG! @$$! Hardcore flamer. "A" performer + cocky * Arrogant = Great 2/C. Oww-ten-hut! Wined and dined the ladies with his pal from 27th. His roomie wasn't legal yet. XO for Echo Co. Sweated NUC interviews because of Calc III grade Plebe year and Cables 2/C year. I'm thinking about going Marine Corps (who's he kidding). NR asked me back for a 3rd interview?!....Congrats, Mr. Rivera...Nuc Power School Aug '94! You've been a great roommate, Ray. GOOD LUCK to you! ABA & MWE



David Frank Ruppert
Arlington, VA
Marine Corps

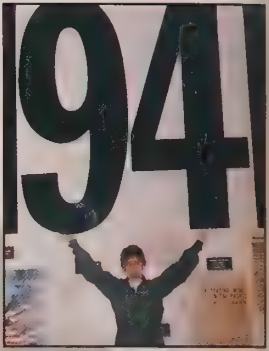
Ruppertus, dogman, roomate, and brother! Coming from Arlington, the Academy was his life's dream. Stress, over-reacting, anal-retentiveness, wigging out, flaming, and partying, that is what runs his life. Plebe and Youngster year, Dave was motivated, but the company change and '93 in charge "burned him out". We did it right 2/c year , and the 200 spot drop was worth it. Jesuit high school kept him in "total concharge", but ever since Youngster summer, he's been "out of control". How many memorable times have there been? Too many to list them all, but the hightlights: Spring break in Miami (driveway), the Irish Times, Jimmy Buffet concert, protramid (FINALLY), the Walz/Dobbs incident, painting the wall, MacDonough jumping, the skits, drunken stripping, Sara's laundryroom, service selection, and the list goes on. If George only knew. What happened to SWO? We'll miss you paisan...

Jeffrey Allen Symons
Miami, FL
Marine Corps

Our Cubano friend came to us from sunny Miami, leaving behind a blonde and the good weather. Plebe year would change that very quickly. 3/C year brought friday night adventures and saturday night debauchery. Hammeryaks, the wall, Sara and Ernie's, a love for painting, and younger "friends". Never knew crabs were sold in Ohio. Why did you study statics so late at night? "I never get sick when I drink" and "I'll never get fried" (myths disproved 2/C year). With 2/C year came charges of hazing, political incorrectness, and a love for the "old school". Jeff, you're supposed to stand in bathrooms. Unsatness finally struck, relieved on a fateful May night, and unsatness was corrected (ie. 45,45,36). Don't forget to set that alarm clock. Firstie year brought fun, frolic, and the bills to go with it. Always Hard Corps. Officer, Gentleman, Friend. Semper Fi. -DFR, EDV.

Ian Sean Thomas
Biloxi, MS
Supply Corps

Chian was briefly engaged. But Biloxi Blues caught up with him and he hasn't dated since (except friends' girlfriends' friends!). He put his efforts instead into an almost back-breaking, ritualistic pursuit of the perfect lager, which made him richer for the experience but much, much poorer in the pocket. No doubt that this will carry over to Supply School, where we fully expect Ian to teach BS101 as well as Introductory Con-Artistry. As a plebe, Ian learned the pro's and con's of locking his roommate out of the room. He spent the rest of his USNA career getting NPQ'd from every job in the Navy except that which would allow him to handle gobs of money. We wish you all the best at Your Corps / My Corps / Supply Corps, and hope that someday you have the chance to retell that Polish joke to Jablonski. WMG, VCG



Julie Mary Treanor
Sterling, VA
Supply Corps

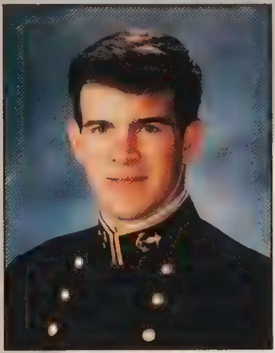
What do you say about Jules? (An enigma with an attitude maybe?) She's determined and strong, everyone knows that. She's quick to laugh and supportive of her close friends. ALL NIGHT TALKS. That silly giggle that will make you laugh no matter how down you are. Above all, she is a friend through the LOOONG days down in Smoke Hall. When the naval career is far behind her, you'll find her on a beach in Mexico sipping margaritas. Remember cocoa, Great Falls, Thanx. buffet, Jumpin J., Lenny K., Cisco, pipes and restriction, mistletoe and Mexico, GuadaLaCheezies and the Corkscrew attack. Good Luck bud. We'll always have Mexico. TCC Queens of the Team. "You're Done!". White trash. TEDS. Gettin Ripped and Rippin Flashdancer. Chick-n-Ruth's. Jaywalker. SHOOP. Green (Italian Stallion) Turtle. Jumpin da Wall (fence?). JimmyLegs ("You remember me!?!"). Good Luck my friend. CGM TUG4ML.

Eric Dale Valerga
San Jose, CA
Submarines

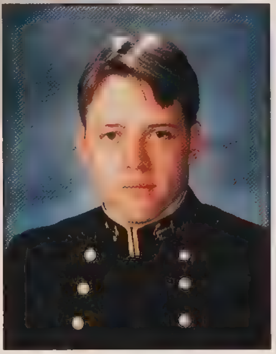
Rick Vuh-lair-guh arrived at USNA from San Jose and Northwestern Prep having proven that Crown Vics could spontaneously combust. Hooch, as he soon came to be know, thought he had seen it all living with Wild Bill (Destroy the Dukes!), dip, the roach colony, and exploding beer cans. Little did he know what lay in store w/ Ole Boy and Suhweeet Peeter! Crime-scene photos, dip, nasal spray, the Times...Plebe Detail Rick turned it on '96 then found love in Cali, a calling for subs, new company/ roomates in August, dip, earned a Black N (thanks '93) and fetishes for "tasty" Mexican food and JAVA! Valerga-Valerga was nine's resident expert in swimming, weapons systems, wearing stars (he had more than the JCS) and using legal stimulants. Always there for his bros. and a truly decent man, Rick is living proof that "Courage Runs Deep."

10th
COMPANY

Peter Sean Barbour
Fort Lauderdale, FL



Jimmy Thomas Bishop
Fayetteville, GA
Surface Warfare



Jimmy--where to start? How about your felllow mids? No Ty, STOP! It's only a week old! That's OK, your girlfriend will do. Bob, you must REALLY not feel well. Got any change? Hold on Jimmy, there's no shoulder! I'm boxing who, the brigade champ? I quit! Nope, the North ain't much like Fayetteville but it sure beats the rope in your back yard. It wasn't long until Nugget became infatuated with yankee women too. "Get out the binoculars, I think she's in the van." Too bad she turned up wearing a dixie cup. How many subs would it take to get a date? "Pleeeeease Amy, you were just home yesterday." And the list went on: Amy, Amiee, Amy, Stephanie, sacci and Joan? "Tammy, you just had a nap. Wait, I'll put Chicago on." What, another jimmyfill? Jimbo, you should have went pro earlier. Keep your gloves up, buddy. SMC & HTD

Robert McKinley Broadus
Clinton, MD
Surface Warfare

Desa Leontrau Burton
Hepzbah, GA
Surface Warfare

Sean Michael Clark
Joliet, IL
Surface Warfare

After leaving one of the few cities in America able to boast two prisons, Sean took the Academy by storm. He quickly developed a comradery with his shipmates. (They're not all losers.) He always put Navy first. Why yes CDR Jones, Mr Renda is an excellent performer. He tackled every day, never complaining when superiors asked more from him. Petty woke you again this morning? Sean never lost sight of a good time. Yes, Mr Henry's again. Hurry up before Box finds out. And he saw his friends were never lonely. "Tammy says it's nap time again." Sean's style is all his own. That 90210 hair, that tan, and what a bod. Keep drinking your shakes. Maybe all this attracts the women? Hello? Is this Maggie? How did Kristin tred water for so long? GET OUT KAREN! Well, you've always got your car. Keep it on the road. JTB & HTD

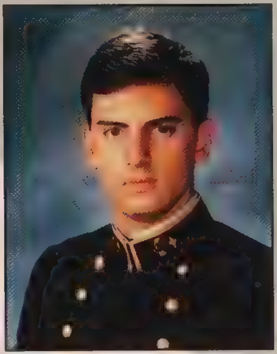
Shane Damien Correa
Woodhaven, NY
Surface Warfare

Shane, the Queens juvenile delinquent and honorary southern boy, thought you could control your harem because "I'm being honest with them all," NOT. bottle caps and receipts, floppin and redeye, Kim made roommate #2, seldom talking and then 6 hour stretches of the most valuable soulsearching ever, sniff-it's mud shane, always homesick, on the ledge naked, pickles, dancing forever, i make up all my own moves, nice tooth, don't speak to me-it's morning, loved to sing the goat song, Williams saved our lives, lifeguards, everyone's favorite cook, bar X, we got spirit cheer-ignored, international ball studs, going south on 35 and running naked in the snow with Madmex/Coonass, the jacuzzi-need an audience?, condo-must you be so loud, marriage status pending (finally?) but at least she's bringing girlfriends, even though a selfish bastard, you made the 4 years here the best and taught us more than you know, love ya.

Benjamin Perkins Davis
Alexandria, VA
Surface Warfare

Well Ben, I guess its off to Newport and Norfolk instead of Cola and Cali. At least you'll probably get to see JT and one of his nurses. Just always beware of white plastic suits and rubber gloves — the asbestos might get you while you tap in on the Vin Man's line. Make sure you keep working out otherwise we'll have to get TL to make you some PB&J sandwiches and watch your back, SS may be coming in with a wildman. Do you remember educating some southern boys in the finer northern ways(slam dancing) at the 9:30? Or how about taking some uncultured types to see the Cure? Of course your time here isn't complete without your own Star Wars movie, but then, aren't you a "lesbian in a man's body?" Don't electrocute yourself on refrigerators and tape rewinders. Hope to catch a ride with ya somewhere. JS

Heath Thomas Dewitz
Caledonia, MN
Naval Flight Officer



After leaving the wild turkey capital of Minnesota, "Kieth Dewitt", the pride of the Argus, came to the Academy and set his sights on being a pilot. The back seat's O.K. too. Wait a minute, do you smell something? Although he had trouble keeping a roommate, there was always a Mid-pal to push him through. Whose that bear lying beside you? Hey Hamster! Is that cheese melted? But professionalism always came first for Heath. Especially after the inspiring Mess night. Yes Heath, you were there. Then there was that wild ring dance. Who did you end up sleeping with? And is this man a womanizer? Just ask Kristin and... Kristin. Engineering became a passion with Heath. Sacrificing his car for science. Exactly how fast will a probe take a corner? I'M PUSHING AS HARD AS I CAN!! RELEASE THE PARKING BRAKE YOU IDIOT!! Keep the Faith. JTB & SMC

Harold William DuBois
New Iberia, LA
Surface Warfare

HOWL? white boy with soul."I make up all my own moves"little guy" almost didn't find the ring that night..oh the possibilities.but we dont like em.CARLA.non photo-genic date.speaking of which all HAL really wanted to in life was to raise dogs.running man.STAYING ALIVE.groping who?Airborne! with an audience.Kim's wedding.your wedding!!Pardon me? foam on Broadway..how'd those rabbits get in the jacuzzi?pool.sauna.poor shenan.three guys,a jeep,pickles.35 South, and sunglasses.HIT IT."All Together Now"ay bebitto".on the ledge..my a bit breezy out here!red eye.Mornings of SILENCE.OH WONDROUS SLEEP.race ya!Wake up, look over, roll over.Hal, Kim's on the phone.I'm cold.walk me up please.buy me a pizza.you dont love me.Hal the broken boyfriend.but his heart is whole, and its hers! Love you man.

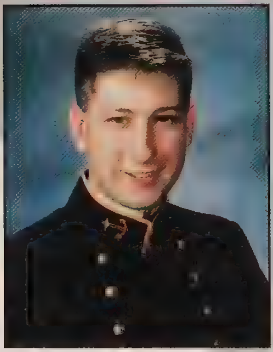
Edward A. Ferguson
Dublin, OH
Navy Pilot

Ted is the greatest guy to room with but don't go anywhere with him. Not only does he know every member of the brigade, but half of the Annapolis population as well and he likes to catch up with every one of them every time he sees them. Don't expect to evade his harem out in town either. I keep waiting for the anchor announcement, "the plebes have as many semesters left as Ted has ac boards," but I guess we've made it through. Even though Ludmilla tried to put an end to that. And no, she's not calling to me. Even though we've had to play musical roommates, I had the best times rooming with you, on those rare occasions that you weren't in the rack. Thanks for your positive nature and your insight. Who knows, with your connections, you will probably be running the country one day. TWG

Robert E. F. Gentry
Marathon, FL
Naval Flight Officer

Hey Fitz, give us a quote, "I don't care," but did he? Nope, at least, not about anything except sailing, and maybe froumunda cheese, and dancing in the nude, and making new an interesting sculptures out of his privates. "Pep Rally? I'm sleeping!" on shoulder, the cat, the squirrel, Jibe Ho! and running down the hall with his shorts around his ankles. Hey, Fitz how'd the test go? destroyed two fans, two clocks and almost had the stereo. Look out, Fitz is drunk again, just make sure he doesn't hit anyone, including himself, doesn't it hurt when he does that with his head, what's that noise...Beeou, Beeou, Broadus, what are you doing? Do smell something? open the window before we all suffocate, did that come from a human being? Naw, it was Fitz. What's next? FSU, UGA, GO DOGS, SICK 'EM, WOOF!

Travis Wade Green
Summerland Key, FL
Surface Warfare



Travis was always a mid before his time. "Sir, I had my brother quiz me on the rates before I came." Not one to speak his mind. "I don't think plebe year is hard enough!" But at least he enjoyed the Sassi's Herndon party. P.S. Mike and Bob had nothing on us. Then God came into his life and said, "Thou shalt not drink or go on Spring Break!" Luckily he overcame this affliction and returned to his normal "waist size 50". Besides working on his SWO physique the release of his first Eric Clapton rendition is anxiously awaited. Would you like to buy some software and uniform parts real cheap? Hot car, Hot stereo, Hot , (At least you got your ring back!) From the heart, Thanks for the great times and coffee in bed. But don't forget to feed the dogs in the morning and have enough beer for those BYORP reunions.

EAF with a little help from JDM & Mr. PEP

David Wayne Greenwood
North Andover, MA
Surface Warfare

Dave is cool, Dave is great, Dave's a true, and loyal mate. He's my pal, through thick and thin, we are like, closest of kin. His inspiring voice, his silent nod, leads me to be, a man of God. He left his home, and his family, I'm convinced he came, here just for me. "Massachusetts good-bye, I have a new place, to stay for a while, to live in God's grace." Said Dave when he came, though he knew only not, the lesson we'd learn, was the gift that Christ bought. We've learned things together, how could we have known, how to take those hard times, or gone through them alone. "Greatest friend" would not say it, it would not be true, but Dave I have only, One greater than you.

-BFG

Garrett Demond Jones
Memphis, TN
Surface Warfare

G came to the USNA from the M-town, Memphis, TN. He hooked up with Lip-dog and they hit it off immediately, as it was evident one plebe year night when they argued who would have to turn off the lights that night; neither did. G made himself more than welcome to Lip-dog's generosity ie. his food, his books, his supplies, and maybe his girlfriend! Even though G's Narch courses kept him held down, he still found time to give the ol' heave-ho! after putting down a few 32 oz. (I don't think that McCardy's will let him back in after that great display of sobriety.) G's best year here was 2nd class year when he rid himself of the hate mail writer girlfriend of his and started enjoying a time with a new love who by the way is 6 years older than him. So it was off to New York he went on weekends to see his new woman even if it meant riding cramped up in the back of a crowded Sazuki jeep. The bet is still on though; who will get married first, Lip-dog or G or Sam T. or maybe even Stubbie!

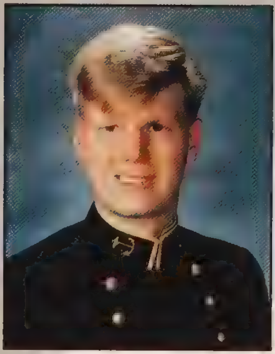
Tyrus M. Lemerande
San Jose, CA
Intelligence

Tyrus, Lemerandus, Bunchess, Borishnikophis, Morus found his way to USNA via enlisted nuke power school and a brief stint in God's Country (Ballston Spa).
Mahan Hall brought him fame as the "Chocolate Cream Soldier" and ended his life with an ax. A true casanova, his love relationships seemed to last as long as his one-on-one winning streaks; however, none of them would provoke any tears from Argentina. Well, Life Goes On! "Cabaret" brought to him the real meaning of stage combat and should be included in "The Great American Novel" to be released sometime in the next century. A stickler for drill, Ty prides himself as the poster boy for "Whiteworks Echo" in hopes of a possible future commercial spot with William Shatner. To the number two entertainer at USNA, thanks for the good times and may the first man with the Oscar pay for the steak. MAB

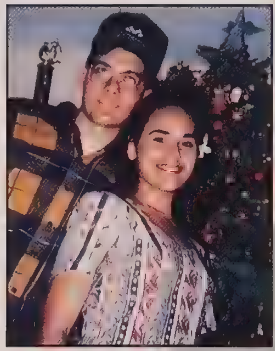
Stephen A. Lipsey
Savannah, GA
Engineering Duty Option

He came to the Academy in a rebellious and unruly state...struggled through the most demeaning and pointless year in his life...was subjected to total disrespect, humiliation, and degradation in the name of plebe training. The system had played America's BEST and BRIGHTEST like an unwanted stepchild. However, the system could not break the core of this man's existence, THE STUBBORN ATTITUDE that made him so strong! And in time he rose again to the top, the place where he belonged. His accomplishments were many; his failures were few. He achieved so much academically in so little time. By his Firstie year he dominated the game of football. He did all of this and still led a normal life. He found the one most important thing in his life at the Academy, but the system tried to keep them apart.(They couldn't do it SVC!You're with me forever!!) Now, he will move on to do what he was always destined to do...LEAD!!!!!NO SELL OUT!!!

James Douglas Morgan
Louisville, KY
Naval Flight Officer



John, call your mother. Your ___ is on the line. A gallon of citron and still going. Coke can at Thanksgiving, will we ever learn the true story? Puking in front of your favorite Batt CDR's room E.W.'s project plebe year. Spring Break--no, God said so. What happened to all your applications? How about U Ginia. Janelle the felon, a real winner. Half hour finals and you still got A's, but I tied the #1 spot. At least you made it to some cool concerts:
U2,JH,EB,BJ,WHFS,Lollapalloza. "The Luckiest Mid," possibly. Can you help me? Canadian exploits and a little restriction. What was her name?. 1/C cruise loafing in Hawaii and plebe detail, what a joke. The "part time mid", maybe, but you always were. Thanks for the years (and the music lessons) Give me a job in 15 years.
PEP EAF



Paul Eric Peverly
El Paso, IL
Naval Flight Officer

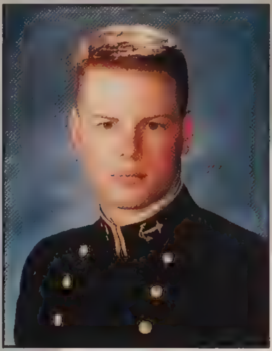
"It's my heritage." Paul came to us from a far off land and unable to speak English (did anyone understand you on I-day?). Chicken pox helped him avoid First Set. Definition of "Stealth Plebe." Transfered his varsity volleyball talents into intramural domination. Second Class "summer in paradise" after the CO's car thing was resolved. Only to have the house destroyed by Iniki/ welcome to Illinois! 21 brought out the wild-man hiding in the wings (Saturday Night Fever lives on!) Rumrunners/ LITs and Trinadad ditches. The last SHELLBACK. When the Hagers are away the boys will play! "Answer Man"...'nough said. It only took three years to gain a real appreciation of music. Why don't you ask her already? (2% Club?)-(I know you and Terri will be happy together...whenever you do ask) I want the first autographed copy of "the book." Thanks for four years and the years to come. Good luck in Pensacola (or Athens!)-

-JDM.EAF

Timothy Joseph Renda
New Portrichey, FL

WOODY. Is this a nickname or a constant state of being for the hairy little Guiny we know. How did he get those "guns"? Swinging a golf club, or 12oz. curls, or playing with the gangalony? Woody has one true love, and we know it's not the Navy, or those classes he never missed. Has to be those Taylor Mades that he caresses nightly before he lays down to watch Aladdin. God help the Marines and Captian Pete. "This has to be a living hell for you?" Here's to all the nights of the thousand yard stare and harrassment of beautiful (?) women. By the way, who's on duty tonight? Especially the Ebb Tide. We will miss you guy, you have been like a brother and we'll never forget your Black N** and 180 days restriction. Commandant who? BZ. By the way, the Cowboys S..k! And get a haircut. Bubba and Sparky

John Branch Salmon
Baton Rouge, LA
Marine Corps



John came to us from the deep south (Louisiana). We knew he was nothing but trouble when his second class were so "amazed" with his performance that they forced him and Paul to move up to 6-4 from their room on 6-3. Being the subject of close supervision by the upperclass was Plebe John's specialty, often to the dismay of those around him. Despite his mediocre beginnings as a member of D&B and Club Brad, like a fine vintage wine, John improved with time. Sensibility finally found and slapped John and he quit D&B, working instead with the Academy's theatrical productions as well as playing for the Rugby team (Remaining, however, a prominent member of Club Brad). To pretty much everyone's amazement, by firstie year John would be the Glee Club Musical Producer, a Platoon Commander, and a Marine Corps Selectee. We hope all those plebe girls knew what they were doing! Not bad John, we're all proud. By the way, her hair was RED!!

Shenandoah Sanchez
Zapata, TX
Marine Corps

Dis eez Jose Cuervo.lifegaurds.pool.jacuzzi.poor shenan.Shane's living room.BAR X. eating pretzels off 42nd street.Kim's wedding.BOSTON.harmonizing and drinking sitting outside on my car seats sampling the regional cigarette butts.35SOUTH."ALL TOGETHER NOW" Almost a trio.Big M's M's.NYC Windham.Nice Head. Boy's town.Periscopes and depth charges in the pool.mmmm nice.T free.Naked riding a tricycle. Finger Lickin Good.I'm not lost!!!!that god damn guitar. Enquiring minds want to know, come on guys I dont believe any of it.. so.. shenan what are you doing behind your desk.. sitting on the floor?? finally out of your shell.then in, then out. On your way to the head again are ya. Shenan got so comfortable there that he began to sleep in his favorite stall on 6-3. So many female mids till Jenny saved your rear. Like a brother.

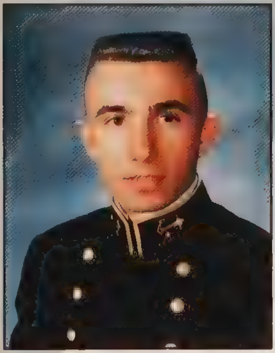
Karyn J. Sandell
Larchmont, NY
Intelligence

Beaches-by-day, bars-by-night, USNA was never prepared for this social NewYorker! Plebe year nightmare (KK, roommies)! 19->20-Meg & Jen & Table dancing in Guido's-Is this REG? Airborne & the love of your life. Karyn, he's Mormon! "Get out! DON'T LEAVE!" Phil left & the rampage began. Karyn became a HUGE wrestling fan! No, Karyn, the Lacrosse team doesn't need a MASCOT! Corrupting Krystee in Cancun. Then fried (about time!) with Karl,...Oh, behind the doors of Bancroft!! Ring dance with WHO?!? 4 companies in 4 years! Time for d-phase! Class gossip goes INTELL? Karyn, my future bridesmaid, you'll always reach your goals! Proof is in this printing..Kar-oh, you GO!-Alarm Clock? No, we like your blow dryer at 6AM! "I hope you don't mind, I ate all your (food)" So many boys, so little time (good thing all classes don't have weekday liberty!) Good luck with Trump!-LJS,DLB

Lewis Bryant Sims
Pascagoula, MS

BUBBA, that lovable hick pig-farmer from Pascagugu. Valedictorian, of what grade school. A football lovin' special teams king. So how'd she look, she's fine? Yeah. So why do they call it Jergens? Keep that shirt away from me. Your mom's christmas present. The pregnant lady. For god's sake will you cover yourself! Drunk in civies at gate 3. Talking to anyone's girlfriend, mom, friends for hours. The ranch, man it's cold in here, the ebb tide. Turn that country @*#$ off and that MTV party to go can go. 5 million CD's, take out the Milli Vanilli. With what, a shower cap? Rub your belly, nah. Stop using my lotion. Broomhilda and the girls. Turn in your tracking sheet again. Grace, reveille, face down in your birthday suit. Do I look fat to you, no you're a reed. See you at U of F. We couldn't possibly forget you. Woody and Sparky.

David Joe Smith
Lexington, OH
Marine Corps Pilot



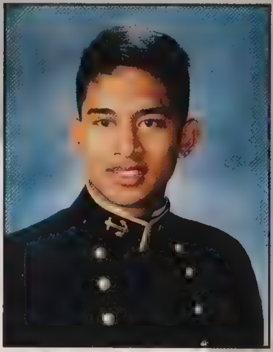
skinny!...preacher boy!...hoho!...came in buck-o-five wet and left spare change (girls? what girls? pregnant girls?) HALL RATS UNITE wrestling with black eyes, bruises, starvation (her peas?) Bajas/Orpheus will never be the same...how many roomies have you had (with magazine collections)...why chop to your rack, flamer (or was that your twin)? welch...nuf said (Bob? what about Bob?) Ring Dance, a nice surprise but 'donna never showed...where's the blue bomber...what color IS that car?! the second class you love to hate (why did ya name him doodoo) Truth or Dare at John and Melinda's...nuf said. care packages? we don't need no stinkin' care packages (girls? what girls? plebettes?) smitty, when it came time to stand for right, you did; i'm proud. wear a warm cap at tbs, baldy, and get rid of that scratch...dlb

Robert Eugene Wirth
Grand Island, NY
Submarines

Bob Wirth, or Bub as he is known by most (Hamster? Nice try), came to us wide eyed, thinner, and with a full head of hair from Grand Island, NY. Hello USNA! Who would have thought that this academic powerhouse would end plebe summer with a lowly 2.7 CQPR and a class rank in the 400's. Disgraceful! He must not have discovered his patented "Read-the-book-an-inch-above-the-page" technique. But then on to youngster year. "Been studying a lot lately?" pat, pat. "But then the workers have to earn a living somehow.?.." Clam chowdaaah.... 2/c year was a blur of studying, foot leprosy, and unpleasant odors. That gray car appeared on the scene. Will it ever die? Your 21st birthday was one of the high points. You don't remember her? Them? Left,Right,Left,Right... 1/c year: Go nuke subs! Seriously, was there any doubt? Take it easy, money bags. htd

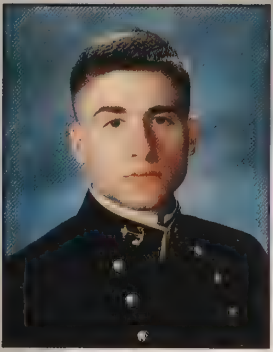
11th COMPANY

Paul Robert Algoso
San Diego, CA
Submarines



Paul Robert "Swo" Algoso is a rarity life gave us to ensure that our four years in the grand stands of USNA included some good times as well. With a smile supporting an entire company on his upper lip, anyone earning his wrath could consider themselves an exception, well-deserving reproach, and to Paul, always salvageable. An Executive member of the 2% club, knowing Paul meant the good fortune to know Dana Grey-- you two have all our hopes. A Marine Engineer, he brought sounds of his keyboard, guitar, and drums to the Hall and the Brigade-- we were amazed. The force behind the Silent Drill Team, Paul always found time to help with grades, music lessons, or life. In years, when you the historian come here to research, it will be no surprise to any of us that Paul Robert Algoso has achieved more than fame, but open-hearted greatness.

Benjamin Todd Buring
Saint Albans, VT
Intelligence



Ben, "The Hedgehog" from Denison, TX, or was it St. Albans, VT? Among his "five to no" stripes escapades are a freak boxing incident, white polish on black shoes, beating Colin with a crutch, and "Hey, who turned off the !@#$! lights?!" No green water pills, two hours of playing snooze button tag, strapping tape, and perfumed underwear. Strip the room, not the passageway. Jeever's shack! Ben is the Ladies Man, but won't admit it. Taped up in the elevator? Stop by the carpeted area. Cameras are the root of all evil. Fun and evidence in one convenient package. Racking Top Five: 5. While logged onto NADN; 4. In physical therapy; 3. In Blockbuster parking lot; 2. Inside a "cage" of tape, constructed to keep him out of the rack; 1. With fingers on the keyboard of his computer. Ben, we'll miss ya. Don't sound off so loud. Intel. Shhhhh. The oranges are good today. -Paul

Sean Newman Cronin
West Hartford, CT
Surface Warfare

Cronan the Red Man came south from Conn. It didn't take long for him to make his mark on USNA: goat court runs. Larry look-alike. Mike "Hanger" REALLY likes you. first casualty 4321. Even his pants were overflowing with excitment at Devil-Dog. Youngster Year-Life of Brian. Second Class, fearless leader & the Sugar Mamma. JP I think I have AIDS. firstie and finally 21. It's sonny in France & PJ's truck. Napping at gate 3. Ouch my whole body hurts. protect your private parts. next year- the Masters or the Ironman, can't decide. A-N the M.P. escorted me to the bathroom and it's all our fault. 4 stripes to Co. boy-toy. No phone but cool room. Devil Dog + Leatherneck = Surface Warfare. Fishing & Minesweepers. I wish the women came with expiration dates! Swoop, Hawk, Swoop. Just trying to keep ourselves together REMEMBER 11A.

Renee Michelle Delhierro
Denver, CO
Intelligence

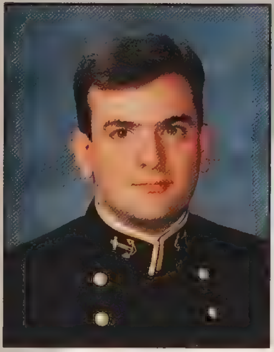
Wen! Who would have thought that the little plebe hobbling around with shin splints would eventually become captain of the women's tennis team, a physics major, and the best roommate in the brigade. Between braiding my hair, phone calls from Eugene, and doing everyone else's homework, it's amazing that you found time for yourself. I'm convinced that your real alpha code is 90210... Thank God you finally got rid of that stupid florescent light!

Flipping a coin for service selection was not ont our better ideas, but thanks to divine intervention INTEL won. I'm scared that any further affiliation between us may be a threat to national security. I hope you buy a car before graduation, because when (WEN!) we get down to Dam Neck, VA - you're driving to Taco Bell! - LOPES

Charlton Manly Evans
Export, PA
Marine Corps Pilot

Charlton came to us from across the street. He retired his two-year old Johnny sandals and laced up some combat boots. As a plebe he made his mark by hahaha-laughing down the P-way, making friends with Mr. Port at the dining in, and by RANDOMly losing his wallet. As a youngster he got a "room with a view." It was in that year he introduced his roommate to Dr. Bronner's tingling soap. While playing with big-boy toys, "Quick, put that thing away" /and/ "You had 'what' pierce your leg?" Don't worry, I know the purple heart is on its way. A good gal brought him new focus during 2/C and Firstie year. Buddy, you found a good one! USMC pilot bound...Are you N?/T?/T? Just remember to fly high like a Gecko! C- there are none finer than you! GET SOME!! JMH

Christopher A. Farwick
Cincinnati, OH
Surface Warfare



Farmer had the time of his life on the Severn. Between Navs and sailing, we didn't see him too much til his metamorphosis into a full blown adjutant. The home-improvement nut ceaselessly upgraded our room with gadgets that would make Tim Allen jealous. Only the strong willed or stubborn can start a fire with frozen wood (in three hours). The real adventure was keeping him from whipping flaming marsh-mellows around. Luckily the admin office has some paperwork that has his name on it. Farmer's existence might have been in question. We're going to try to touch base every now and then in the fleet. Hopefully the ship will have enough boxes. If Chris takes his camera with him, maybe we'll see some pictures. Hopefully he won't forget to load it.

Armando Anthony Garza
Knoxville, TN
Nuclear Surface

If death were a female, we've french kissed more than once. Times with you have confirmed that there is a god. Plebe roommates JP, RG, Chad--your latin blood added spice to our lives. Army week brawls, Sat. night with Keith, DATKO. Youngster year in 21: Nights on the ledge and Zeena gymnastics. Highschool love, you got the hot one, J.P. got the Field Hockey goalie. The First Class lady killer, all quality, that's how you do it every time Lord Vader. The chaquitas will always worship the saber and cry "Don't let R.G. leave". Officer Whittlow is an angel. October 93, Finally legal with his own I.D to prove it. RGenius--who would have ever thought that you would find your way to the Nuclear Navy. Good luck to you with all your simple procedures to difficult solutions. Maybe you'll bring some class to that community. REMEMBER 11a.

Bryan Michael Haas
West Islip, NY
Surface Warfare

Bryan, an avid track and cross country runner from Lawn Guyland, quickly cashed in his running legs to become a Navy Offshore Sailor. Cheezy, Riz, Walt, and D-Max with Bry in a room built for three. With Sean 2nd semester, getting awakened every morning by the sound of a distant rooster. Shedding the chains of plebe year, along with that accent, Bryan explored the greater spots of Annapolis, Nicole and Kathy. 2/c year: Pensacola and Sharon. Rooming with Scott and discovering the therapeutic value of country music, mud, and trees. More women, from Towson State, Myrtle Beach, and the Bitter End. 1/c Year brought a great cruise in San Diego, followed by Salina, a cute little thing from UMBC. A few words for firstie year: Great Falls, wrecked car, flying beer, and Black N. Bryan continues his sailing career on those big gray hooyahs in Mayport Florida. It's been great. SWV

Laura Ann Herath
Arnold, MD
Navy Pilot

I-Day: hotshot, roadrunner, 7 miles from home. 4/c year: locked-on, gung pup, pleber with exploding cranium as 4/c CC. Active love life despite new found responsibilities. PLEBES DON'T RATE DATING?! How about driving on the Yard in civies? (Thanks for the rides!) Youngster year: 3 more letters; no more Greg; Steve at Harvard; 2200 rack; Prof Miner and his eraser; Myrtle Beach and rack with Jack; Airborne - Barry, Soupy?. 2/c year and the quest for stripes - all ten of them; 3 more letters; Radford Terrace; 150 games - who's that fullback with the cute butt? Ring Dance? Missed the fireworks but had the strawberries?! Don't forget Wade on the slopes of Colorado! 1/c year: Brigade XO, oops, OPS; Now 5 not 10; Boot-scootin'; Pirko on your birthday; Grant, the poem, the roses; Wade's back! Steve back? Bill? Should I stop here? 12 letters now. Look out Tom Cruise! MIDN CDR Herath is on the way. Duck! - MEM(P), SCG(P), JDP

Brian Dale Hoffer
Moorestown, NJ
Surface Warfare

B.H. arriving to USNA from a Navy family, yet still needing a little adjustment to military life which we so gladly lent a hand - Bri a 3-striper? His deep seeded dream lead to an attempt to wear the orange kapok and earn the fellowship of the frogs, but he settled for the awesome fellowship of the SWOnut. He fell in love with the Japanese culture which lead to passionate love for Akido and the martial of Akiko (or was that the other way around?!) He obtained the title of resident Whitebelt Judo Master. Spent too many weary hours in front of the PC - sometimes working and other times playing. Bri is always a worthy opponent for a wrestling match but always looses to us to make us happy. My worst fear is seeing a harpoon come across the bow of the Comte de Grasse while the Monterey tasks Brian with the OOD watch! cf

James M. Hollingsworth
Clearwater, FL
Navy Pilot

Gecko will long live in the annals of Bancroft..."Shhhh, here comes JAMES!" said '96. "YOU are lookin' good and you're makin' the fleet look good!", "Don't play with fire...that (stuff)'ll kill ya!" JMH: "I have little patience." CME: "With little things." JMH: "Mature." Will we graduate and look back and think, "Why didn't we sleep? I don't know! What did we do in those labs under Michelson? I don't know! Why didn't my pants have pockets? I don't know! Why did Morning Quarters and Noon Meal formations go outside! Why was the radiator leaking...I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW! We were people that became plebes, plebes that became friends, friends that became family. From asking for a little "help" with watch in '90 to picking up the slack for '93 to being our fearless and esteemed "CC" in '94--Thank you Airborne! I couldn't have had a better wingman.

CME

Kristen A. Lopacinski
Fairfax Station, VA
Intelligence

Kris, with the red "lude" and an attitude, came to us with her "shee-shee" style and as a "jet-setter" prior civilian from NAPS. She found many "rico suave" men, including the Dentist, Steve the Stockbroker, and "the Australian STUD with a TV camera," but was it True love? Only time will tell...even then it's unlikely Kris will ever marry but simply "endure a merger." Lets not forget flipping the coin in the service selection line, but the Jody Foster in her prevailed. Kris liked to ask profound rhetorical questions, but here's one for her: Can a human being survive on Taco Bell alone? Snoring through the night dreaming of her next shopping adventure, Kris will someday learn the truth about credit card limits. Wen, thanks for all the laughs (and putting up with my night light). Only you know the true meaning of HUMOR! RMD.

Joseph Edward Lotterhos
Clinton, MS
Surface Warfare

Hola, Ed, que pasa? These last three years have been interesting. I know how much you like THE GOLDEN CHILDREN and THE MASTER RACE . NOT. I will miss our conversations about Spain, Portugual, England, Latin America and thier histories and politics according to us. I can tell how much of an anglo-phile you are. I will also miss your conversions with your pen.By the way, say hi to the girl from Minnosota for me. HA HA. But seriously, I hope the God's WILL will be done in your life.

YBC
Robert J Merrill

James Thomas Martin
Temple City, CA
Surface Warfare

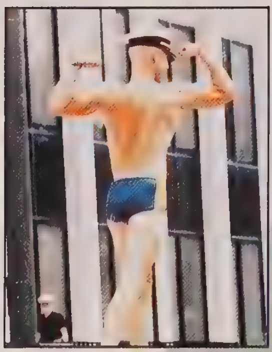
I have lived with James "Tortilla Chip" Martin for four out of five years I have known him. To me he is a friend, teacher, leader, sophisticate, philosopher, and all around good dresser. We never did find that snake at Fran's. Still can't believe you beat me at follical erosion, I owe you a hat. Please give me 15000, so I can win. The road to excess ended up on my mother's car and in the sink. Beat Hilton! I will never forget mowing lawns with Tommy, running for the bus, and 4/c times three. Never an angry word. Excuse me, I just came for my cover. 4321? No Jim, I havn't seen your dumbbells. Jim lets hit Sean with water. The biggest black book in the brigade. Eileen - same room, same car, but not same result. Marines full steam ahead. Just trying to keep ourselves together. Remember 11A

Michael Steven Mattis
American Canyon, CA
Submarines

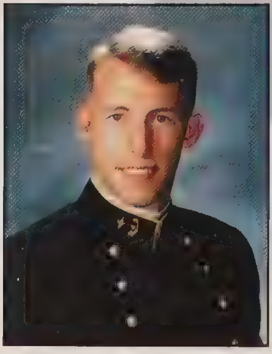
Mike came to the Boat School from Yorbalinda, CA, an apparent product of the Land of Fruits and Nuts. Determined to become a member of the 2 percent club, Mike was able to successfully divert his animal instincts from the women to the books. He did have his temptations however while YPing it in Canada where a little too much to drink got him into a messy position. Does Fatal Attraction strike a chord? Then there was Big-eyed Beth. Hey, where's your brother!?

It was a sad day in Mudville when old Casey stepped to the plate youngster year and Calc III threw him a slider that was just out of reach. It will always haunt him. So much for roommate loyalty.

Yes, Mike survived his B, day as a crash dummy, PRTs, and the temptations of the flesh to realize his calling for months of no daylight, and really stale air. The money's good though. Now he can afford that operation! DM



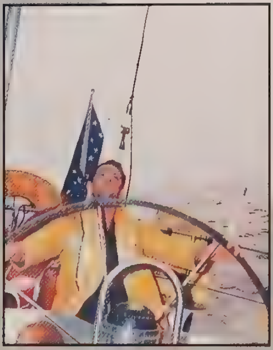
David Eugene Maxwell
Baytown, TX
Navy Pilot



From Bay Town, Texas, Dave and his Ego hot-racked with me from youngster year on. Plebe year he had a blast missing Glee Club M.O.'s, peanut butter runs, and admiring himself on Radford Terrace. Youngster summer he climbed the dual peaks of Italy, until he found true love: Meg...sorry. Not studying, Dave pulled off near 4.0's cruising into 2/C summer meeting Swedish meatballs while playing cards on the French Riviera. With the loan came the ring, car, stereo, ski's and turtle-wax. Breezing wind-tunnel, Dave and I conducted crash dummy testing and survived--but did Lester? The tree? Then there was Ring Dance..."What's your name again?" Ditto on the Conni with a Mexican Cutie. Country dancing and more mach two driving got Dave to his flight billet...let's hope he flies better than he drives. It's been a blast. Did you have the operation yet? MSM

Jeffrey Don McIntosh
Glenpool, OK
Surface Warfare

He rode in on a horse from the plains of Oklahoma, making a quick stop at NAPS. His name was Jeffrey Don McIntosh, but his Indian name was "Cheesie". We will always remember the day he used his native scout skills to find his way to Route 50, and the ensuing famous Indian war-cry, "RG come get me!" Chichibofumbe, was his definite distinct odor. The man in the shower, the one who lassoed the biggest cows, reeled-in the greatest fish, had the most pictures in RG's highlight book and missed the bus. We've shared many a memory, "civies" sprint, 4-4 ledge excursions, Randy's, Officer Whittlow, Shoo-Shoo, room standards, and those memories we can't mention or just plain don't remember. Fare thee well our Injun friend as you head back west to the plains of Texas to claim your squaw. MA-RINE wash your funky... REMEMBER 11A. RG, JP



Lawrence Edward Meehan
Margate, NJ
Navy Pilot

The four years rooming with Lem have been fun:watching him use the sink after a night on the town, Larry the Bartender and Fran's, fri. happy hours, Army-Navy party I, II,III and especially IV, standing on 3-1 during Christmas (refer to A-N IV), Amy I&II & Ami confusion, hang gliding over the Grand Canyon, Thanksgiving, Margate at the zoo, knot tying championships, Villanova, showers and biker chicks, waking up to the sound of running water near my head, and the gun fight in Costa Rica. 1000 more to tie. 11 spots of gravy for NA, so don't sleep through those mail runs, "I can't go it's far too windy out there." I didn't snake her, you left!! 4321 only the strong survive. one shot, one kill...CDO + H20. Thanks for keeping me sane, I wouldn't of made it without you. JUST TRYING TO KEEP OURSELVES TOGETHER! REMEMBER 11A...J.T.

Robert Jesse Merrill
Philadelphia, PA
Surface Warfare

Hey Julio -- Remember the good ole days of burnin' the midnight oil back in "The Hood" youngster year? Remember keeping the peace? Remember navigation? Remember Swimming? Remember the late night chat sessions with Smiley, the Rastasjaharian and the rest of the fellas? What about all those physics profs? Hey! Hey! you sly devil - Remember UPENN, ya know, the DANCE??? And who can forget Janet? Hmmmm. . . Say, how was Mama Tia's with the trio? Remember what to do with "The Man"? Hey, YOU (and you alone) are the ONLY person to get into the Physics program from Gen'l Science! And don't worry - - Buffy says "Hi". From the get-go we know the Dubuque's got a hard-workin' mug. You've been an inspiration to me these past three years. Fair winds and following seas. God bless you!

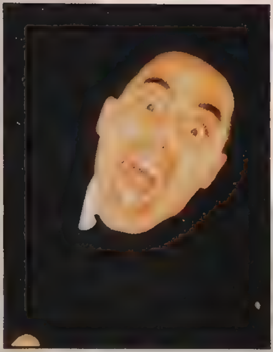
Joseph Cecil Nefflen
Royal Palm Beach, FL
Nuclear Surface

Nerf came to us from sunny Florida, but before that he traveled the country roads of West Virginia. That 17 year old I met on I-Day sure has come a long way. First there were Three Dudes (and two little ones) and then there were just Two Hombres. We never did head to beach in a jeep with a cooler full of beer. Nerf fell to the Darkside Youngster year, and she snagged him for good Firstie year. She may have been my element (come back in five minutes, Jones), but she was meant for you, buddy. And who can forget Beertramid and two weeks at Coral Coves - seen any mamnatees lately? Finally there was Firstie year and the Ramshead; we'll finish those cards if it kills us. Joe, you're the brother I never had, and there will always be a place in my heart for you. Rock on, bro....AR

Armando Ramirez
Corpus Christi, TX
Surface Warfare

Occasionally Mando was known as Papa Ramirez (go figure). His plebe summer squad leader took great gratification from the cute little teddy bear found in Mando's locker. Mando was a definite standout during his first academic year, earning the dubious privilege of being Chris Hayes' most enjoyable chew toy. During his youngster year Mando got together with some other fellows and started up the USNA silent drill team. Mando wrote drill and went on to be team XO.

It was close, but Mando did manage to make it to second class year, bowling much more frequently with little to show on his ten pin average. First class year brought some nights on the town with Nerf, but more important an engagement to Nat and a shooter out of Norfolk. All in all, it was a good four years.



Eduardo Bernardino Rizo
Covina, CA
Marine Corps

Done, done, done. Finally. I can't believe that a 42 year old, crotchety crack-dweller could make it through this place. Back to the Corps where you belong! Besides making plebes (and even sometime firsties) lump their shorts, you were a pretty great guy, even though producing funk like you did should be considered a sin. Coming from the other side of the planet, you were a little intimidating at first, but somehow we survived four years in the same cramped, cold quarters together. Good times out in La Bufadora, even at midnite in sea state 12. If you ever need anyone to shed a tear or give a smile, head back to Dowagiac, because the Rosses and the Wiermans will always be there. If you're not married in 15 years, give me a call - I know some great gals from the University of West Virginia who would love to hitch up with you. Keep learning about the man, because he's the one who keeps us squared away. Besides that, he's the baddest around, and as long as he's on our side we can't lose. I'll miss you. Good Luck! In Christ, the Rosser.

John William Ross
Dowagiac, MI
Marine Corps

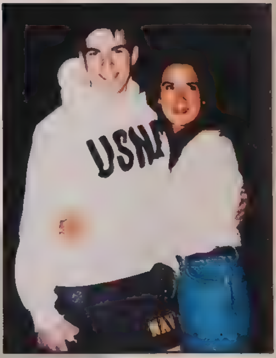
From "A place to scoop up fish", Walt came stomp'n in to the Boat school wrapped in an American flag and served with a side of apple pie. O'l Nanuck was the terror of the Arctic Drainage basin and the "Bush" was his back yard. A true Renaissance man who could skin a dear, hike the Himalayas, woo women, play the piano, and an acknowledged master of the bed lunge. Hey what happened to all those girls?...Duda...Duda. A ride on the o'l flivver oughtta fix'em. Varsity football? Track? How about varsity singing with Bones, and O'mama? "Hey, I thought your group left hours ago?...ahhh!". Watch out for those large hairy toothless beasts named Bertha, "Sweet thang". To Walt the exchange program meant lengthening your prison record and Jimmy Buffet, but hey, it beats the Tswana. "Apple cider anyone?" "No, but maybe if we were in Ensenada." Rosser I love you like a brother, o'l Broccoli toe strapped to the earlobe head.

Jason Peter Salata
Santa Ana, CA
Surface Warfare

As he came from the west, the ladies were dumbfounded by his lovely long lashes and innocent charm. Jason PETER Salata. His abilities are unlimited, he can accomplish feats above and beyond any man. Its been a rough year for you, but justice will be served. Sooner or later the little fat man will get what's coming to him. Name the time and place - we'll be there. The memories have been fond: I love her, 4-4 lounge, unit typing, neer beer party, sound effects, I hate her, and its small but cute. You've earned a prominent position and will do great things in the HIGH SOCIETY lifestyle. Any CLUB would be flattered to be graced with your presence and would undoubtedly welcome you into their GAIL-LERY. You've been a great roommate and a great friend. Good luck in all that you do. OUI love you. REMEMBER 11A. JDM, RG

Colin Scott Gribble Smith
Burke, VA
Navy Pilot

Gerbil left the University of Virginia to come to good old USNA. Why, I don't know, but work hard play hard comes to mind. He could often be found racing around in his red car on the weekends. The love of his life. However, he always seemed to find someone to share it with. When not speeding around town, he was flying to some far away city to visit a "close" friend. This must have been why he decide to be a pilot. But for all the fun he had, it seemed his motto always ended up being, "The nice guy never wins." The dark side, Prom, Chart House, Seattle, "A Porsche?", "Yes Ma'am", Texas-"The Lonely Heart State", Victoria Secret, and finally "She lost that lov'in feeling." Seal or pilot, no contest. Despite the hard work and long hours he never had any regrets and always seemed to make the most of things.



James Bernard Swanski
Worcester, MA
Submarines

"Bo, Swandog, Swandowski" from Woosta Mass. At least subs take some diesel, no more Mario Andrietti flashbacks at the conn. Year off to be with the energizer gf. Told ya so. Who brought the skate bag? 8 pages, I was not goggling. Gas station. I'm gonna be the biggest SOB, you bunch of cats. Mega-wish Barry. 6 seconds left: in the box, roughing. UDN chip. 3.00, 4.25, 4.50, 5.00, Chris at NSA. VW to the Turbo, his car too. Feed the fish? Headboard, where's Chip? I really think he likes her. 20000 leagues under the sea. Jake, Jazz, and Jack, lego's, tballs, and the yellow spoon. New Years 94. Wild Horses at Griffins. Minor disagreement of biblical proportions. Is she going to Orlando? Closet Conservatives. Rush L. When Jimbo met Debby. It had to be you. And so it goes. When will the sun rise? Thanks. Play with Heart. Something in the Way She Moves. Friends.

Paul Joseph Trudell
Mill Valley, CA
Navy Pilot

P.J. has, since we were all blessed with his presence four years ago, continuously, but alas, unsuccessfully attempted to become a member of the aviation exclusive-members club. Despite this short-coming though, he has given us much to smile about. His off-shore sailing exploits peaked when he won the Bermuda race and later became team captain, but he may never live down his spectacular Wonder-Woman impersonation during one of his per-diem vacations. Countless plebes will never know how many spontaneous pep-rallies were the result of P.J.'s high metabolism. He was one of the last recon avengers, although he had no film in the camera to prove it. What a time we shared, and if we could do it all over again, we wouldn't.

Scott William Vogt
East Dubuque, IL
Marine Corps Pilot

Scott made his excursion East from Gig Harbor WA with a knowledge of the , well, other side of life. A graduate of the project squad, youngster year found our hero drilling Tulane, Bourbon Street, and former blone Reg CO's.

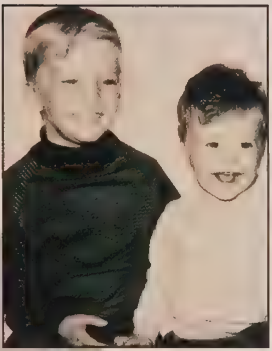
2/c year I got him as a roomate and, counfusing many, a best friend. Sue at Towson, Hanshaw. We're goin' to Myrtle Beach, lookin' for GURLS! What'll Amanda think? Drinking with the Sinko's EVERYWHERE. Ring dance and Herath's boat...what's our draft??

After a brief vacation in Quanticohe swung into detail and took Harry Brown's by storm. Then UMBC and Phi Mu. "Love a chick who does Aussie her first time." Celina, Steph and circle of death...Jen B., and Jen B. Army/Navy and MIDHOOK. 45 days later, and here we are. Renting my parent's house?

Don't stop making waves. Outfitters in WA, NM, Bahamas. Thanks, -BH, ZV

Aletha Shirine Williams
Royal Palm Beach, FL
Surface Warfare

Aletha, the health nut from Jamaica. The girl with the most defined muscles in the brigade. But besides the fact that her MANY different roommates drove her crazy, she still stood strong in her ways. Lets not forget that this "iron" plebe always gave 100% in everything she did. Her different hairstyles came an went but her snoring and bananas never left. There was never a dull moment in the wardroom when Aletha was around....remember your favorite word, "Blood!" But this track star never let up! "Aletha, you go girl!!" - RMD. KL.

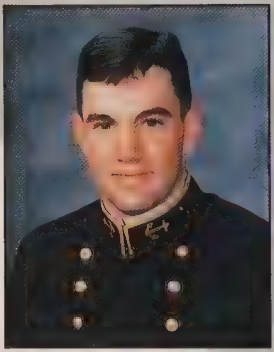


Todd Arthur Zirkle
Waterville, NY
Surface Warfare

Z- The only AT with Dolphins going SWO in the Navy. He came to the Severn as an old man, but he was able to play the kids game during the summer with the "wet behind the ears" upper class. Boat machines listing on his head, and Recons to Admiral's houses for cookies and beer helped keep him amused and his upperclass on there toes. The back corner of Little Campus became the hang out on weekends not marching tours. His hard work over the 4 years was proved by the interesting ways he slept: laying, sitting, and standing unsupported it didn't matter. In between studying he was able to find psycho women in town, and master fencing, and gun fighting, but never skating. There was some fun in the four years you'd never do again.

12th
COMPANY

John Patrick Alcorn
Lakewood, CO
Navy Pilot



Rockin' Juan. THE man from Lakewood, CO. Lived plebe year with Richard Marx on the desk, how'd you do it? Loves the Buffs and basketball. Elway and the Broncos just can't win. John, three point bomber, in practice. Turn on the clock and look out for the bricklayer. Still livin' in the early 80's. Levi's 501 jeans, high-top Cons, best of the 80's CDs. Hey ladykiller, look out for Kamerz. Nobody with worse luck with the ladies. Mormons, Wildcats, Circus Clowns, Terrapins (when they're not grounded), Mary Washington, Midshipmen...left you for a striper. Classroom lullabies from Spyro Gyra. The most "experienced" 5-year old we know. Winner of the Religious Toleration award. The amazing, if rapidly aging, Bertha. Little drummer boy antics only matched by your astuteness on the links. But, hey, caddies make good money too! Best of luck, hope you fly better than you drive, golf and cars. JMG,CSN,SGM

Ramzy Castillo Ayachi
La Marque, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

The Yach! wanted to be an Ocean Engineer, too many hours. A Texan, Wheatbread with the mickey mouse ears. Went to Jay, Vinny, and Roy Rogers for a new personality. This bald, wanna-be flying marine, night owl maintained a healthy diet of hot chocolate, Long Island Iced Teas and buffalo wings. Of course it took 3 blenders to make the perfect Daiquiri. Taco Pizza on friday nite singing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (coffee from a teacup). His BMW rusted over night so he got the Black Honda (LSR..) - needs a CD player. The pink scooters with burger king crowns- were you 21 yet? Slept through reveille, Drill and how many musters? IF the Screamin Commanchies don't get him then the dirty floor will. Here's to a Great Roommate and an excellent friend. One last time, What does it look like I'm doing, dumb&%$? I'm taking off my shorts. Fly Hard!, - Little Man

Bradley William Cougher
Kellogg, ID
Supply Corps

Brad, Budda, Big B. Living four years with a 6'8 mama's boy from Idaho sure does distort one's perception of reality. Aside from the miasma that comes off his size 13 sneakers, rooming with Brad has made my four years here semi-bearable. Brad wasn't the academic type. Instead he found his niche playing basketball. He would disappear for days on M.O.s, only to return and crawl in bed and stink up the room with his miasma. I'll miss the times we didn't talk for weeks at a time (like the time I owed you $400 for the Mexico trip) or the times when we'd brawl till someone drew first blood. From Boyz Town and the CDO knocking on Ray's door to Brad getting his lip caught in a beer can, the memories will always be there. Thanks for the good times.

Douglas Scott Dyson
Shepherdstown, WV
Marine Corps Pilot

"Rash" is not an adjective that comes to mind when you are describing Doug. "Asleep" would more accurately depict most of his time here at the Academy. Sent to us straight from Maneuvering on board the USS Spadefish, Doug showed up at USNA with a fist full of cash and said, "So this is the Academy. Where do I sign?" Doug was a master of knowing just when and where to apply his efforts to get the job done. For a while it looked as if it was going to be close, but Doug landed his Marine Pilot billet with room to spare. Exactly one to spare, that is. (Never in doubt, had it all the way.) Doug was always one to tell it just like it was, and not sugar-coat anything. From the birth of the Trinity on 6-2, to his own recipe for sink-style beef stew on 3-2, it's been a long strange trip. Shipmates, roommates, brothers. Utah, gimme two. JAP JTS

Robert Joseph Falk
Mason, WI
Surface Warfare

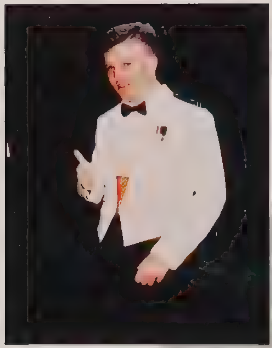
What about Bob? Bobber arrived in sweltering, tropical Annapolis from the northern edge of the middle of no where and hasn't been cold since. Everyone knows that Bob's heart will always be in Wisconsin, and that his brain goes to visit it there all the time. Bob.....Bob.....Bob.....Huh? Being from Wisconsin explains a lot of things about Falkster, like his fetish for really weird hats, rubber boots, holsteins, and the fact that he changes coats more often than most people change underwear. Although he works harder than he should, Bob still finds time to be the company rent-a-car, with your first 4,000 miles free, no oil change required. With his Marine dreams left safely in a mud puddle in California, Bob is packing up his skis and heading for sunny Hawaii. Aloha Bob. May you always have fair seas and a following wind. Friends for life. JRF

Joey Lyn Frantzen
Saint Donatus, IA
Surface Warfare

Joey, the man with no rhythm, came to the Academy after rigorous training in the Sea Cadets. Joe you didn't exactly lull us to sleep with your guitar playing, and your singing... Don't quit your day job. We just want to know one thing, how did you graduate? You played computer games everyday! There couldn't be a more consummate ladies man. Sarelle, the linebacker, Holly the computer lover, and Nicole the foreign exchange student. If Pony ever leaves the service, he'll start his own computer dating service. Did you ever figure out who Michael Jordan was?
Did you ever figure out who Magic Johnson was? To the man who may someday be able to fit into that belt Nicole gave him, we'll miss all of the good times and memories. A good roommate and a great friend. Matt and Dave.

Jason Robert Frei
Hazen, ND
Marine Corps

Here is a man who can think, philosophize, rationalize, computate, and debate with the best of them which comes to my rationalization as to his service selection. For a guy who has accomplished nearly everything here at the Academy, there is only one challenge left, to see if he can fight with the best. As for challenges, that is why Frei-man hiked his way from the NORTH. As a true Northlander from Hazen, North Dakota, he somehow ended up with a roommate of the very same make. He thought he had left it all behind only to find himself compelled to substantiate the truth adored by his eternally snow bound roommate. Separated only twice as roommates due to extenuating circumstances (feuding roommates and your above standard achievements)we shared the best times of these past 4 years. Roommate and best friends are understatements----Family of the highest order. RJF



James Michael Gullion
Plano, TX
Surface Warfdre

Mike (aka "Jim" or "James") came to USNA on golf scholarship from Plano, or Mansfield, or Dallas--depending on who asks. Upset that he couldn't select the Iowa, ("Top Gun," sir) Mike will be shipping out to Japan. We've witnessed Mike's induction into the sub-one and one-eighty clubs, not to mention the green can cooler at Uncle Bart's (Has Mrs. H recovered?). In his four years, Mike's acquired a taste for Shasta and piscine tacos (look it up). He's learned such valuable lessons as never laugh at a chaplain (unless the Prez is stopping by), and that working out on Hospital Point has its advantages (God bless Navy diving.) Mike has been admired by all, especially a certain plebe from the nation's dairyland. And when he throws that giant "helmet" in the air come graduation, all will miss his laughter and unique (heathen?) perspective. CSN, JPA, SGM

Craig Allen Hackstaff
Newton Square, PA
Surface Warfasre

Craig, better known as Hack, was best known as the Wardroom King and Supreme Ruler of the "conn." Hack's the only man in USNA history who's grades went DOWN when the wardroom was closed (almost to unsat). Plebe year brought all-calls with Finkler, Uncle Bart's party (boat), the green condom, and a puke-covered dog. Hack became our roomie 2/c year (well, 1/c year officially). Late nights in the wardroom, Griffin's bar tabs, and one night stands at Mum's became the norm. An 8 week summer in Jax was too much for the Hacker. Toxic Bell runs at 3am (roadblock = .08), Hooters, a week alone with my car, and see-thru swimsuits. Hey, Hack, watch out for that handicapped rail between Rickover and Michelson. Two inches lower and you're a soprano. Thanks for the parties, lacrosse updates, and fun-filled memories. You're a good roomie and a great friend. Kamerz & KJ.

Brandon Scott Hammond
Oak Harbor, WA
Navy Pilot

Brandon S. Hammond came to us rich in sport trivia from a far off corner known as Oak Harbor Washington. Plebe year he gained a new name and was forevermore known as "Reggie." (explains why it took a certain somebody 4 years to realize your first two initials were BS) High & Tight haircut...What?! Cough, Cough, Hgmm, Cough, Hgmm! Sunday morning rate studier @ 0700! Come on! Remember when you apprehended the upperclass illegally selling t-shirts. His final lesson of plebedom; poodles do not make good mops. As an EOE partner in crime he gained two new shadows who continually tugged at his cuffs especially when he attained 7 minutes of decomp time. His heart was set on flying from the day he set foot inside these 8 pearly gates. A Tom Cruise Wanna-be, gotta be a pilot. We'll see you in your natural element fly boy fly. RA+RJF+CAH=Friends for ever

Matthew Wells Hartkop
Medina, OH
Navy Pilot

To the man who complains 25 hours a day, and every time you least want to hear it. How do we describe a man who studies everyday and gets upset when he doesn't get a 4.0. If we had to compare him to a celebrity, it would be Ward Clever, and we couldn't forget the lovely June...a.k.a Susanne. Geez guys live a little! We can understand writing letters everyday, but e-mail??. Wow is this guy WHIPPED or what? Our fondest memories will be of studying in complete darkness... geez guys do you really need these lights on? NO MATT-- are you a moron! Really though, Matt is a very complex individual with many interest... Susanne, Susanne, Susanne, Susanne. By the way Susanne, ask Matt why he's known to us as "Pablo The Spanish Lover." Best of times, Best of Friends...Joey and David.

Patrick Ryan Hooper
Mill Creek, WA
Special Operations

It wasn't so clear the first day, but as the days went by it was obvious that this crazy guy from Seattle and I were destined for each other. By chance, we became roommates, along with Ed, and the rest is history. With seven Sunday evening room formals in a row, we didn't start off great. (You shouldn't have "cleaned" the shower) We survived the year and finished with the trip to Mexico. Wow! It was only the beginning. A year in boyz town (where we got away with everything) and it became very unclear how you were at the top of the class. Before you knew it, we were first class in charge of the company. I think I can say that I have seen it all through the years with your actions and your deformities. I wouldn't trade the times we had for anything. Good Luck! Big B

Kevin Dion Johnson
Portland, OR
Nuclear Surface

Kevin came to US(NA) from the great northwestern state of Oregon after a year at UofW. As the plebe summer god of pro-knowledge, KJ became our fearless leader into academic year (We have to redo the boards again?!). After 2 years of intense studying, KJ arrives in 12 with a ball & chain (although he leaves it outside gate 1). Los Alamos brought Austex (oops, spilled again), mountain biking, Cliffhanger wannabe's, and off-road rice burners (Watch for falling rocks. Where's that hubcap?). As a firstie, KJ was rarely seen due to VGEP and Jan but he hung around long enough to complete the daily 13 (you get style points for delivery) and the supermarathon (28 miles and a post race "celebration"). What a stud! Must be the chile. Thanks for all the great memories (groans, gripes, and complaints) BAM BAM. You're a friend for life and we will truly miss you. Kamerz & Hack.

Michael David Luckett
Banning, CA
Submarines

Does everybody from California vomit when they drink too much water? How did you and Wudda live with each other during Plebe Summer? Oh that's right, if he would've given you too much trouble, you would've done some kung-fu stuff on his appendix. Handy advice to a boxing opponent: watch his feet, they're a little too active. Speaking of lethal, what exactly goes on in that stomach of yours? World War I wasn't as toxic as you are in the morning. Second class year found Mike with a fiancee--and almost more (thank God for state lines!) When firstie year arrived, he was more easily located outside of gate 8 than inside. A man who never got too little rack while the sun was still up, your sleeping habits will suit you well in a submarine. Commodore, Craftmaster, or EOOW, you're bound to be a smash wherever you go. Good luck! JPA

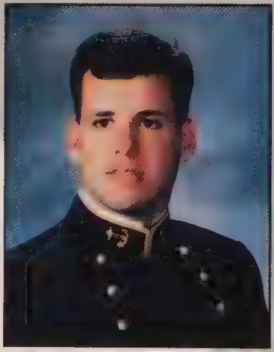
Gregory Lloyd McConnell
Shrewsbury, MA
Surface Warfare

"Here's to you.." From quaint Worcester, Ma, to salty Newport, RI, young Gregory finally made his way here, aspiring a spot on the infamous USNA Bobsled Team. With his dream unfulfilled, Greg found solace (and many an excuse!) in VarSailing along with being a three-time "red-lighter" and "disciplinarian" for the hockey squad. Finding no interest in studies, this white-working, long-haired, freak kept busy doing Richard Trix, splitting boys-towner's lips with hangers, calculating the least possible scores on tests needed necessary to stay "sat," rumbling (seldom winning) with his roomy after a power-nite at Griffon, searching for the ever-elusive "pubs" which Fitzy would so generously plant, or on the cellular with our ex "woo-woo," his soon2B wife--Kelly G! Although in no danger of winning "most-loved 12thco midn," we'll miss you, Olympia Man...may your oiler be oily and your lager be frothy! Arrrr! WJPM

Sean Gary McKamey
Hollywood, MD
Navy Pilot

One thing is for certain about Sean: what his exploits lacked in excitement, his stories more than made up for in length. A true beer-swilling machine, he had some great "accidents" that left his roomies sicker than him. He was always in it to win it, and he is the indisputable King of Boot and Rally. How was In the Line of Fire in Jax? How did you get thrown out of Griffin's? A ladies man by declaration (his own), not even Korn's ring dance date was safe from his charm. Remember Uncle Bart's boat? The flavor of the month

William J. P. Murphy
Centerville, MA
Navy Pilot



"...Here's to me." This Masshole (a Cindarella story, from out'a nowhere) hit the deck plates running with his hockey skates and stick in hand. But he soon realized that even the "Crash Helmet" (which help saved that 7 and 5/8ths mellon in Padre, Key West and Cancun--knock on wood) would not save his monitor in an infamous "Battle Royal." From the days of the Eye-of-Newt, through the Hanger wars of Boy's Town (and firedoors), to the very long nights at Griffon's, this man was always ready to rally...Rub-ba-dub-dub, Ahhhhhhh! But Wait! What's that!?! YES! TRI-TRI! All hands TRI's up! Just remember those famous last words of Fitzy, "The fear of pubs is worse than pubs themselves!" Many of you may know him as Murph, Wooda, Slick Willy, Billy, the Pylon or even as Jospeh Patrick, but I call him Bill! Lighten up Francis...Ahrrrrrr! GLM

Craig Samuel Newton
Marietta, GA
Naval Flight Officer

Roommate, the Guru. Hails from Marietta, GA, land of the free, home of the Braves. Plebe summer death in Sturdevant's squad, thank God for visits from the XO. Moon pies with Kamerz. "The End of the World as We Know It." Poetic thoughts of the day were the norm. Plebe year brought maid duty in the room from hell. The decommissioning of a girlfriend (battleship) and THE big decision were youngster year's tasks. All cammied up at Quantico with Craftmaster. 36 days underway and you were back for good. Oysters with Kim at the Chart House capped off the weekend from hell. Firstie year and back-to-back bagit DAPA. Help me, Rhonda and Slick. NFO and laughing at me. The best proofreader and spectator in history. If you need to find him, look for the EARS! Anxiously awaiting the first novel...Sianara!

JMG, JPA, SGM

Dave Bernard Owens
Southfield, MI
Surface Warfare

A fond farewell to David, a man we "never knew" even after rooming together for nearly four years. Dave first became famous when "Oooowens Hooo!!" resounded through the halls. Plebe Owens never missed a chance to "Drill" during dant's time, was a local resident of Regimental tables, and a close friend of 1/c Nouk and 2/c Christensen. A passing affair with E----a woke Dave up from his frequent rack periods of youngster year. But of course, she was only an "acquaintance", just like his Canadian love. We will never forget the little things: jazz/soul/r&b/whatever music, CDR J (summer at USNA), ceiling fires on Ring Dance night, "room dining out", a "vast" tie collection, modesty (NOT!). Never the Room Commander, but always the Head Restrictee, we will remember our time with Dave as "the best of times." Matt and Joey

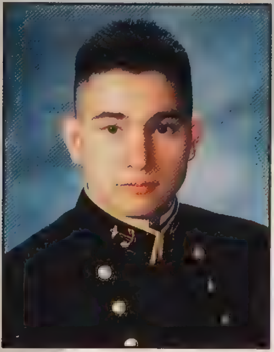
Matthew Scott Paschal
Corpus Christi, TX
Surface Warfare

"Lucky" came to USNA on a football scholarship from Texas. Oh no, a cowboy! I'll have to listen to country music!!! Luckily, he didn't like country that much, but he did listen to Ozzy--Yuck. What a funny accent--"What's the dill?","Do you have a peen?". Hey what about Heather? So many women--Heather#1, Heather#2, Savannah, and the other "X"s left in Texas. Remember plebe summer--oh, that's right, while we were doing plebe summer, you were playing football and relaxing in air conditioned Ricketts. How about driving in Philly with JF...tres y media in Cozumel...living with BH...aiding and abetting youngsters ...living next to Correia...running out of gas...eating peppers for $100...buying expensive watches (5mm water resistant) ...studying at the library. It was fun living with you. Keep investing. Good luck in Corpus Christi and Denver. "Don't we owe this institution something?!?" EVS

James Andrew Pettit
Jackson, TN
Surface Warfare

In 1987 the gates of Graceland opened, and gave to the Navy a guy with a baby-killer face and mission accomplishment attitude to match. It was a long, strange trip. From the first days on 8-0, to the birth of the Trinity on 6-2, we've been through some times. The Scuba Club was a mechanism for some very risky business and some close calls. But when it was time to make the calls, James was never afraid to toe the line. He didn't win any popularity contests during his reign on 5-0, but there was never any question who was in charge, and those of us who knew him well enough knew that he was always doing the right thing. Always quick with an inside joke and a smile, but never out of reach of rock bottom. Shipmates, roommates, brothers. Utah, gimme two. JTS DSD

William D. J. Pharis
Jacksonville Beach, FL
Navy Pilot



William D. Pharis came to us straight off the beaches of warm sunny Florida. Floridian Beach-bum spent most of his life searching for a home with looks. He finally found one..a jet cockpit at P-cola. W.D. Pharis spent his leisure time culminating personal enemies. Through his battles with rayS of destruction he found one place of solace--cyborg world. Every winter found him battling against the fate of becoming the last ice-age victim. After 4 years, Will finally got to visit this world of his dream complete with the Hall of Valhalla. W.D. will forever be know as the only midshipman who had to be formally debriefed as to his summer excursions upon Return of the Brigade. I recapitulate to you one word of advice, the United States has never had a debtor's prison, let's keep it that way. Friends through any snow storm. RJF

Edward Vincent Sirios
Chula Vista, CA
Naval Flight Officer

Edward "Scissorhands"...the firm believer in the Dial of Faith. He has spent many of his nights down on the (Boone's) FARM. Remember that the YP's are leaving tonight so you better pack early. We never did tell R W. what we did with her canteen. And how about those peaceful times with B.H. Do you ever get the Phil-ing that you might run into people you know in G-town? Or how about those nights out with D.O. and the Jav-king. Well, I say we make a toast to COL Ripley. In class, Ed was an amazzzzzzing student. "Ed come back, I'm losing you". Actually, he was kind of quiet, especially during

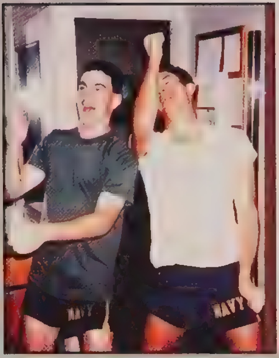
James Thomas Spolyar
Lebanon, IN
Marine Corps Pilot

Air Force, Army - you name it - Jim's been there, done that. A true friend. The tougher the situation, the more you wanted him around. The tougher the woman, the more he wanted her around. Jim couldn't make it to Airborne, Air Assault, or Ranger school, so he grabbed up a Cadet that could. Talk about interservice relations, 2/C year Jim became the company's official ambassador. From the birth of the Trinity on 6-2 to the Field of Dreams, we went through it all together: scuba lessons, scuba diving, scuba lawsuits -- you name it. Speaking of flooding -- Whoa! Where's all that water coming from?! JIBE HO! And thank God for Steph; induction to the Dark Side was inevitable for young Jim. We'll see ya at the '500 one of these days. Shipmates, roommates, brothers. Utah, give me two. JAP, DSD

William Archer Tansey
Short Hills, NJ
Surface Warfare

I was sitting in the diner on a sunday drinking coffee...P.T. stud extraordinaire, friend for life, smelly dogs, spiderman on rocks, ladiesman for b-ball stars(Larry Bird), country dancer from New Jersey???, hibernation king, how about Roy Rogers in N.Y.C., beer connoisseur, 3/c Tansey firstie year care of W.D.P, Bill did you sign this list? " Sir, I don't quite remember what happened last night.", How's the Buddha?, Math wizard!, secretly darksides with R.W., Navigator and Co-pilot...what a pair! Did we ever make it anywhere on the first try?, (Charlottesville or Richmond?), "Bill is that a friend on your head?"
Q:Bill, what are you doing?.
A:Well I'm taking off my shorts...
His perfect afternoon... sitting on the back porch with a beer in one hand and a bag of chips in the other. DAMN STRAIGHT! MOUNTAIN HIGH! HOOYAH BILL!

YAGA



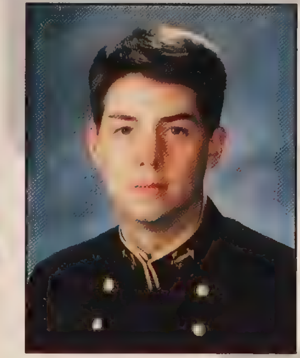
Jason Wade Walker
Newtonsville, OH
Marine Corps

"Nuclear meltdown, sir!" Such is the first memory many of us had of the prior nuke who had poisoned our atmosphere. Plebe summers were always good to Jason: '96 will always know him as "big bear", and onlookers at one of '97s parades saw a show of physical prowess that will long be remembered ("How'd that sword get in my eye?") Close friends of Jas will always remember him as a man trapped in a boy's body--felt no pain, and had no control. But Jas was as principled as they come, and he always threw in a valuable two cents. An outdoorsman by trade, the Corps was always his destiny. Remember when you had hair? I do. . .and so does everybody with a 1993 Trident Calendar. Good Luck with everything. . .and yes Jas, I still believe that she'll be a knockout. JPA

Raissa Wilson
Piscataway, NJ
Marine Corps

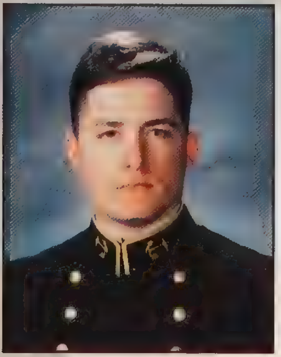
13th
COMPANY

Bradford White Baker
Richmond, VA
Submarines



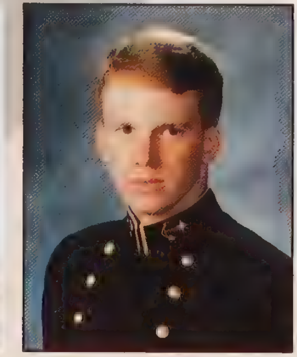
Baker- toober- prior subs.. Well what can we say.. Plebe year was quite a moving experience-- all over Dobbslaw ("The Goat is Old and Gnarly"), into the can before your chem final- what a full moon in the morning.. At least you were Ives' little buddy. Never seen so much brass in 4009.. Youngster year-- Dining out (Nice purple wallpaper)-- Tailgater that lead to your fiancee. What would you do for a CD? Cruise--Oksana.. Never allowed in a bar in Europe again.. Tamen-T.. Wish you had told me you were such a good fencer.. Duty for Army/Navy -- First class year- the start of a great relationship with the CO. Fun finding the football for the bike.. Thanks for the service selection party.. Watch out for that ski slope.. Be careful, have fun, keep in touch-- BC

Michael Anthony Brooks
Barto, PA
Marine Corps



Mike came here as an old Marine with the intent of corrupting as many impressionable 18-year-olds as possible. He was a little misguided plebe year: sucking weight, rowing through spring break, and doing late night doppler experiments on 4-0. He showed his true colors on youngster cruise, living on rum and tequila. Un otra rounda! When he comes in from town, duty section and sheets beware. Youngster year he met Kelly and his life changed forever. He told me after two months that he was going to marry her, and he was right. We've had some fun over the four years--late night wrestling, ring dance, the marathon, spring break, who's drinkin'?, tailgaters, "for cryin' outside!" We learned the most important lesson of all--look out for your roommate. The brave naval aviators tempted you, but your heart was with the Marines. Give me a call if you ever need an airstrike. RLH

Gregory Martin Cisz
Swiftwater, PA
Submarines



Gregory Cisz - Greg is one of our favorites of the late night party scene, with him there is never a dull moment. Not to mention how dull (and expensive) service selection night would have been without him. Although he won't be giving up career on Nuke subs, after retirement he may persue his real calling as an evangalist saving sinners. Give 'em hell "Jimmy Swaggart"! Over the years Greg has had (and shared) some very frightening automotive experiences (guard rail, sky, guard rail, sky...), as a reward for this, the government is sending him to Germany for six months to train on the autovon (hopefully only in running shoes). Look out Germany! I guess that's better than sending him to sea and hearing "3 degrees list to port". If you see Greg out there, and you have a sister, don't mention it. Thanks for it all Greg, it's been a great 4 years. Good luck as you submerge into the sunset singing "Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles..." LJK

Benjamin Robert Cook
Arlington, TX
Navy Pilot

John Russell Fitzgerald
Clayton, NY
Surface Warfare

Rusty, a man with a mission: graduation! Coming from the fleet and from NAPS, this midshipman was no brainchild. He has no study skills; 10h of studying for every 1h of effective study.... Don't leave blanks! (Laces Out!) He has persevered, however, through sacrifice. We've never truly seen this old sailor's potential. Rowing crew for three years, hangin' with the youngsters, he's missed some good times with his buds. Somehow we still share some of the greatest memories, though: Sambuca in Philly, stress relieving drum jams at 1 AM, gummy bear dissections, runaway Mazdas and stubborn porchs, "Glad you found your chain. It looks good on you...."

This Salty Dog is everyone's best friend -- especially the youngsters. Even car vendors befriend this sucker, and Credit Card Co's send him X-mas cards.... Women can't keep their hands off of him - even the King Hall workers, or his sponsor's daughter. We'll miss you. Good luck, soul man. Arch, BLP.

John Sylvio Galipeau
Madison, AL
Surface Warfare

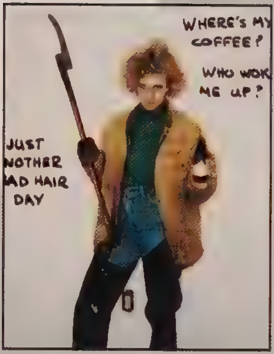
John came to us in the last half of firstie year from the "real Navy." A former '91 guy just trying to make an honest living as a mid, we're glad you made it down the home stretch with us John! -Your brothers

Bradly Frederick Hanner
Eureka, IL
Marine Corps

Brad, 99 pushups for every dollar, and the last 9 were Dromski's. You can't save everyone folks, just try not to be next to them when they go off. Our heavily fortified rec-room, Morrisey till dawn, Dennis Miller- our sage and guru for keeping our sanity. My God, just how many books do you have anyway? The thong, ass on anything, Rugby stud. Hey guys, this Steinlager's great! Surprise on a Johnny soccer field, Paoge and Brad in FL, look who I met. Semper Fi and I will fly. The true example of a man interested in our past to help us with our future, and gutsy enough to do it. (not too many like that). A great friend who I'll always be proud to know. Till later days Venetian thong merchant. Risocrates. (YOU CAN BE MINE! SEMPER HAIR, TGY)

Robert Lawrence Hartman
Dallastown, PA
Naval Flight Officer

Rob came to the Naval Academy as a quiet, almost shy member of Mighty Mike. After a brief period of "Looking out for number one" Rob found his niche. Anyone who knows him will verify that he is pound for pound the strongest man in the Brigade. Who's drinking? Do you even need to ask? A better question is "Who's falling asleep at Griffin's again?" After getting three terrible B's his plebe year Rob decided never to let that happen again and began his shot to the top. It looks like his two greatest dreams have come true his aviation service selection and June wedding to his 2% survivor. Always remember all the nights with the boys, the marathon, the Bahamas, Bacardi bravery, Bancroft a.m. photo sessions, and the rest of the best times of our lives. - MAB


WHERE'S MY COFFEE?
WHO WOK ME UP?
JUST NOTHER AD HAIR DAY

Laura Jean Kratz
Corpus Christi, TX
Marine Corps

Laura J. Kratz - If you've seen her in the morning you'll know why she's known as "Medusa." If you're smart you'll just hand her some coffee and get out of the way of 13th company's charm queen. Grandma took her time getting here, trying all the options - civilian college, civilian employement, enlisted and soaking up rays in Hawaii, and freezing her butt off at NAPS. However, the advantage of being a 22 year old plebe is being legal all four years. This not only led to many (countless) nights of merriment with the boys, but inventive games that would put any aviator to shame. But that's A.O.K. Granny Kratz has made the most of the swarrior community during her summers, and it wasn't all just coffee and donuts. It could just be senility but old scary hair herself has figured out that sailing in the winter is very bad, and it puts a real damper on swimming, running and biking. So you'll probably find her getting huge in the gym or knitting something (but she's always willing to move to a bar stool). Look out in the fleet when this fleet sailor returns.

Brian Adom Montgomery
Great Falls, VA
Surface Warfare

Monty-"***Apatheticus Maximus***," the bad influence on my USNA career. Ever since Plebe Summer, "Didn't you go to Langley?", we've battled company officers and moronic QB's as roommates. All the 4/C priv.,Sinead O. played constantly by The Weasel, squad ldrs/co.cdrs/CO's checking our totally unsat room, "Just look around!", and "you really should stay away from that room"; TJ: I was so mad I couldn't talk. Hell w/end at SPE and getting chased outta there. Good job avoiding the foot hitting the windshield; Seizing the initiative for Metallica 3/C year. HoJo's: "Let's get some ____!" Just remember the hand is not watertight and wings look better on the wall than the bed. Thanks for the great times and good luck in the Mine**hunting** business and have a great five, 3?, years.

Robert Brevard Moore
Annapolis, MD
Navy Pilot

Chip Patrick, the scholar: "Sir, how about an Alabama Slammer?" the smooth talker "Can I have a weekend? My ride can't drive." or "We better get out of here, somebody spilled a beer in the hallway." The dancer "Coach, I can't row because I hurt my elbow, knee, ankle.. at the D1W1" and the community service participant "Just doin' charity work." UVA (SPE, Lumina windshield, Taurus), Downtown (take all my money and keep the drinks flowing), Tony's famous warm beer, Colorado, the Backcountry, Bu-ddy!! Thanks for taking care of me on my B-days; the Tombs and Rudy's. We scored big that night - DENIED! But most importantly was the Gold medal 2V. What an awesome season! A member of the Brotherhood and forever a great friend. Good luck in the Corps - SUPPLY CORPS! --MAS

Charles Sherman Patrick
McLean, VA
Supply Corps

Chip Patrick, the scholar: "Sir, how about an Alabama Slammer?" the smooth talker "Can I have a weekend? My ride can't drive." or "We better get out of here, somebody spilled a beer in the hallway." The dancer "Coach, I can't row because I hurt my elbow, knee, ankle.. at the D1W1" and the community service participant "Just doin' charity work." UVA (SPE, Lumina windshield, Taurus), Downtown (take all my money and keep the drinks flowing), Tony's famous warm beer, Colorado, the Backcountry, Bu-ddy!! Thanks for taking care of me on my B-days; the Tombs and Rudy's. We scored big that night - DENIED! But most importantly was the Gold medal 2V. What an awesome season! A member of the Brotherhood and forever a great friend. Good luck in the Corps - SUPPLY CORPS! -- MAS

William M. A. Poage
Bristol, RI
Surface Warfare

Pudge, Watch posted. I think she needs a face transplant. Eating more at the football tables than the linemen. Think its time to quit footabll and begin our professional life? yeh right. Time for Easter weekend, time for the zit. So the SHACK was born with no glasses on the wood, I need a ride, and lets get some beer, I have a dollar. Who's drinking? Halsey. We need some Schaefiere Petite...smoothed! We had the chicks, but not all the way. They were all digging your ACTION. Oh, and how does Mexican sand taste? Like Tequilla? My wallet!!!! If we were SAT or you weren't on resrtiction who knows what would have happened. Never had two people been so similar...I was just thinking that. Its been fun. In five years on a beach in Florida we'll have a BBQ and a margarita and get fat. DKH (NAZEL), RAM (ELVIS)

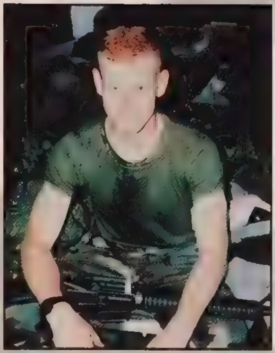
Julie Ann Preyer
Wolf Point, MT
Oceanography Option

Julie Preyer - I've been living with Jules the deer slayer, bambi killer, hunter gatherer of our room for four years now. She's not only has an amazing voice, but she is one of the only people I know from (or who admits it) Montana. Jules is often out and about singing here, there and everywhere and when she's not doing that she's fulfilling her role as Princess Leah - where did you put that light saber? Coming from the grassy, empty plains where the buffalo, and not much else, roam we've tried to enlighten Jules to the real world. We have not always been successful, but she's a bold little trooper who's not afraid to ask questions.
Ens. Barry, how do you eat a carpet? For some reason, she won't be venturing far, she seems to like the Virgina area and will be heading there after she submits Newport to her crazy late night antics like sitting around the campfire and slumber parties. Fair winds and smooth seas, or some swo jazz like that...LJK

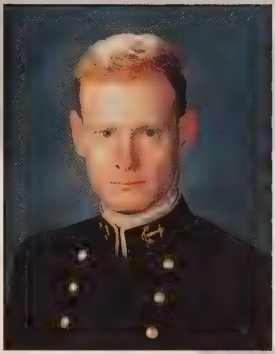
Brody Lynn Prieto
El Paso, TX
Navy Pilot

David Christopher Rice
La Mesa, CA
Navy Pilot

Dave-Hailing from sunny Diego and "Dude"ing through our first summer with "a back wound" (were you in combat or what?) Dave managed to evade Darth's evil grasp plebe year. How do you pronounce that...Risae? Always the master of bad Duran Duran youngster year he thought Miss Right was really in Mississippi. Little did he know he'd have to bounce off an icicle at St Johns before he found a cute little barmaid just trying to pull herself through Law school. Always agreeing with my right wing commentary even if I was deranged and surviving "Superiority of the Fatherland" speeches . Thanks for humoring me. In a constant search for Zen, Dave could BS and talk circles w/ the best of them. Every W.E.: Fri afternoon "Bye Dave", Sun. nite "Hi Dave"(as he went head first into the rack). Never forget our carpet or what not to do (ie the CO). I couldn't have asked for a better roommate. There'll be drunken philosophy after taps! Keep the faith. BFH



Christopher M. Swindull
Baytown, TX
Marine Corps



Swing hailed to us from the Lone Star State. SwingNut where'd you get that name? If "Tony the Tiger" couldn't kill you, medical sure tried during Plebe summer - appendicitis. How about Devil Dog - arguing with all those SSGT's and making your roomie sleep in the head. Hey turn down that stereo - "WHAT, I can't hear you?" Are you the 3/c academic chew toy of Dancing Bear or what? How'd you ever endure BEEF and the PACKRAT? 2/c cruise with TAY was "PENNILESS IN SEATTLE." Who's got duty today - shut up and turn off the lights, we're trying to sleep and enjoy our 2/c vacation! Tagteam flaming on '96 with TAY. Somehow you survived the Storm of the Century with RICE in Dry County, AL. Swing, are you with us - how many days left? Who's drinking - SUSTACAL. Swing, in your prime, you were a real Lady Killer. SEMPER FI - TAY.

Christopher Alan Taylor
Gray, TN
Navy Pilot

Alan Taylor - We just know him as Tay, but in the forest of Tennessee, out amoung the wild critters, he's known as "big Daddy." If Tay had got that role on the Dukes of Hazard we'd never have seen that feisty youngin' on I-day four years ago. It just goes to prove that a country boy can survive, even with convict roommates. Of course that meant establishing a few rules like Paula's always right, the Braves are #1, Jack rules and 5.0 and go. Things have been quieter in the ol' Tennessee since that crazy cooter has been out here scaring the yard dogs and (recently) tearing up the town in those mighty soft boots. Yes, after having survived the summer of '93 and Vinson, Las Vegas, LA, Seattle, Miramar, Reno, S.F., and, of course, TJ, he's gonna be settling down with the woman. But if you see our country boy in town, say howdy, he's the only guy we know who really believes that Bud is the king of beers. Fly High Tay. LJK

Thomas Gen Yamamoto
Richland, WA
Surface Warfare

Moto came to the Boat School from the desert of Washington. After this little plebe finished playing Joker's Wild plebe summer and surviving Swingnut and our favorite Pole/Kraut he got himself into the room known for, among other things, late night photo sessions in Chauvenet. Wrestling was fun for a while, but bigger things soon took precedence like deciding between Marine, NFO, & SWO about a million different times in three years not to mention wondering if SATness would EVER bless him! Whose your buddy, whose your pal?! From chez Liebowitz to chez Lebo. Life at Rick and Jean's. By Ring weekend we all knew you could go from Japanese to Commanche Indian over two beers. In and out of the "E" word and hundreds of would-be ggg-funds while goggling through Crabtown. May your namesake strike fear and dread through the Pacific Fleet! You'll always be my wingman...forever! God speed my friend. BFH

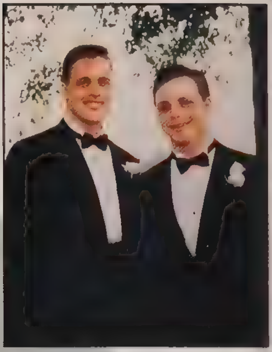
14th COMPANY

Lee Gary Baird
Huntington, CA
Surface Warfare

Baird Lee, known to most as "Keebler", but to a select few as "Guppy" (Gotcha), terror to the plebes, and one hell of a little hooker has made it to his goal, freedom and SWOness (not quite gold dolphins, but at least it is San Diego and you still get the pleasure of rooming with me). The Olympics have no flame that can burn brighter or longer than " the guy from 14". Must be all those nasty little Corn Nuts. The once great hockey player, rugger, and fieldball champ is now a study in mopishness due to a certain "Cookie". Aren't those desserts bad for you? Still waiting for the fireworks. Hey where is Lee? He's at HOOD. It's been fun, it's been real and it has been real fun. "Roommates forever", or until I find a cuter one. Vaya con Dios. CLD

Michael John Balow
Richmond, MI
Surface Warfare

Mike came to USNA from Detroit with hopes of being a EE major and a future pilot. Over time, he finally majored in general science (after sampling all the others) and is planning on becoming a SWO. Overcoming his fear of flying fruit (speaking of fruit, what was the deal with Clev and the apple?) and long days on route 50, he became such a powerhouse in McDonough "that even the enlisted people came to see." He discovered Baja, 7-11, and Annapolis Terrace and then his social life really took off. Mike decided to box 1/c year and proved that he could stick with the hard work. Regardless of your brigade ranking (#3), you're always #1 to us. The Valley Forge is fortunate to have Mike - but they better get used to hearing wookie cries. We've all become better people by knowing Mike and wish him the best in his future pursuits. We'll never forget you. GEB, JTK, BML



Gregory Edward Blake
Ellicott City, MD
Marine Corps

The Blakester, coming to us from Ellicott City via Lawrenceville Prep. With him came the Ramones, from then on none of us were ever the same. Life wasn't all that hard for Greg, with the "Midship" a mile away, and the Grand Am with a mind of its own... Still sorry about the hood...And of course he never started the fights, but he sure ended a few, "Hey do you know Cleveland Steamer?" Our friend the host, always knew how to keep it under wraps "Relax dude, they won't all show up." Tom and Mike want to thank you for the culture, the moose face, impromptu aikido lessons, and let us never forget the Block...Two years in a row. Greg always the charmer, it's all part of my rock 'n roll fantasy. Seriously, through it all, you and the family always came through, we appreciate it and we'll never forget you bro.
MJS, TLS

Michael L. Bosshard
Lebanon, NJ
Navy Pilot

No comment. . . . (Ha!) Mike came to USNA from the great state of NJ after having spent a year at "real" college. It didn't take him long to decide that real men shoot rather than paddle down a river backwards, so he dropped crew and joined pistol. He got his N* but then, realizing how much his company needed him in intramurals, he sacrificed his pistol career. Mike wanted to get the total USNA experience so he didn't stay in one place for too long, going from 4th Co, to 32nd (thanks), and then to 14th. He had a high-and-tight from the start, and he went to Leatherneck first class summer just like we all expected. Well, Leatherneck convinced the hard-charger he should definitely lose the high-and-tight and service select Navy Air. Thanks for making this place easier to handle. BR

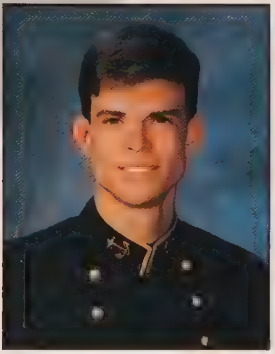
Samuel Robert Brooks
Theodore, AL
Submarines

Rob came to us from as deep as deep South gets, Mobile, AL. A true southern gent, in every sense of the word, Rob made his considerable presence known in the intramural fields surrounding USNA, which he ruled as a king. After a rocky plebe year under Mo's authoritarian hand, Rob nevertheless escaped unscathed, despite his famous foot-in-mouth experience. Known academically as a "bookless wonder", Rob chose comp sci as his major. But Brooks excelled in other endeavors, charming women of all shapes, size, and rank (Beth, Exxon, K) with his impeccable charm. The wonderful time with D&B produced several memorable MO's (New Orleans) and Rob's love of music was never quelled. Good luck at NPS-but we are sure that the Buddha will lead the Poor Fat Guy with the Beefy-T to success. Roll Tide and God Bless always. MCG,JGH

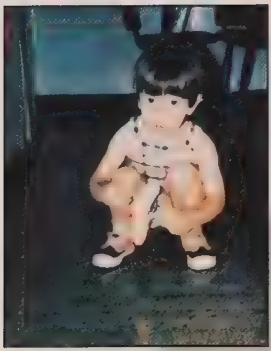
Christopher J. Browning
Bellaire, TX
Marine Corps

Chris Browning, or "Hole" as he came to be known, came to the sunny shores of the Severn from the great state of Texas. Despite a difficult plebe summer (I'm a bagel,sir?), Chris blossomed into a capable midshipman. Since academics were never his strong point, Chris decided to improve his mental capacity by joining the Boxing team. To the astonishment of many, he won the Brigade championship second class year. Four years of knowing and living with the Hole have provided us with many entertaining and interesting experiences. From sudden uncontrolled loss of bodily functions in a certain E-Club in Georgia to jetting off to Norway to spend Christmas with his Nordic goddess, Chris has done it all, or was willing to try. The Corps may want to revoke that legacy status after all. Good luck in the future Devil Dog, and don't name that kid Laveete. ZCM

Van Keith Chappell
Raleigh, NC
Nuclear Surface



V.K.C. came to USNA from Raleigh, NC, praising ACC hoops from the start. Beginning with hopes of Navy Air, he ended up with Nuke SWO. Van's 4 years by the bay can best be summarized by his nights at "The Head of the Ram," which lead to his affinity for the "natural" look. A man of infinite charm and a "Mack-daddy rap" to rival 007, his dates could at least all drive by themselves. Given to rag-tops, running out of gas, bowling, Rush, N. C. State, and that horrible Mech E, Van will be the perfect Nuke. A consummate athlete, he was always striving to push that lanky body in another Triathalon, and with great success. But Van's greatest asset is his genuine sincerity; always eager to help those in need he is what a true friend should be. Thanks, good luck, and God Bless always. MCG



Cledo Lloyd Davis
Annapolis, MD
Navy Pilot

Clay came to us from the deep south by way of NAPS...and was responsible for the onslaught of Elvis sightings in Annapolis the past four years. After spending plebe year SIR and youngster year on a Sailing M.O., he finally got a cool roommate for 2/c year. Although hesitant about the Stars and Bars on the same wall with Malcolm, things worked out. And the Reverend spent his spare time trying to convert us heathens. Stayed busy with OCF, PMC, NAFAC, Sailing and so much other stuff... 1/c year conduct officer... thanks for all those deuces for the party. Next February, don't go out when there's ice on the roads.... After two years, I'm convinced your truck back home is a figment of your imagination. Corny sense of humor... a big mouth... but a bigger heart. I wish you and Loralee only the best. Have fun in P-cola. ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING --RGP

Christopher Lee Dennis
Santa Fe, NM
Surface Warfare

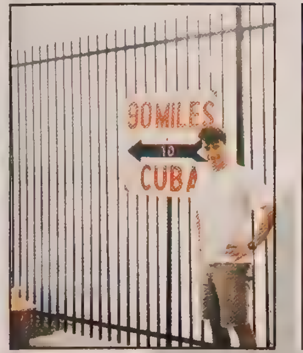
If the one with the most toys wins, then CHRIS has a good shot at winning.From climbing ropes to hockey gear, REX had it all. Spanks could not enjoy his toys because he was UNSAT most of the time." Hey DJ, what is the count?" From wrestling in the hall to going out on RECONS,ROUNDBOY had fun in and out of the hall. REX are you still using the LOBO effect? Pick-up Hockey. BASS! Noodles Agian! Wed. baseball games. Long live the ROJO MARTILLOS! How about those DUCKS. Remember CHRIS,"ACT STUPID!(RUGBY)" See ya in beautiful San Diego with the rest of the company.
LGB

Anthony G. Drummings
Summerville, SC
Navy Pilot

Tony - so many good times, so little space. Hopefully I can sum up your time here at USNA: the "room", Uncle you-know-who, that basketball injury, no chopping, Football Manager (a Varsity ATHLETE?!! For washing jockstraps!!), the Block, unsat (Statics 1, T.D. 0), Original Gangsta, Homey D. Clown, Goose, Daytona Beach, girls of the ACC (what a wasted night), aerospace to general whatever, Seville Quarters, living in the ghetto, weekends finally (hooray!), Army-Navy, Fantasy Showbar (how much for a couch dance?), you smiled at Smiles, I'll never get fried (how bout that 4000?), snow in Florida and S.C. (snow in Charleston - NEVER!), Ring Dance (and true love), the Z, I'm not only CO, but a doctor too, grumpy old men, I'm in the locker room, and others I cannot write. Drumm, it's been a great four years. Take it easy in the fleet. NLR

Joe Martin Emmert
Shelby, NC
Surface Warfare

Everyone was sure Joe made a wrong turn I-Day. St. John's seemed more his style. (He surprised no one as a halloween hippie.) After a few months as a "special project," our misplaced classmate spent more and more time "across the road." Until he found his true calling as the company's first RHT regular, that is. Many friday afternoons and sunday brunches found Joe working on his card (#307). As lighting designer for Masqueraders, a certain '92-er brought a bit of darkness into Joe#3's life youngster year. Always in the right place at the right time (hardly ever 8-0 or 7-4), he became one of the Bermuda stars on "Constellation," and went on a "Swift" trip to Newport, bringing home the silver for the Sailing Team. SWO-tivated to the end, you gotta wonder which Navy tradition is more important: "join the Navy see the world" or "a girl in every port." With broken hearts scattered from Seattle to St. George's ... Sasebo, look out.

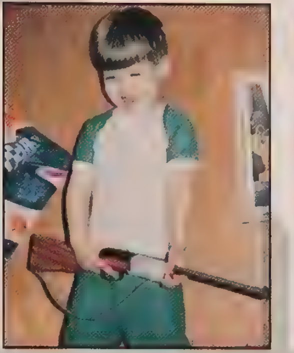


Michael Clifford Graham
El Paso, TX
Nuclear Surface

Mike came to us from the great state of Texas, who anyone who has talked with him for more than two minutes must surely know. While at USNA, Mike displayed a strong appreciation for the finer things in life, enjoying the very best in symphonic entertainment, fine dining, European automobiles, and Michigan midshipmen. Mike's embellishment ability at USNA has served him well, resulting in an exchange vacation at USAFA, a Company Commander billet, and ascension into the Nuke Power Program. However, Mike's greatest accomplishment at the Academy was finishing the Beer Club (5 months after VKC). A master of useless information, Mike has an uncanny ability to take advantage of any situation, and then let you know about it. Mike, we wish you only the best, although it couldn't get much better than "South Pacific". VKC,JGH,SRB

James Graham Hamill
Philadelphia, PA
Marine COrps Pilot

Although Graham had much talent with women, his longest love affair was with a couch. He amazed us with his ability to sleep in strange, humorous positions, attract women (O-2's) with a mere gaze, and sum up situations in one line. In spite of his remarkable charm, Graham fell into a cycle of yearning for CB's and JO's he could never obtain. A crusader for personal hygiene, connoisseur of swedish meatballs, and frog tattoo enthusiast, he once remarked that getting his ear half ripped off in a rugby match was, "...the coolest injury I ever got." "A certain quality of spirit, a sense of duty, a nobility worn lightly..," from Mississippi to Georgetown, from the mud of Quantico to the runways at Pensacola, you couldn't find a more tolerant, good natured guy to room with. Vaya con Dios, Hamster, We know you're one of His favorites. CMH,JRS,MCG.



Christopher M. Harrell
Arnold, MD
Marine Corps

To Chris, who came to the Academy from nearby Arnold, Maryland, receiving a commission in the Marine Corps was paramount. Therefore, it was no wonder that this gungy warrior with the soul of a poet found most every technical class a hinderance and distraction to more rewarding pursuits such as playing his guitar (ad nauseam), honing his vast collection of knives and other sharp objects, and trying anything involving excessive speed or possible bodily harm. It's a shame that the Academy didn't have a music major since Chris decided to pursue one anyway. From sailing to the Keys to shredding the slopes, from feeding sea gulls out the window to taking target practice with the Winger, from rock climbing to skydiving to rescuing fallen comrades at Griffin's, Chris is a friend like no other. The Corps is getting a great man. Watch out Eric Clapton. Here comes Tom's Rolling Supermarket. JRS JGH

Heather Christine Keane
Saginaw, MI
Surface Warfare

Buck came to us from Michigan; shy, quiet, small and cute. After 4 years not much has changed. Her journey at USNA covered just about all it could: 3 years sailing, All-Star crew honors, swahili, So Co nights, a very brief stay at Quantico, O'Leary, MRE's in the mail, and part ownership at Hallmark. A true Vader apprentice, her command of the dark side of the force, care packages, and letters brought even the most avowed opposition 180 degrees. Dabbling in playwriting, she wrote her own special ending to "South Pacific", proving dinner theater is not just for dinner anymore. Firstie year brought a Reg staff billet and a date at SWOS. From the two who know you best we wish you just that - always. God Bless and remember we love you. LGN, MCG
P.S. What is it with MI women and CA men? Wasn't always easy, we made it. Thanx.

John Taylor Knox
Tucson, AZ
Navy Pilot

John Knox (Boots) hails from Tucson, Az. We all know the skiing is much better on the West coast - well isn't everything? The east coast has provided numerous times down "Allison Road", drag queen clubs in NY, and free beer at the Dant's reception. We think Boots is the first midshipman to be sponsored by an underclass mid. Besides being the most polite, best dressed sleep cop around, Boots' diligent studies earned him the honor of becoming ODE battalion rep. - a position he actively sought. Whatever happened to his "real" friends in 3rd company? His knee injury kept him out of a few championships, but he was there in ability and spirit. John has always been there for us and is someone you can always count on. John is off to Pensacola to realize his dream of becoming a pilot. Good luck in all you do. MJB, GEB, BML

Brian Micahel Lester
Belleville, IL
Supply Corps

MO Lester is a product of the thriving underwater metropolis of Belleville, a suburb of St. Louis. Spending his entire first year in hibernation, slothboy frequently entertained us with late night conversation - the blue trashcans, Cochran's butter, and the wide (or was it long?) barrier thing. The president and sole member of the Uncle Tupelo fan club made his radio debut in the Mike and Mo show and his cult following allowed him to be the first radio station manager never to play a single song on the air. It has been a long, hard road for Mo; having to overcome color blindness (yeah, right!), tone deafness, and enlargo anklitus but he has persevered. Mo's going to the Supply Corps, a fitting career for a misplaced hippie with visions of $$$ dancing in his head. No one could ask for a more loyal, devoted friend. Through everything, he was always there for everyone. Keep in touch. MJB, GEB, TLS

Dante John Marzetta
Vienna, VA
Surface Warfare

Dude Man, did George Mason know what they were sending us? Zetta, Sweatta, Whopper, Dej, and Stanley; 3rd generation with a spaghetti laugh that will go down in infamy. With plebe year came the love of your life Magnun (!$*# that !$*#er) and then came Looney toons. Weren't they all Looney? Hey Dej, what's the count? Germany made you a hero (54 sec.) and what didn't you lose at TBS. Memorable times: the Fellas, D.C. "What do you mean I'm...", plebe football, O's games, Maj.Dad, Wires, Stats, BT's and BI's, Cancun, puddles in the parking lot, and let Stanley rest. Lock it up about the Cowboys . Here's to the best of times and the best of friends. Good luck and hope you don't miss your ship, you've been late for everything else. SKI & CLD

Zachary C. McMechan
Seattle, WA
Surface Warfare

Me Zack. Me like eat lot of food. Food good. Me like play football cause dey give me lot oh good food. Me no play football no more so me no eat lot of good food. Man in suit tell me to get rid of me belly. Me no like diet. Slim Fast not like eight Big Macs and fries. Mmmmmmmmm Big Mac. Me History major. Me like history. Lot of pretty pictures in books. Me no like clean room or change socks. No one come to room bother me cause they say me feet stink. Me no care. Me like all letters in alphabet cept for E. Me no like E. E no good. E bad. Me drive big truck. Big truck good but no have money for gas to go to McDonalds. Dat ok me on diet. Diet bad. Me going to drive ship. By For Now. CJB

Leah Garrett Nelson
West Bloomfield, MI
Navy Pilot

Leah hails from majestic (?) Michigan, by way of Phillips Exeter Academy, becoming the first of two Nelsons to grace Mother B with their presence. Smiley, and flirtatious; her outgoing personality caused more trouble than good plebe year. Ever ambitious, her laurels are many: four stripes, three language minors, first female mid in the Gulf after the war, three years as a varsity sailor; but even she will drill as a firstie! Leah's specialty was always men, as many broken hearts, "social hours", "Leah v. Brigade Graph", number of broken regs, and worldly tuition of her naive roommate will attest to. But you can't let under-covers stowaways laugh!! A lady that's just one of the guys, we wish you and Jeff the best always. Keep smiling, keep in touch - even using E-mail! God bless & we love you.

PJ, Mikey

P.S. Why does Uch seem to fit so well?

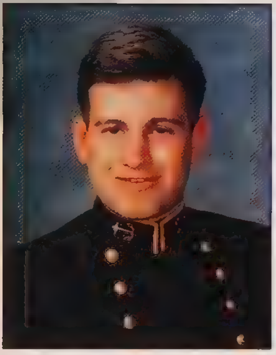
Patti Jo Nichols
Republic, WA
Intelligence

PJ hails from faraway Wash and her own mtn. Quiet at first but virgin ears nomore. 4/C: humidity? pushups? "Speak up!" Respected and loved by all; integrity; moral courage; 8wkwatch, surviving in3man; night b4 exams; CDO in our room; BourbonST(2x); 3/C: YPSOUTH; too many menmids; splashdowns; SOUTHPACIFIC; 2/C: infamous white dress; "How was your summer PJ?" He almost stole your heart w/ 2dozroses; 21stBday @Griffins - more H20pls!; 1/C: around CapeHorn toNPQ; jaw wired shut; blender queen; "don't laugh"; wax lips; some men need to be hit over the head; only took 3yrs for e-mail romance w/a little help!; Love's basement5AM; stop smiling; rules broken b4 Grad?; Roach daily visits; 3yr softball; BrigStaff HAches; surprise Bridal shower/ usher watch! won't get married w/oyou; teach me to cook? midnight talks; my best friend; couldn't have made it w/oyou; this is not gbye; gluck; God bless. Luv, Roomie

Christopher Palmenberg
Phoenix, AZ
Surface Warfare

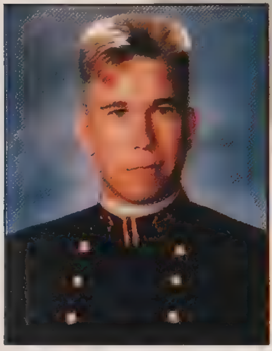
Chris came here after a year at ASU, and would regret it if he wasn't so gung-ho about SWO. Mug-head is the only mid we know who came here with a wife. (Can I bring Jill?) The fact that he was from Arizona got him in the Mafia, and got him through EE and an alibi. Luck would have it that Second Class year he would finally learn how to party once he got a new roommate. (Funny he left ASU for that) Firstie year he moved his wife out to MD and was able to visit her with his truck every night when he wasn't standing Clay's duty. NIG really thought they were on to something with Cheez's Table of Power, and the appearance of the KCL-Kid. (Let's get this straight, you guys are superheroes?) The Surface community will have an able warrior as long as the computer genius stays with AEGIS. AAR, DEP

David Eloy Pereira
Caldwell, NJ
Surface Warfare

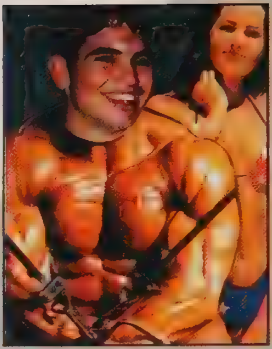


Dave, the last of the Pereira brothers to come to the Academy, began his career in 4th Company, but the Dant (they beat you up and took your lunch money?) convinced him to switch to 32. Once in 32, Major Nick gave Dave a new lease on life. Second Class year brought Dave to 14 and a new roommate. EE brought long hours of rack and his future shipmate from 35. Dave is proof to the theory that if you sleep 12 hours a day, you only spend 2 years here. The NIG investigator didn't believe me when I told him my roommate was sleeping the whole night before the EE final. We couldn't survive weekends without Mamma Pereira's cookin'. California shouldn't worry about earthquakes with another Pereira on the way. The Academy will miss those Pereira parties, but East Coast girls will breathe a sigh of relief. Here's to 5 more years together. AAR, CWP

Robert Gregory Pugh
Jacksonville, NC
Marine Corps



Fight the Power. Is that right, Rob, or is it Mustafa or how about just X. I really don't know and I am not sure you know either. Let's take a trip to the park or should we just go to the farm. So what is she this weekend, married or engaged. What happened to those arms? I still want to know how you and I became such good friends. I wouldn't give you up even for a new pair of K2's ar Dynastars, well if there are bindings included I might think about it. Just kidding. At least I will always hear you coming. Just a little advice for the future. Don't fight with your chin. It hurts. See ya later Holmes and good luck in the Corps, whose corps, Rob's corps, and hope you get to stay off ships. Hey, want to take the plebes out tonight. CLD



Neil Lawrence Rapawy
Ardsley, NY
Naval Flight Officer

"Diceman", "RapmasterFunk", Sal-Ami!! So much has happened in the years that I've known you. I'm very thankful for the opportunity to have watched you grow. I'd like to recap the things that I remember most: the "room", that mysterious airborne injury, Goose, Daytona, "That funky monkey!", Girls of the ACC and missed opportunities, the Fantasy Showbar and Smiles, hanging out with you what happens?(can you say four grand?!), the Great Southern blizzard, hangin' with Grandma, testin' that boot and absolut, the two vette's, three engine's, and it's still in the shop! I saw you go from shy and innocent little schoolboy, to disco dancing, monkey-drinking, jerky-boy acting, Corvette driving (well, sometimes), weight-lifting, O.G., hardcore hustler, gangsta *#$%@<>! We will always be like that.... Hope to see you in PCola so we can find another Smiles! Peace out! T to the D

John Robert Schedel
Naples, FL
Special Warfare

John, son of an A-6 pilot and a mig driver from way back, came from sunny south Florida with a grin that never left his face. After the ultimate low profile plebe summer, he sailed through his time here with a perfect 4.0. No one else could ever eat, shave, shower, and sing off key at the same time like John. Master of ascetic finance, authority on anti-race-buoy tactics, and the sole fan of the Velvet Underground, John once triumphed in single combat with a portuguese man-of-war. "Did I ever mention that I really like running through the woods?" "I'd like you better if you were a marsupial." "No eternal reward will forgive us now..." I've never seen anyone so cheerful under any and all circumstances. I know you'll excel in whatever you choose to do. Good luck in the teams, buddy! CMH,JGH.

Michael Joseph Steve
Pittsburgh, PA
Navy Pilot

The same country that "invented rock-n-roll" also gave us Mike Steve. Mikey J. joins us from Pittsburgh (the home of Dan Marino) after enlisting in the Navy - he figured he would get drafted for Nam anyway. This mean motor-scooter taught us all that "sense of urgency" which we were all lacking. IMPULSE boy has always kept life interesting - the skates, the skis, the mountain bike, the Jeep (oh, you sold it already), the Camaro, enough advanced weaponry to supply a small third-world country, and one more collection from Mum's we can't mention. Speaking of impulsiveness, where did you go after the Mess Night? The original Cisco Kid gave us a scare with the cancer thing when he lost a vital organ, but he didn't let it slow him down. Mike has always been there for his friends and we appreciate it. Thanks for everything. GO BEARS!! TLS,BML,GEB,JJL,BAT

Thomas Lee Sydnor
Huntington, MD
Submarines

Tom comes to school from the thriving metropolis of Prince Frederick with aspirations of being a Marine but summers in the mud convinced him to follow the Sydnor legacy beneath the depths. We'll never forget the Saturday cheeseburgers at Nan and Pop's, the lonesome beer bashes (MGD), Caddyshack marathons, and the late night Ring Dance golden fountain. SLIGHTLY uptight and never late for anything in his life, our little Tommy earned the honor of Batt Cdr. and made us all proud. The end of sophomore year, enter Becky, and it's off to E.C. in the Cheezemo for wild nights of chips and salsa. Tom Travolta won the strip contest as he finally hit 21 (wild man). No one could ask for a better friend, and for that we thank you. You and your family have always been there for us and we will never forget that. Good luck in everything you do and keep in touch. MJS, BML, GEB.

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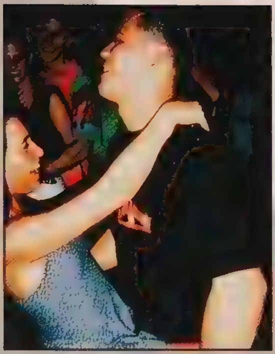
1857.

15th COMPANY

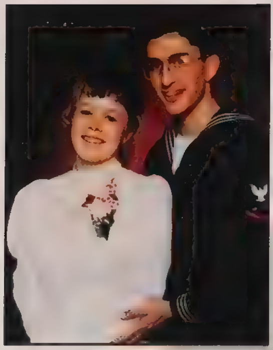


Erik Paul Alfsen
Imperial Beach, CA
Navy Pilot

Arnold, Bolo, or just plain Alf from tropical San Diego was never warm in the North East. You'd think that he was tough until you heard this Gentle Giant talk. Always a friend that would stand over your shoulder when you were studying. Three things during the week: 3-hour workouts, studying Aero, and Joe Montana Football. Midstore Madness. Manhattan was tremendous. Watch out for him on the b-ball courts and his rocket arm in fieldball. Jamaica. Plenty of fun in the sun. Fell's Point..."Where have you been all my life?" "I'd bust ..." Keep those Pythons caged! Some advice: Don't lend him your Basketball, Get on his ship 'cause it's sure to have a weight room, and Check your ticket before leaving for the airport! Now it's West to Hawaii on the Reuben Sandwich. "No more! No more!" "Just one more Alf" "Ahhhhrrgh!...Boooose!" -All The Gang.

Michael P. Banaszewski
Burnt Hills, NY
Surface Warfare

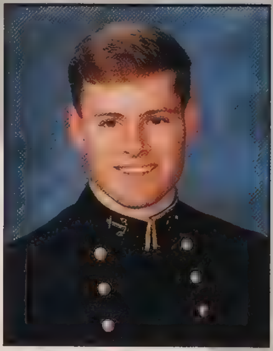
If class rank was based on civilian clothes, talking on the phone, and listening to music, Zeus would be a Trident scholar. But much to his mortification (word-of-the-day), OOM is 70% academics. Congratulations to the only SWO with a winter working blue poopy suit and the final word on dipping is: you never quit! Mike started with high hopes: varsity baseball and systems engineering; in the end he bowed to fate: oceanography and losing to Delgrosso in racquetball regularly. Protramid found Mike off the porch, only to learn that beaches make cold beds, nothings better than a nice warm FIRE, and no matter what, he would always be two behind. Later, he found true love at UMD. Here's to the mountains you have climbed (mostly dirty laundry); the rivers you have crossed (spilled dip spit); and the battles you have fought (to get a weekend). FIRE. Bowz, Dab, and Dave.



Damian Anthony Bess
Salamanca, NY
Marine Corps

Well, how much can one say about a man who idolizes Neil Diamond? That aside, Damian is probably the most misunderstood individual in the Brigade. His "doppleganger" throws plebes in their showers - in summer whites, viciously attacks radiators with barrages of deadly kicks, and flames on classmates. Yet, to those who truly know him, he is a mild mannered, pathetic cookie making, philosophizing carpenter. Truly a renaissance man. After a semester at ODU that was horrid, even by Academy standards, Damian found his calling in the fleet: Ike, NAPS, then USNA. Would you believe he arrived here without an attitude? You shouldn't. Does "LAST IN THE COMPANY, BESS!!!!!!" ring a bell? Seriously though, when something is important to Damian he'll let nothing stand in his way. Her name is Heather Neal. Give the Corps hell Damian! (We know Heather will...) - BOWZ and ZEUS

Charles Joseph Bowser
Sudbury, MA
Submarines



How can someone make fun of a guy as cute as Bowz. Don't you just want to pinch his cheeks. Anyway, Chuck has definitely distinguished himself over his four years at USNA on the hockey rink... when coach wasn't throwing him off. However, Bowz also has distinguished service medals in drunken nudity, starting fights he can't finish, William and Mary grenade jumping, and tag team Bruner wrestling: "Don't let his words hit you in the face too hard!" Bowz also has an advanced degree in Zamboni drivers, not to mention Systems Engineering. And come to think of it, were we ever really talking about that girl from California!!!! Despite his many faults, Chuck has done quite well here. He never quit on Systems though he secretly wishes we was an Oceanographer or Historian instead. Hoorah Bubblehead!! Yut, Yut, Yut!! Best of luck bro.
-DAB and ZEUS

Charles Shane Crase
Stanford, KY
Marine Corps

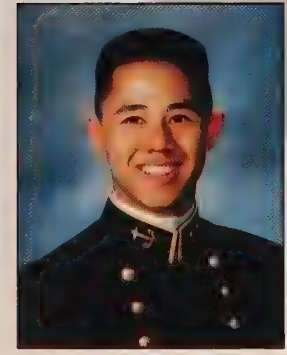
The Thunderstick came from the back roads of Kentucky, "God's country?" A true southerner, great accent! Plebe year tried Crew but mono got him down. Almost strangled Sweetness. Raced Chief for stereo privileges. Spring Break with the 3rd Division Marines in a Buffet Bar on Cocoa Beach with some Ole' Swill. Working out with 23 ounces at the Campus. Then more weekends and liberty came around and a liking to the North. Maybe it was "The Buck?" Nope, it must have been BU. "We just want to hear you talk." You did what over X-Mas?? Saved by a Ford near Griff's on 21st. Fixin' to be a NASCAR driver, look me up when "Team Beast" comes together. Hey look it is 6:00, Paul is on!! Do What?? Pardon his noise, it is the sound of freedom. Anyway, the Marines are getting a fine person and friend. Semper Fi!
The HORSEMEN.

James Michael Crimmins
Plymouth, MA
Submarines

Gogogogogogogo.:. Crimdogga, Twice, Jimmy Two Times, the Dog, the Incriminator, Mass... The fastest mouth in the South! One of the TWO Disciples of Dave (Great Joke!). "What did he say?" -Archie. So are you dating her this week or what? You called Belgium...for an hour?! On a weight bench? Nice package! "Dude, that's insane!" Remember those two blondes in the Boathouse? We should've fought 'em. Watch that guardrail! It's only 2 AM? YES! Hey Dogga, what's that phone for anyways? "Ed, I can't tell 'em that." I'll have a Long Island Ice Tea, please. Monster. "I'd do that...twice." Two beers and a hot tub. Two bb's and a tic-tac. "I have to go to the bathroom!" I can afford it, I'm a nuke. UNLUCKY!!! Is the sand flowing, or what? Go West young man, and conquer American.

THE POSSE
(Ayah, t'would be us...)

Andrew C. Eanniello
Syosset, NY
Marine Corps



A. C. Eanniello...Super Genius! I like thathat! Ex-super gymnast... Semi-sailor... Future super golfer... Present super racker!
"Hey you guys have a lot of cool books!"

Andrew speaks a unique tongue of combined languages (particularly when he's horizontal) i.e. "Haksom" (sp?) Translation: "Good morning Jon. Could I please borrow some toothpaste this fine Navy day?"

Andrew almost met the axe four times, but as the phoenix rose from the wreck, he blossomed into a fine Naval officer candidate whose motto became "HONOR. COMMITMENT. COURAGE." Just when he began checking out SWO***, A.C. played his trump and will find himself in the mud in another couple months. Andrew's pride and professionalism (best demonstrated in his most recent staff job-adjutant) will carry him far but into what none of us know. "Quit slimin' Eel-aniello"- Wade.
Later Daffy Duck (Hoo-Hoooo),
JRG/MVM

Keith Daniel Fernandez
Ewa Beach, HI
Surface Warfare

Wassup, fellas. I just wanted to say a couple of things real quick. To 94 in the 15th Company: Thanks for being so easy to get along with. Thanks for being counselors, teachers, students, critics, and most important, the best friends I ever had. Just remember, never stop laughing, cuz I never will. Good luck and see you all out there in the real world. To the Pinoys that go to 1974 Valley Rd. each and every weekend: We are brothers for life. Thank you all for the laughs, memories and companionship. To Erik: Thanks for everything, braddah. I just wanted to say. . . Yeah, whatever, Keith. To Dad, Mom, Brian and Cecil: Thank you for the faith and support. I know you never stopped believing in me. To Glen and Edward: Salamat, kuyas. To Leilani: Thank you for sticking with me for the past three years. I never would have made it without you. I owe you my life. Mahal na mahal kita. To everyone: If you're ever in Hawaii, my room is your room. Kayden, later on. . .

Gregory Joseph Foster
Morgantown, WV
Surface Warfare

"Hey, am I OK?", "Have you seen my calculator?", "Niiice blend!", "Hey, is that on the workbench?", "!*&*@#", "Did I leave my cover in here?", "Are you guys going to be using your computer tonight?", "I don't know jack!", "Did you guys see my protractor?", "Go off!", "Uh, Missur Foster, did you get a piece of dis?", "Can you wake me up in three hours?", "I really need to ask you a favor, I'll never ask again.", "Niiice poopah!", "Pass the bread please.", "Do you guys have my cover?", "I've washed my clothes, I just haven't folded them.", "Who bought a ball cap?", "I'd like to design fishing boats someday.", "Now this is underway.", "94 miles to Morgantown.",

Jon Richard Gabrielson
Mequon, WI
Surface Warfare

You could have called him Sweet Jon, Jonny, Peace, Stromboli, Gabby, the peaceful one, or just Jon; but did you really know him? How about laid-back, soft-spoken, Socratic, spiritual, insightful, Honest, direct, conscientious, genuine Jon. Did you know about his year-round love of candy canes or his dedication to the Officers' Christian Fellowship and Protestant Midshipman Club. How about his finely tuned four-wheeling skills or his inclination for running over perfectly innocent snowmen. I bet you didn't know that he currently holds the record for most inadvertent 180's in a single trip on I-70. Wanna talk wine? Jon knows wine. Wanna talk cheese? Jon knows Cheese. You can talk about the weather, the Badgers or God; but most importantly, you can talk. What are timeless friends for? Good Luck in the Big Leagues Jonny. Remember to follow through. And don't forget, if worse comes to worse, you've got a friend in West Virginia.

Scott David Grimes
New Cumberland, PA
Surface Warfare

Grimey... Navy Soccer... JagerMeister=Jail... Didier and Smith (beer and nachos)...I'll find out Sir!...Oh yeah, I was late for that one, In fact I still haven't made it...Homecoming "Your sister is going to kill us"...New Years in Walpole...Shady Grove "Johnee, I'm a talking monkey"...."Someone take me to Bethesda my head is killing me"...Selling Cups, $40 worth of quarters,"I swear they are our quarters Sir." ...Absolut Hell...Drink Navy I, dancing in the rain...Protramid...Delta Beta...Get off the phone Dude, she wants it!...Head Butts at Mums "Get him out of here, he's bringing me down"..."Look John, Pizza!"...The Dream Machine...On stage with INXS...The swinger "Hey Alex, get up and get her out of here"..."Hey, I figure I can't lose every game" -$800...Federal Prisoners...Shaved Heads and togetherness..."hey Muck lets rack,

Luke Pakosta James
Arlington, VA
Surface Warfare

Lucious Lukessssss! From his basement cave in Arlington to MPS...he was known plebe year as the best of the worst.
Steam Rollin' the Washington Dignitaries and everyone's sister! "Save the Bee Gee's!" Luke launched many a party from his car and his stereo. "Gee, I should have bought stock in beer," says Dad. 64 oz.'s before an ERG, his best time ever! Women of the Severn for Spring Break in Annapolis. "Use the force, Luke!" Death Dogs and death smells. "Hey Luke, aren't you supposed to be taking a test right now?" Dallas was expensive wasn't it? Drink One, Wear One...Caveman, Trojan Warrior. "Wanna see a dead squirrel?" Luke was always stealing Jackie's Danielle Steele Novels! He took Manhattan in '93 at Webster Hall. "Who was that you were dancing with?" Ring Dance with darling Nikki...the Spirit of Baltimore came alive! Now it's back to Newport for this scoundrel! DWR ILJ JNL

Ian Lake Johnson
Wakefield, RI
Submarines

The Ionic Johnson came to us from the big, bold state of Rhode Island, calculator and straight edge in hand, ready to engineer his way into the Navy. Plebe year entertainment abounded with laundry bags, animal sounds late into the night, with his roommates Joser, Lukes, and Deyke. Nothing compared with Spring Break. First time for everything in the Cayman Islands. (Moe and Jennifer would prove this later!) Nude beaches in St Maarten were another favorite pastime of the Three Amigos. First Class Year really began with Ring Dance and a hot date from Sweden. The Spirit of Baltimore raged on until morning, fueled by wild dancing and liquid courage. Webster Hall, and a VIP suite on Park Avenue set the scene for our last year. Next stop: Orlando and Das Boot! But may we never forget "... we were flowing like the metal on the edge of a knife..." DWR LPJ JNL

Jose Nilo Tavora Lloren
Fond Du Lac, WI
Navy Pilot

Joser crash landed on Annapolis from Wisconsin via Newport. Fudge, mixed nuts and string cheese. "Lohwen, menooh fo noon meahl." Working hard his forte; playing hard his key to survival. Plebe year, life began again with the Cayman Islands. More than one girl made it memorable. Second class year was the best: Ring dance...blind date, Spirit of Baltimore, naked Limbo King of St. Maarten. Lightning Bingo and Peaks Paradise. "Ian, where's Deyke?" Nights on Park Avenue and Webster Hall. Christmas in Spain for Nilo: backpacks in one hand and his sweethearts in the other, he roamed Europe in search of a train that would stop. "Jose, we've walked a HELL of a long way!" Jamaica promises to be just as perilous. Maybe another Ferroza or two. Now it's off to Pensacola: Livin' the Dream. Our paths will cross again! "I can see paradise by the dashboard light..." ILJ DWR LPJ

Michael V. Marchese
Tampa, FL
Navy Pilot

"Mar-Cheese...Menoo for noo-meal? Wha, You don'know?""Come on guys, quit fooling around, I mean it!" "I'll have a peanut-butter milkshake..."

Mike spent his Naval Academy career in limbo. Much of what he learned did not seem applicable to real life back in Tampa. Nevertheless, he did well academically. Upon joining the Navy, he expected to see the world and experience diverse cultures. He practiced his proficiency by attending the International Ball every April and meeting as many fine 'cultures' as possible. Unfortunately, not many of them spoke enough English to write him. He moved on.

Mike has made milestones here at USNA (not as many as his brother). He will be missed in both the submarine and aviation community, but Hawaii just may be able to drown his sorrows. "I too will miss him because he's the only guy who could recite as many movie quotes as I could."-Little Jimmy (his roommate). By the way, it's getting late. Let's get back to the 'Hall'. You'll be alright? Okay then... just one more...

Drew

John A. McCullough
Walpole, NH
Surface Warfare

Muck-a-Luck... Sleep Talking... H20 Polo... 4 Stars... All East... Punt Blocks on Friday Nights... Jono the Third Roomate... Cliifys creative typing methods... 2 on 2 in the room football... "This is the dirtiest room in the Brigade"... Trough boys... Caprice Classic... Medical? Yea Whatever... Dog Zebra... ShadEE Grove... Lost Shoe... Poison Ivy in Cuba... Conchita... Drink Navy I and II... Redd Kross... Pixies... Hips like Cindarella... Protramid... Roses with one Petal left... Burnin' Alex... In the can... Vomit in the sink... "What should I do with this?"... 3 problems = 5 months... Shaved Heads....Please please please let me get what I want this time... Love you like a Brother... 1609 Forever. SDG

Joseph Michael Nowicki
Delmont, PA
Naval Flight Officer

Joe came to the Academy from a great institution of higher learning in Indiana with his goal of becoming an Enzin in the U.S. Navy. Plebe issue comes with a halo? It's a good thing Master Locks are built to last. He discovered the true meaning of the phrase "Dominos, we deliver." It's too bad his car wasn't as understanding. "Hey Joe turn up the heat." As a second class the halo got him six stripes and a weeknight dining out chit on his 21st. "Should we take him to medical?" Ring dance was a blast! The true Joe emerged firstie year: An overnight transformation from progressive to country western. The "reg" hairdo. The Campus. Sender of mixed signals. "What's homework?" Every officer in the Navy needs his own boat. "The little engine that could," or maybe not. Joe had big plans, too bad he went FO.
The HORSEMEN.

Derek Wayne Robertson
Merritt Island, FL
Surface Warfare

Deyke entered the Academy seduced by the love of the ocean. This Lone Star soon discovered academy life was slightly different from UNT. Cramped quarters and chow calls seemed much misplaced from the quiet apartment and late night drink orders, but offset by the Blonde in Nimitz. Jackie's friends, we know better now! Lest we forget the Spring Breaks! No girl survived Silver Tongue's true charm and smooth moves in the Caymans, St. Maarten, and Jamaica. Nude beaches, night dives, and squeeze bottles. If only Peaks Paradise could have lasted forever. Diplomatic skills were polished with the "Immaculata Collection". VIP suite on Park Ave. and Webster Hall, price was never a question. Ring Dance-Spirit of Baltimore "O' What A Night!" Club Prima. Tail-gators in the rain, but our spirits were always bright. What's an AGF? Who cares it's in Italy! "Buono Fortuna..."I can see paradise by the dashboard light..."
ILJ JNL LPJ

Phillip John Schendler
Erie, PA
Marine Corps

July, 1990 saw the Erie, PA turnip truck roll into Crabtown and off fell Rockin' Phil Daddy. "Classmate, could you pass the peanut butter?" Erie survived plebe year relatively unscathed (all-calls with Hammer?) and moved into youngster year, finding his niche in aero. The most efficient man in company: maximize rack, minimize study. But alas, survived the trials and tribulations of youngster year (stereo wars with BW, cleaver, waxing deck Friday night). Second class year saw him move from Navy Air to USMC, thanks to medical. "Is that the sound of freedom I hear?" Quick to let anyone know he'd rather be milking or riding. Entertained city dock crowd by giving JN's car racing stripes. 23 oz curls at Campus or Penn State, no shortage of fun firstie year. The Corps is getting a true friend and fine man. And now you know "the rest of the story."
The HORSEMEN.

Christopher M. Senenko
West Nyack, NY
Surface Warfare

We have the booming metropolis of Nanuet to thank for sending us SWO (and bagels, tuna, cookies, and John Wayne flicks), with all of the Laws of the Navy memorized before I-Day. 03JUL90: "Sir, I want to command the Arleigh Burke." He was known to have lived for a week at a time on a case of Bud, chips & salsa, and B&W WWII documentaries. Rush. Solitaire. That HoJo's hot tub. "The Last Cowgirl." That damn radio. BU (almost) every WE. A bear named "Arleigh." TJ, post-Ring Dance. Halloween in NY and a great Army weekend. The Campus 23 oz. curl, after O-Club warm-ups. The month of 2/C year he spent awake. Who said "Only I know why they call him the Peahead?" The Surface community got a great man and a great friend. Thanks for all the memories, and best wishes always, Saaaaaaaah!
The HORSEMEN.

Rebecca Michelle Sherrill
Reston, VA
Navy Pilot

Mikie!! Brownies, Chocolate and Bagels...Then came TOM and the Firebird..Donuts and pizza. Lax practice..just dealing...telling ghost stories in the middle of Farragut. Thomas Moore. Plebe Summer... Recons..Cemetery..JimmyLegs: BUSTED! Running that dreaded outer. Sleepless nights, Service selection and the countdown began...singing on the lax field..everyday in practice...Shots! 30th Company psycho. Mess night: "Mikie's buying..." 2/c Dining-out...Armadillo's: "Hey, could you put out those cigars?" 21st B-day..The traditional first toast to friendship..The morning after...Lulu's. "Get up, Annette!..SPLASHHH. Break tradition...Cannoneers. 3 probs = 5 mos. Let's play Risk!! Army-Navy...POLAR BEARING!! Lover's call outside our window. Late night drunk conversations "know what color they are!!" Jen, Mikie, Seiko..Choir?..We have such awesome voices, right!! Maid of Honor. Fly Navy. Never Forget the Good Times. YOU'RE AWESOME!! GBY.

Todd Leland Smith
Toledo, OH
Surface Warfare

With a raise of the hand, one of the TWO Disciples of Dave sailed into Navy. He sweated his way to youngster year, turned 21, then supported Ram's Head and Griffin's. Our lady's man, never single, rarely double, TL spent every weekend trying to convince us that sailing was a real sport while retelling tales of parties. BMW's, J. Crew, golf, a book on wine, and a Yuppie was born! Double E (or was it Double D?!), Trips to Washington (then to Philly), the International Ball (where were you that night, anyway?), Senior Gordo (the Mexican Tequila Line Dancer), Cinnabar (the 50 foot green monster), and Leo (our elastic roomie). Hey, after all, we're just a little bit tougher than the rest...

Crim

Brian Sanford Whittam
Golden, CO
Submarines

The man who will do anything for a short period of time, yes anything! Haystacks dubbed Brian, "Chief", over plebe summer and it just stuck. In fact, most of the Brigade has no idea what his real name is. Chief is a man of sorted pasts. Other than Nuke School and Prototype, he has asked two girls to marry him over the last four years, then retracted the offer after they said yes. But his interests lie not only in the women no one else wants, but in every Academy ECA. I guess it's "Quantity, not Quality" that counts. To be serious, Brian is one of the most loyal, good-natured individuals at this place. He'll be a hell of a bubblehead, his one true passion. Just remember Chief: Don't eat peanut butter out of the jar. - BOWZ and ZEUS

Yolanda Wigham
San Jose, CA
Surface Warfare

Yoli...2/4-- not good odds, but we made it! Although you never did adapt to the "harsh" Maryland climate and continue to long for California weather, you certainly adapted to the USNA--non-stop pretzels and diet cokes, a command voice, "pumping" it up. We've had some good times--Mess Night, C.P., stay away from the port!, Dining-Ins, stogies, recons to seven eleven, firstie libs (remember what those are?)-- but I don't have much to say about second-class year other than "Where were you?" --maybe first company knows! Get ready to wow the SWO community with your excellant command of MoBoards and the training you received EVERY summer with Jim and Lori (Get some Miss Wigham)! Good luck in everything, Miss soon-to-be Yolanda Montalto, you killed my father... I love ya, and I owe you more than I can repay, good luck and God bless, RMS

Jeffrey Lynn Williams
Coeburn, VA
Surface Warfare

Coburn to NAPS to Annapolis was the route and Jeff kept the faith. Definitely the hardest worker on the gridiron, 'cause he loves that game. Good too, because the team tables gave him the nutrition for his massive legs! "Those speed skaters have huge legs" "Well look who's talkin' Jeff!" He always managed to find the time to romance the seas with his one and only. The master on the dance floor can't resist a good beat. Try to talk to him when you're out on the town...he's always distracted. Mastering the stick shift was a sight (Just ask the girls in the other car!) It's back to Newport and on to Norfolk, don't expect to find him home too often because he'll be out and about sporting his new G.Q. clothes. Smooth sails and Following Seas.
Don't get lost on the Big Ship! -The Fan Club

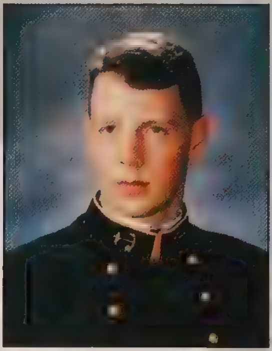
Julian Wendell Wilson
Temecula, CA
Marine CorpsK

The Naval Academy can be looked on as a weight that crushes us, we sink beneath it, it pins us to the ground. But in the love poetry of every age, the woman longs to be weighed down by the man's body. The Academy is therefore simultaneously an image of life's most intense fulfillment (SEX). The heavier the weight, the closer our lives come to the earth, the more real and truthful our lives become.

Conversely, to not have attended the Academy or the absolute absence of a burden would cause man to be lighter than air, to soar into the heights, take leave of the earth and his earthly being, and become only half real, his movements as free as they are insignificant.
What then was the best choice?
Weight or Lightness.
Special thanks to GOD, Mom and Dad, COL. and Mrs. Allen English, Some of 15th Company, M. Kundera. The rest is Classified!!!

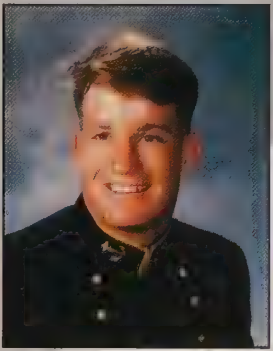
16th COMPANY

Michael John Barker
Camden, NY
Medical Corps



Jeeze, Barks! She's only 15!! The familiar cry surrounding Mike wherever he goes. Watch that tongue! "Happy Halloween Ladies!!" Rowell fried you how many times? You survived rooming with Crazy-Cole, Johnny-Ray, then on to better things, Cheddar. Another proud member of the Crazy Eight. B-1-O. Spending Spring Break tearing up cars at dealerships. How many miles were on that probe? Four? Nothing like learning to ski, backwards, at night, on the ice. How 'bout them Bills, eh? Nothing like road trips to Towson, Hood, wherever. So what actually went wrong with your car on Ring Dance?? Huge Pectoral Muscles! Still trying for a date with Mak's sister. Someday. Hope you don't turn out like those docs in that book. Future OB/GYN?? :} GDM

Charles Barry Bassel
Naples, FL
Navy Pilot



Barry reported from the Rockies of Colorado, an idealistic hard charger. Things would soon change. As plebe CC Barry sucked it up for the company. Dirt, Cat, Velts, and Boomer revealed the true path. Rugby introduced him to many adventures from Norwich skirts to 8-1 skivvy strolls. The ultimate Daytona-Spring Break wingman, right Hoost! Dawn, Barry-Ryan, Barry-Ryan? BOTH! Youngstermobile led to Greedy Gretchen and the infamous Loyola excursions. Restriction, black Nstar, 23 seconds flat, enough said! Velt's car stolen? What? Thanks, coach! Now hopelessly cynical about the system, Barry marched into 2/c year and a beautiful relationship with the new CO. 21st Bday party - "Barry, what are you doing with my blanket?" "RELAX, man! Just RELAX!" Car shopping? Barry don't take your checkbook. -- Oh well. Firstie AvCruise - 42 and 31, those sound more like football scores. Must have been the back door play. Batt DAPA, what a coup! Bobbed and weaved for four years, finally taken one on the chin? Heading for Pensacola, via Key

Beatrick Robert Cannon
Baltimore, MD
Surface Warfare

COOL MF."C" Straight out of a heroic comic book. The coolest brother from B-more appeared on the seen. Hence the name Cool "C" was born. This hard charger was dying to make a mark on this fine institution. He later found comfort in Smoke Hall with his "he who will not risk cannot win" attitude.(Damn, we hate losing!) He tried the flamer thing about a week. Enough of that, move to women. Uh oh, this 1 is affecting my grades-cut her! Well, lets just lay low and not make any waves. This is the worst room ye'at! Don't you know a great leader must be both feared and hated? Capt Sun-Ta-Zuew said that. Lets twist his cap back! Who knows who carried who, all I know is my back hurts. Big E and I will never forget your wisdom,"One day U-2 will have nothing 2 look 4ward 2."

PEACE,
L-Train

Jason Havard Davis
Houston, TX
Naval Flight Offcier

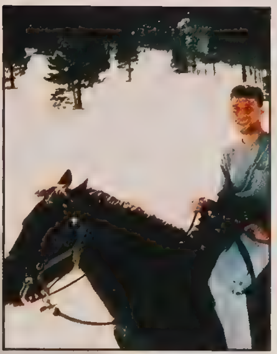
On September 6 1970, our little short friend was born in Heidelberg, Germany, which, of course, would explain his nickname: "P-face". He decided to come to the Naval Academy in order to find the meaning of life. He wasn't disappointed when he found me, although it took him until the beginning of youngster year. Remember the golden days when the uniform of the semester was White-Works? Mr. I'm-going-to-a-country-bar-to-date-married-women was part of the crazy-eight, and also had parking privileges for almost his entire life in the great USNA. You tried so hard for Dant's list, too bad the conduct grade counted also. Have a successful career, and come down a visit me if you ever want to see a real plebe year or how a real Navy works. Buena suerte cara de con...!!A.M(P.N).

Michael J. Del Grosso
Tyrone, PA
Surface Warfare

After a fruitful year at NAPS then one at Penn St., Michael finally became a full-fledged midshipman. He gained much from those institutions-- NAPS gave Mike his disciplined study habits and cricket noises while Penn St. gave him Sherry. We all followed Mike's quest for a javelin record but injuries made him settle for battalion racquetball champ. Mike will be best remembered as the Salsa King of Seventh Wing or perhaps founder of his radio program, Leader's Corner. Although he lacked stripes, he had a greater impact than most as he pounded TQL into the ranks of USNA. Whether it was plebe or firstie year, Michael could always be found with the love of his life, except when unsat, worshipping the god of rack, or enjoying 60 day cruises with his beloved SWO community. Mike, you're a jocular and admirable friend--we look forward to seeing you as 'Dant one day. RAD & JPG

Ronald Allen Dowdell
Avon Lake, OH
Navy Pilot

Ron arrived direct from Cleveland (The greatest city in the world, just ask him). St. Ed's education only carried him so far, and with OPP (OOP?) he left his mark around the yard. Vito soon learned the perils of aero, so he opted for the subtle rigors of Econ and more rack. Adventures through Germany and Mexico with Booter led Ron from his first sip of beer to a tequila drinking championship. After two years of watching the Browns embarrass themselves, he decided to charge the field himself with the 150's team and emerged with two Army victories and a letter. With a week in P-cola and summer cruise in JAX, RAD knew he was destined for a high-speed low-drag life with P-3's. Ron, your cheerfulness and genuine caring have made our four years memorable and will continue to inspire everyone who knows you. MJD & JPG



Justin Paul Gans
Redding, CA
Special Warfare

Leaving Shasta High's most popular teen band, The Pete Moss Five, Justin arrived at USNA, poised to add new chronicles to scam-journal. Little did he know, a youngster airborne affair would leave him only tales from the dark side to record for two years (eventually, there were many to tell--Hoost just couldn't resist his many opportunities at dining-ins, the pool, Loyola (the youngstermobile), all other local colleges, even DRAGS). This young, avid republican is as adventurous as they come--diving (air and sea), hiking, skiing, boarding, waterskiing (Saturday mornings, plebe year), and roller blading (off the yard during the week, youngster year). He even tried to set his room on fire plebe year. (UMMM, I'll put it out). He would have made a great company commander, but more importantly, he snagged the last SEAL billet. We'll never forget the friendly killing machine we were fortunate enough to live and PT with. MJD & RAD

Katherine Marie Hallman
Bradenton, FL
Surface Warfare

Daddy's girl through and through, she hails from the land of Seminoles and "the chop". She started to make a name for herself as soon as she stepped on board, but she kept signing and signing (no letter sweater to show though). She was determined to prove she was a leader, her way. A legacy with desire to try on the Marine Corps for about 4 weeks. With any luck, NC will recover from the JB depletion. Her only fault(?) was her lack of appreciation for the white stuff. Just remember--just because the sun's out doesn't mean the top's down. We CAN survive another car ride with Ernesto-to McD's. Don't ever get sucked in by the sexy accent like our third Musketeer, your eyes are enough trouble. She has more heart than she can carry though, and I'm glad we were in it together. SPK

Michael Kevin Harris
Greensboro, NC
Navy Pilot

Harry quit fly-fishing in Montana to become a Navy fly-boy. When not stacking California Raisins on his Enya box set, this member of the Crazy 8 could be found studying to be the company mislo. His "happy hour" usually took place in front of his stock 386SX. After attempting to mortally castrate himself on the infamous Connie, he played match-maker & tried hooking up Trooper. A shoulder injury terminated his quest to be Arnold's body double. No problem, he used all of his free time filling out new home of record forms and shooting hoops. Tulsa? He was the only person having to live with Cheeseball and Booter for extended periods of time. Who else could have their truck broken into while calling 16 to attention? It was only 3 weeks. We will always love his girlfriend Michelle, Sherlock Holmes, Calvin, and his beloved fishing hat. By the way Mike, "what's your major?" -- JNK,MPM, & MDT

Jenna K. Hausvik
King George, VA
Navy Pilot

Jenna, alias Bruce Jenner, hails from South Dakota, no, Alaska, no, California, no, finally Virginia. Always loud, crazy and with the most genteel manners, Liza had a smile for everyone. How many events can you do in a track meet, how many fouls in a hoops game? Claim it! I cry FOUL. First class summer and on to be a part of grand central station on 3-1. Let's go make a run for the border in the metro, call the Jerky Boys, or maybe strip the deck with some natural ammonia. We do all have names on our birth certificates, Connie S. Let the lessons continue....Did we make any progress? Macking food on b-ball trips and yelling, "Nada!" after blocked shots. Where is Crack? Christmas on 3-1 and your darned legacy supply billet. White issue underwear forever! Watching firstie year football games on everyone's laps. She was the captain of the e-mail corps and you know what they say about firstie brass. How did a dirtbag like you end up with stripes? I'm just kidding, Haus...One of the finest athletes and greatest friends, we all wish you the very best. Go easy in P-cola. Dawg, Gnome, & Ogie

Lionel Grady Hines
Silver Spring, MD
Surface Warfare

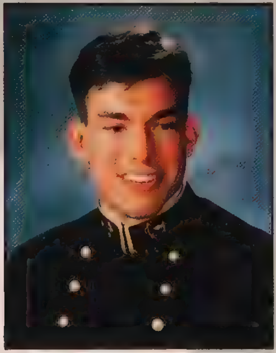
L-Train what more can one say. Except that he is the smoothest, savviest person I know. The man does it all football, academics, and social life. If there is anyone that has it all it's Train. Train how about sharing some of the wealth chief you've got more than you need. You know what I'm talking about. Let's see there is Raina, Renita, Yevette... etc, etc. Ha Ha Ha. Seriously though, You've got a bright future ahead of you MY SON. Ha Ha Ha. I look at you and say there isn't anything or anyone that will get between you and success. Here's to the man that lifted me up when I was down, and took me higher when I was already flying-- here's to the best friend anyone could ever have. Here's to you L-Train. I GOT YOUR BACK!! PEACE!!

CMFC.

Ryan Cowan Hurt
West Palm Beach, FL
Navy Pilot

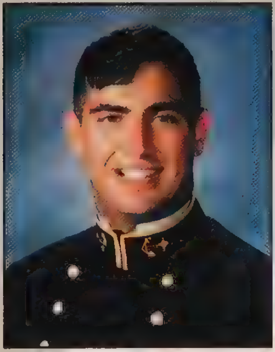
Ryan came to USNA from Kentucky via West Palm Beach, FL. The only true redneck surfer dude we have met. Plebe year brought rugby functions - Ryan put some clothes on and clean the sink. Buying weekends, only $94. Spring Break in Daytona - Barry's big mouth lands us in the street and Ryan stays with Tracy; a fitting end, eh Ryan? Dawn - you had her first, dude. Are your sponsors coming or what? The Youngstermobile - too bad it needed a push start, Bret. Georgetown - "So you boys are going to be Naval officers?" The Loyola Heisman winner and "Barry why are you naked?" Shut up, Morgan! The 2% club again with Jess. Rack. 2/C year - I thought they weren't coming home till tomorrow - sponsor roaming, again. Heck with Flannagan - Ryan grabs his shotgun. Jess, nuff said. Firstie year AvCruise, 21st b-day. I did what? Ryan back in the saddle again - yo man, what's her rank, anyway? Back with Jess - boneheads taking Bret's T-bird into a snow storm. Service selection - Navy Pilot, thank God! Pensacola stand by. CBB BAS

John Noah Kochendorfer
Laguana Niguel, CA
Submarines

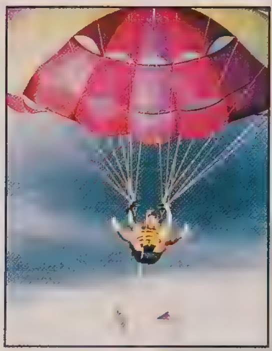


YEAH BOOTER!! The practical joker Bungee Jumped out of Football Greatness and into a striper rich. Wait, I hear dogs in the room. Out of the Dungeon to a car that holds 7? He never learned to stick to California women, becoming a LEGEND from Hood to MBC. Mette = Meat? 45° = Bermuda shorts? Tennis courts = Fireworks? Yeah, he'll probably light himself on fire if Reggie & Luther don't order pizza. K.O.'d out of the ring on round 21, but was still up for the weekend from Hell and 'Vette crash at Fell's Point. Wait..."Mooooo!" Hey, the 4/C Security Officer is having a CD & GOOB sale! Fry a green nuke, not the crazy Dorfer. Who else could run restriction muster and sign his 1 day punishment off? He modified eyes right, but was too cheap for a cab in Cancun and got arrested in Germany. B-1-O. "Boy, that was an exciting play." You must really like cheese, you'll be watching movies about gladiators for weeks, Rasta Boy.
:> MPM,MDT, & ATL

Richard Edward Kreh
Critz, VA
Navy Pilot



Old Number 92 came to us all the way from Stuart, Va.--the land of the "loveable pigs". Most of my memories with Scrot from the past 8 semesters are locked in a glass box somewhere. No one could have asked for a better roommate--the perpetual complaining (especially over the "brown stations"), the arguments with the world's most finicky fat man, the marathon of inspections with the Grand Wizard, how the "Kreh-Z" accent always got worse the more you and the GOBBLER made our problems go away, the "fun" we used to have come weight cutting time, the uncommon flexibility in the back of our door, and Uncle Remus' study wisdom. Who could forget our day long trip around Virginia to spend 5 minutes with "Mrs. Right"--"I thought it was me!" Good Luck with Navy Air, and don't be late in P-Cola 'cuz "the suburban's leaving in 10 minutes with or without you!!!" GAW



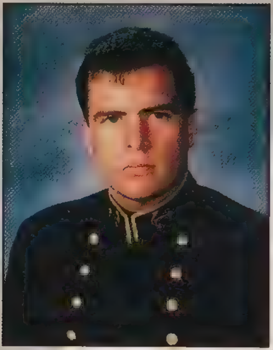
Andrew Thomas Lahaie
Lansing, MI
Surface Warfare

And now...from the Whackiness of Life comes WAHOO. Excuse me, Mr. Miller. Your a dancing fool, Teaser. On the desk, in the hall. I don't wanna work I just wanna.... Happy Hour goes inside at 1600. Congratulations, exclusive ownership of K.Hall and a special classroom. Uh, I'm in debt. Squeal for me!! Well, Uh, a human hat rack, the black sock, B-1-O, just throw leg. Thursday grilled cheese parties lead to spaghetti and more home improvements. Coax lessons from mom. Yes she is vacuuming! Wait... "Mooooo" Whip it in the D.S. apartment. White Russians follow 23 ounces. OW! OW! OW! OW!! Roses Blossom confirming the Theory of the Spores. Founder of the 1/C wardroom. Anyone for peppermint flavored cocoa in the wardroom? Gimme a toon tie, heck gimme the network. Really Andy, you added a little Spice to our lives. :> MPM, JNK, & MDT.

Michael Paul Makela
Silver Spring, MD
Nuclear Surface

'HEY MAK!!!', we scream. 'I don't know where I am and this disturbs me greatly!', he says. Smak, Daddy Mak, Juicy, Mickey. From the Co-Founder of Whacky Rack Night, Sir? to the lyrics that only we know. The Makela Factor comes through again. Hey Lucid Dreamer, set the alarm a little earlier. A whole lotta rosie fills this Meatloaf lover. Hey Jerky!! White Russians whippin' it with Beth. The AC/DC Fanatic and Flavor Flav finish a bottle of wine? Heavy metal tears follow greasy fried chicken. Dream Woman Lita/Garbage Can. Stand up little girl and show The Crazy Eight a thrown leg. Griffins & City Paper. B-1-O. Power tools, 2 a.m. vacuuming, and the copier. Where's your sister? Rat Boy--> Hickie Chick --> Genie. Oh, broken camera. Be sure to wash that out in the sink. Ahab. BUDDY!!! M*A*S*H at midnight. This just goes to show, YES!! GOD LOVES YOU!! --MDT, JNK, ATL, & GDM

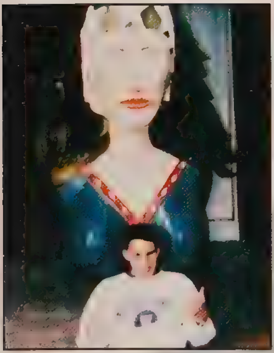
Antonio Martinez
Lima, Peru
Foreign National



Hey P-Face, it's been three long years with you as my roommate, but the Immigration Service is finally going to get you. They kept losing all the messages I sent them, especially about you being a member of the Sendero Luminoso. Good luck fighting them. Luciana and 17-02-90. Remember the great days of the Crazy 8, the mate, and the Dorfer(things that make you go mmmmhhhhh). White Works as the Uniform of the Day, every day. Peruvian summer cruises during the winter? How about Tijuana? B.S. and kisses all over!!!! How about that crazy party at the Thrust-Inn? Or Straight Tequila nights? How about sleeping on the desk of 7141, when your room is 7136? At least you could have climbed into the rack with one of them, even if they are plebettes. I almost forgot Trooper's rack and the sink that you prayed to the porcelain GODS in. -JHD

Gordon Dean Miller
Woodbridge, VA
Marine Corps

From the mist he appears. 'What's he doing?', the women awe. It's GORDO doing the GORDIE GRIND, what else. Alas, the third Co-Founding Father of that sacred night, Whacky Rack Night. HA, the Gazelle yearns to swim. Your car is great. Our lone beloved Marine. Video Games? And you were doing what he thought you were doing, 4000 times. Promoted to Drill God leaving us, WAAAh! Stuck with a major that made us jealous. Those sick words, muff master. Uh, Excuse me, Mr. LaHaie. The wicked caper with the Crazy Eight. With a woman at every college, a pioneer of the road trip. Up to Towson and DOWN, WAY DOWN to MBC. YES!, YES! Bass Players are the Greatest. We'll never look at the corner of a desk the same way. :> MPM, MDT, & JNK



Ryan C. Murphy
Park Forest, IL
Naval Flight Officer

Look. In the distance. I see him. It's...It's.... MURPH!! Proudly, you climbed your way out of a murky 8-1 Dungeon. Marching Tours... But I, But I!! Orchestrating the infamous Genesis Concert with quality transportation. LOOK OUT!! Caught with your pants down in the Denny's parking lot. They were really strippers. During the our last End-of-Semester leave, we left screaming, 'DUCKIES are Great!!' Let's rescue Rob..AGAIN! What a Flamer, how many come-arounds did you have with HER!? YES, Chess is a real Sport. Was the force with you at Ocean City? Where's the Chi-Chi's Chick with 2 kids? Sandbag Detail King. You conned The Monument. You helped ground The Monument. 21st--'You're an Admin Junkie and an Alchie too!' Co-Occupant of the 1/C Wardroom. The Sub Squad Instructor God arises very early. Congratulations, sty in the eye = fly. But remember, the magic number is 15, Dough-Boy. :> MPM, ATL, GDM, JNK, & MDT.

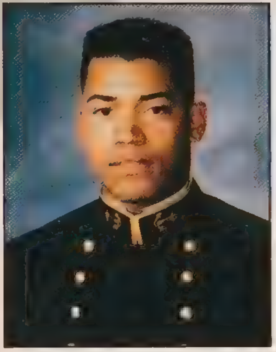
Erica Lynn Niedermeier
Irving, TX
Nuclear Surface

Erica--with a 'k' if you please. It's a difficult road to trod when you're only sixteen and already out of high school. But this brilliant, gorgeous, blue-eyed blond was undaunted and after a few years of the party school scene she decided that USNA was surly ready for her now. Though she entered as a swimmer, she soon found she liked to view the aqua splendors from a different perspective, and thus began her illustrious, albeit unrecognized, status as a Woman o' the Severn. While strong and determined, Erica's skinny little legs (which incidentally brought her some fame on a certain cruise years ago...) just couldn't compete with the, how shall we say.... She ended her rowing career with a bang on an unforgettable trip to Florida (eeek. smile). So it was on to striper town with this dashing lady. Just a note to the fellow who finally lassoes her heart, take great care with this treasure for many covetous men lie floundering, broken-hearted in her wake. For a friendship that came as a surprise and brought nothing but happiness, I thank you eln--pgd.

Ernest Eugene Robinson
Harrington Park, NJ
Marine Corps

E, Pyle, Ernesto, "Mernie", Mr.Cliche joined us from the budding metropolis of Harrington Park. We went from no desserts to the tap system to the sacred 'T' study room. E was quarantined youngster year so managed to stay out of trouble except for the 5 tries to pass the PCR. 2/C year we were reunited, he met his maker with Organic and buried his sorrows with Jose. The soda in the cup was always a dead give away. 4 pillows, Abraham, Carlos, and all you can drink are the memoirs from Mexico. Firstie year we opened with two 4000's and spent our lives loving Smoke Hall. Finally 21 and Ernie still doesn't know who Pete is. E realized my drawing was far too accurate when he was told how much he would love GenSci. Wednesdays were the best, Thursdays were the worst! Remember to brush! Thanks for everything! See you out there! KMH

Friedrich D. Rochleder
Queens, NY



(Women)Friedrich is a happy-go lucky guy from New York, or is it Jamaica, or is it Germany, or Austria. (Women) DJ'ing all to Techno tunes on both sides of the Atlantic, Rock never missed a beat **psych!!**. (Women) He never let lack of wheels or money bother him. (Women) Huge phone bills, a maxed out Visa/Mastercard, and NAPS/USNA academics never stopped Rock(i.e. WOMEN). (Women)From Stuttgart, Newport, San Diego the Rockmeister left a string of broken hearts and shapely bodies. (Women) Although he gave Computer Science a try and then settled on Political Science -- Rock's true major was in the female persuasion..... Claudette, Bianca, Thais, Esther, Anja, Klaudia, Jackie, Ann, Helle, Claudia, Candice, Vanilla, Karen(Oouch!!!), and Louise. (Women) Although he'll be graduating a little bit later than the rest of us, he'll keep the '94 spirit alive and all the ladies from loneliness(Women). SND

Bret Allen Shockney
Plymouth, IN
Surface Warfare

Bret reported here a product of Indiana small town life and the Purdue Greek society. Proper training began at once with Cat, Dirt, and Hornie Toad at the helm. The precedence was set! Felch hooked him up - who says you can't be reached on leave. The rest of his plebe year was painted with the return to his roots at the Irish Times - was that two full cups out the window? Youngster year - "I expect far more..." This year brought many trips to Georgetown including the infamous "Cat approved" weekend. One police officer may still be cleaning his shoes. "Morgan, shut up". Lessons learned - never date your roommates sister and never drive nine drunks - or was it ten? 2nd class year - more than just dance lessons from Suzanna, Ty had Bret in stitches and Texas girls couldn't get enough of him. Barry ruined the mood and so did Nancy. The wall was no problem, but that tree left its mark. Bret two-stepped into Firstie year. Isn't it half your age plus seven or twice your age minus seven, dude? SWO no ... oh yes. Ingleside here he comes! CBB RCH

Michael D. Troup
Arlington, TX
Naval Flight Officer

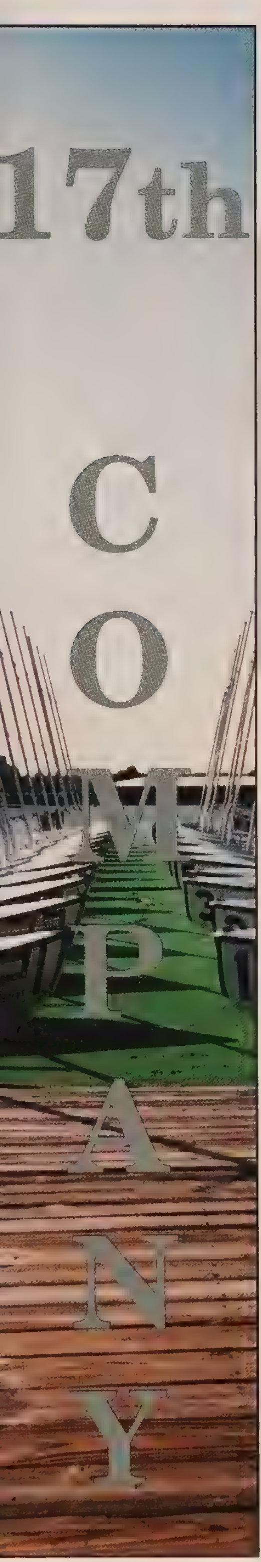
In a not so pinkish hue, TROOPER DOG emerges. YEAH Buddy! Co-Father of Whacky Rack Night, patent the Whack Shack. Shiny Happy People fill the room with the lyrics only we know. Turkey Pot Pie. Stuck with Professor STAFF for 4 classes, he screams, 'I wanna be sedated.' But hey, I'm goin' hungry. Chesty, Courtney, Moose? A classic Jimmy Lover, post C.C's Poison, while filling the orb with pinky extended sipping like a real man. YES, GOD LOVES ME!! Hey Jerky!! Small dose of country = hefty supply of rap. It really looks like swiss cheese, augmented by the Flag. HMMM, the Mustang vs the Family Van. COME ON!, Sinjin! Crazy Eight to B-1-O. Cortez and Joe S. The Vietnam experience brought, "I'm in, I'm out, they don't see me.". But the place lights up just like a damn christmas tree. Well, Troup there it is. :> MPM, JNK, GDM & ATL.

Gregory Alan Wise
Severna Park, MD
Navy PIlot

Wiser's illustrious career started at NAPS with a bald head and no eyebrows. Plebe year brought the last bald head and the last haircut by the USNA barbershop. Youngster summer found Greg resuming his legend as a player only to be surrendered at the end as he finally found one whose mom loved him more than she did. Many zesty sessions with Who's-Your-Daddy. Our chastisement of "the other roommate", knee surgery, and drinking sessions with Polecat and Wheats capped off Youngster year. The movement to seventh wing nearly destroyed Greg as he met his total opposite. He still managed to avoid the form twos, even when clogging up the sink on a Thursday night and climbing the tree behind Jack's house. Somewhere along the way we decided the Corps, SWO and the rest of that hard work, boredom, and short hair wasn't for us. No doubt P-cola will produce many more good times. "When I come back for our twenty year reunion, I'll ride in on a Hog with torn jeans, Cyndi Via and a ponytail." REK

Stacey William Yopp
Weirsdale, FL
Surface Warfare

The world's most finicky fat man never met a cow he wouldn't eat. Please pass the ketchup, so it will taste like Mom's home cooking. The man with a thousand excuses hails from Florida's purtiest swamps. Once the Yoppsquatch sightings began plebe year, Stacey always had trouble remembering anyone's name--but never forgot the number for Subrunners. Always at one with his rack--you could always count on Stacey getting from point A to point B while taking the minimum number of steps required. Even though Stacey never quite conquered the 1 1/2 mile run, he mastered the 3/4 mile at perfect 10:30 pace. Although a capable swimmer, Stacey's dream of a of putting steel on the target was dashed when he was told he couldn't successfully find his way out of the woods with the aid of a compass and a mechanical leg. Stacey pursued his dream as a doctor by incubating live cultures under the sink in old lasagna trays. Stacey will always live in a glass box--with two peas in a bucket!!! GAW REK



17th COMPANY

Jonathon Quentin Adams
Morrilton, AR
Surface Warfare

Jon Adams Heisman, chips-n-dip, scenic overlook--a monthly fix of Amy (sloppy seconds), it was good for me, I'm so cut, such Jimmy Johnson, Montana/Civ (such Kraehe), how old is she?!?, 'wasn't that the on-ramp? 'any of you boys 21?', Flex some more--please, Mama Celeste, second only to Judd (in family's heart), getting lost in Paris, Thyrotic explosion-what are you trying to do, kill me?!?, It's freezer in here! Jon, please take the medicine...Belly/Radiohead, thanksgiving at Joe's house-Many a beer..., the Jungle Room, Do as I say, not as I do, Seattle escapades, betwix the legs, Elvis, "Out Carilli!", your room smells-must be the hockey equipt. "Bibles and Beatles. You never got me into either no matter how hard you tried. Remember the immaculate exam period? F's to C's, Way to comeback. You are still the only one from your town to climb the Statue of Liberty--RAP/BDW." It's not what I said--it's that I said it, touring St Johns, Nfld, how'd the nuc interview go? (choke) You're so %@#&ing special...

William Burke Allred
Acton, MA
Surface Warfare

Scarknuckle, Sensitive-Man, Milo, Burger-Flipper, Freeballer, 93?94!, Mystery-Man, The Spazz-Dance, Lords of Acid. Got your wings but disgraced us all. Taj-Mahal's favorite customer (room-cleaning needed!) "Tico out of San Diego...That's cool!" "Let's go work out" DAPA? CONDUCT? It's cool to fry your friends - WEEK!

Family-Man. Shotgun's in Peterson's room. Couldn't hang with Bill on Park trip #1. He couldn't hang Superbowl Sunday. Bloodchones. White Works! How about those 'Gators? Traxx (Nice Dress) Victor -Most Chicks (Race for the Ace) Standards? What are those! Rack Stuffer Extraordinaire! Blowin' in the wind. Drop-Shot. Kickin' Con Lockers. Mooning the Mate. "Not tonight fellas, I gotta hang with Rachel." Not afraid to hook up. Ruled the PARK. Turbo Mimosas. Career Navy...Admiral - NOT! Not afraid to help his bros. Steel-Belted Top-Siders. MADDOG 20/20,Boone's, What's the word? Friedlander Diet Plan. Cleanest room award.

Andrew Christopher Barry
West Redding, CT
Surface Warfare

The undertaker. Standby Steph-barried. Renee-barried. Dana-barried(twice). Val-barried (for a Mid). Kendra-barried. Candi-barried. Robyn-barried. Nicole-barried. Inspiral Carpets-barried (Dave, that is). et al. IHTFP-barried by the Dant. Lovely morning sounds.."I KNOW!!!" ZIPPY!!! Interviewing INXS. Nice wrap around...Drew-bubba, everybody's doin' it. Procomm God (Chain Letter) Nice roommates: Subia, Haugh, Kraehe (I see a pattern here). The The/Matt Johnson/Free RR, Elle-don't look directly at her. Drill today...Yeah, I sail. Roll down your sleeves Foo Man Choo! I thought I saw a UFO, sir. The answer man. Luce Hall guru. The MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TONGUE. Nice Glock in your room. "You mean she's a Mid?" (Bermuda) Lava is classic yet progressive. Shilky's beat one, beat two, etc. Matt Myers cleaning experiences. Classical Wolf - all night long!! Elvis Presley forever. Sailing groupies. 7-1...HELLO, we've got....
P.S. Can ANYBODY lend me some money????

Joseph Francis Carilli
Madison, CT
Surface Warfare

NAIL, pepito, CANCER, little joey, h.j.holly (meet my Mid), SLY, ingrid GUMMER, hillary, GRACELAND and the KING, starsky, remember the ALAMO, MAGIC FINGERS, "it slipped", "WHERE AM I? WHO AM I? WHERE ARE MY PANTS?", holy cross, HOCKEY GOON, wrist, HaaaaaRVEY, arbolita de fuega, NARCOLEPSY, broken window, BABAR, stupid toys, ARTHUR, the Gay March, curious george, KANSAS CITY, "hold my hair", NOXZEMA, baby powder, fruit flies, TAMPA, australia australia australia we love you amen!, "IF YOU'RE GONNA MAKE NOISE GO TO THE LIBRARY!", burlesque, COAST GUARD, summer home in new hampshire, "what's her dad do?", O'BANNON BOYS, cosa nostra, GRIPPERS, "it's on ME (dad) boys!", HOLY CROSS, happy guinea, BOOMTOWN RATS/JODY GRIND, "crash jeff's hard drive!", that's Worcester, not WOOSTER, scott???, KERRY WHO?, bloody knuckles, HOLY CROSS, put jeff in the sleeper, BOXING WITH DVB, kris haugh (fave roommate), shaving

Jeffrey John Carty
Meredith, NH
Naval Flight Officer

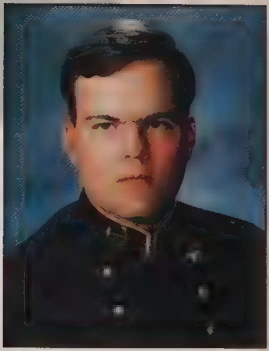
Carty! The unstoppable sex machine! Clyde...Jeff's passion for 486's, expanded-memory slots, hard drives (and even harder drives in his car) is perhaps only rivaled by a greater passion for Molly, his High School sweetheart. Yes, Jeff is part of the 2% club (maybe down to 0.5% after EE) and proud of it. Known for bailing the company out of many crashed drives, as a roomate you will always be famous for: five-foot rack dives, 28-hour+ rack sessions (during finals--with Supe Stars! jerk!), traffic tickets (an outlaw in VA), all of the heart attacks we got driving with you, just following the traffic pattern at 59th (56th?) St., Indy 500 in Golf carts at Meadowlands, the '94 sheet poster in a Probe, and just what the hell does Brigade Supply do? Hey Jeff...PIZZA!!! Good luck with those Wings. At least there's no speed limit in the sky....

RAP RAQ MRS

Chong Su Cho
Lawton, OK
Submarines

Chonger arrived with visions of Top Gun and F-14's screaming at 65,000 MPH. Fresh from Wazzu NROTC (Sir, I was a Rotcie, but I was not a puke!), Chong and Cindy (his doll) were ready for plebe summer. A born sub-mariner, Chong tried to torpedo the Harbor Queen. Plebe year was spent grubahing, meeting Hockey jerks, hanging with Carpenter, and keeping roomies up with Sunny tales, before meeting the "girr" over EOSL. After racking through 3/C year, our Airborne Nuke spent 2/C year doing B&G, and juggling his strange study hours with Yong Mi. Ping managed to convince us Econ was tough, but not tough enough to keep him from VGEPing. Firstie year brought THE engagement, and after briefly thinking SEALS, RTTPLCSC sold his soul on subs! Chong, thanks for all the love and advice! You and Yong Mi will do super awesome! Friends until the END!! MCJ

Mark E. Christenson
Coronado, CA
Surface Warfare



Mr. Potato Head-Scarbelly-Accessory Man, English award..."Well, I don't know..."...the M club..."Not only am I the founder, but I'm a member too...", four year Varsity stink team, 1st team All-American....wedged by Weekenstein...no love Tri-Delts....winning chip in vs. Army '93 (CLUTCHMAN!!)..."I'm just kidding bros", plebe year movie trips with Cisco...Sunday Taco Bell runs...Tico Bro..."Knock, knock. Can I come get my shaving kit?"...chillin in the Bahamas..."Can't wait to get home to Mom's cookin'"...The park with the bro's, Henri's, Dockside...sentimental man (ate lunch with Bill)...labeller of discs, "A Few Inches from the Yard"..."..as big as a Coke can!"...four years by the Bay with Ala...sweaty hands...fire escape in G-town, innumerable trips to 7-Eleven, Wednesday dance parties..

Love, The

bro's

Shawn P. Cunningham
Friendswood, TX
Marine Corps

Shawnte, Baby Got Back, nice passport pix.. Is that hair on your back?...Never met a chick he didn't love...Fall in love today?...SOHO...Hit that shower bullseye!...Kapusta's son..."Hey Bubba, there's a lady present."..."Don't mess with my Bobo!"...Rugby, Triathlon Team Stud... "I think I sprained my ankle again."...Fells Point Traffic Cop...Tuscon Cantina magic tab...Tish got dissed..."There's a bright future in kinesiology."...Where's my contact?...YPee to Baltimore...Not afraid of Whiskeys...The magic summer of '93...RAce jfor the Ace. Can you confirm that?...Where's the Rolex & 944?... Who's the girl in the picture? Woops, that's your mom!...Where did that Southern accent gome from?...Loves his reflection...dogging your youngster's sister...

Joey Ravelo Deguzman
San Ysidro, CA
Surface Warfare

LIAR!!!! You are the only person I know who could beat Fire marshall Sam in a bizaare face competition. There are just too many things to say about the mad hurdler: some highlights: late light chits for wart experiments; Oy, Rivera!; 'Pay Poor,' 'Daaavid'-your butt. 'Whaaaat?-I heard you, it's just a habit.' Nice doo-rag, have you ever hit the hurdles...? Frankly Mr. Shankly, sharing MOM duties plebe year during Army/Navy, Sip Sip Yung Soo Soo Mo, 92 Q - yuk!, Mariah Carey's track 5! The Relation/Nonrelation game with Kraehe. Comotose! Joey B Joey was a Joey B Joey. Nice Double Biceps!! By the way, where are Kris's darts? Herbie Nadir was a man...Plenty of amino acids and muscle mags. Melehuish the Baby? Nice hair. Bruce is in the Bug Zapper. The Dawg. Good luck in the Fleet and if you are ever feeling down just remember to 'KNOCK ON HAUGH, BABY, KNOCK ON HAUGH!!!'

DVB JQA An-yahta

Matthew D. Friedlander
Torrance, CA
Surface Warfare

Jennifer Ann Graves
Restonm, VA
Surface Warfare

Allen Dennis Grinalds
Woodberry Forest, VA
Marine Corps

Matthew Charles Jackson
Shattuck, OK
Naval Flight Officer

Living on the sea my friend, Was
gonna keep you free and clean.
But now you wear your skin like iron,
Your breath as hard as kerosene.
Pancho was an Okie boy, His smile
was clean as polished steel.
He wore his heart upon his sleeve, For
a red-headed girl to feel.
Pancho met his match you know, On
the deserts down in Amarillo,
Nobody heard his dying words, Ah, but
that's the way it goes.
Lefty she can't sing the blues, All night
long like she used to.
The dust that Pancho bit down south,
Ended up in Lefty's mouth.
The day they laid old Pancho low,
Lefty split for Colorado.
Where she got the bread to go, There
ain't nobody knows.
Pancho needs your prayers it's true.
Save a few for Lefty too.
She only did what she had to do, And
now she's growing old.

Bryan Lee Johnson
Rapid City, SD
Special Warfare

PSI, John-psi, Vince, Poodle. Psi lives his life on the wild side: Fast cars, fast women...well, fast cars. 455? Only South Dakotan in the EARC. "He's pulling another Johnson." Vince spent his first year as the perfect SEAL: Stealth. Where's the diamond ring today? Speaking of rings, is that the phone ringing? "Hey! What am I doing? Not much..." Only guy to crab in a seat race and still win. Hey, at least you were cool enough to hang with the drivers. Five grand to five days - what a conversion! Can SEALs wear ball caps backwards? Not one to miss the obvious, the hopeless romantic takes control. How lazy are you? Chocolate? Handcuffs? Converting your roomie, and everyone else, to CW. Questionable behavior on the way to class. That's your calculator?! (Yea Weaps!)
THE POSSE (Ayah, t'would be us...)

Christopher Kennedy
Austin, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

There can only be one. That's all there is to it. The fedora drawn low, the trenchcoat, Bogart on your mind, a pipe in your teeth, and a smirk on your face; shuffling down an evening's sunken cobblestone sidewalk, damp with the recent tears of a youth spent wearing black behind walls... We were born in the wrong time. Despite our fiascos with "its", D&B tools, despite Miami, summer cruise, and summer schools, we are warriors, you and me. Bible geeks, too, eh? I praise God that He provided one person here who looked past the haircut into the heart. And if you can remember when the time comes for battle, as it surely will, do kill one for me, as I shall for you. And then, some tea in the Sahara perhaps. What do you say, dear brother? CMJK

Meghan Beth Mariman
Benicia, CA
Surface Warfare

From sunny California, the fiery beauty came to USNA with the world in the palm of her hand. Plebe summer? No, Meg, the ones with red nametags are off-limits! (soccer coach will suffice!) Meg, of course you dated them eventually. Cancun..varsity ledge dancing! Got tan, got Joe, your first, not last SEAL! What a busy youngster! Hello Dolly & Stowaways, California dreaming with Jen in the love-bug. Pro-tra-INGRA-whaa? What outstanding training on summer cruises! I didn't think girls could, um, participate in football, wrestling, or rugby, or men's glee club..., but you found a way! Finally firsties... so, you really can't date in company? Is this love? So much fun with your Co. dudes- your bros. Oh Cabaret queen, we've been through it all, fairy-friend! I love you! Remember, Meg, wherever you go, you'll rise to the top! YOU GO GIRL

Steven Leon Miller
Spanaway, WA
Navy Pilot

REBOUND MAN came to us from beautiful Seattle, Washington dragging a trail of salt behind him. Older than all of his squad leaders, Steve experienced a mid-life crisis plebe year after coming to the realization that he was more squared away than all of his upperclass and most of the company officers. Our three-time company commander sailed through youngster year with no problems aside from E's incessant snoring. Second class year brought new challenges when his sweetie ran off and joined the NAVY! So Millerhead fought the lawsuit, adapted and overcame taking his love from the sea wall to Smoke Hall before finding Kim at the local hospital (or was it McGarvey's?). Firstie year brought system projects (still have all the poles in the right-half plane?), stripes, and reveille ("They're serious Goddammit!"), but Steve rebounded pulling down NAVY AIR! Go rotors! Good luck bro!
MCJ

Edward E. Northway
Nisswa, WI
Surface Warfare

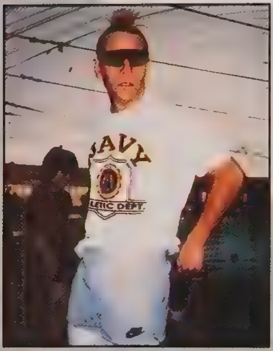
Thomas Mark Palmquist
Grand Blanc, MI
Marine Corps

Richard Andrew Paquette
Huntington Station, NY
Supply Corps

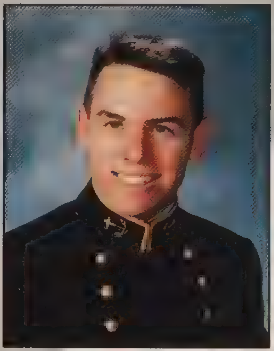
Tricky Dick...the only guy to take two girls to the same prom. Let's go to MacGarvey's. Pacqit -> Fudge. Two in a twenty-four hour period. Super Sups, two or ten? Decide, Delegate, Disappear - Sucks to be a striper. "You raped my heart of its goodness..." Time to play with Phil. The only man with a full S.B.R. A semester in hell - not here. Your Corps, my Corps, Supply Corps...runny nose and all. Happy harpooning, Captain Ahab. Way to take the hit! Three days restriction...No demerits? Still part of the two percent club, most of the time. You gave her your car?! Oh well, Airborne on 50! The cemetery. YP trips. Army Ops. Toys for Mids. TCL - "Hey, Rick! How's it going?" Striper Retreat-yeah, right-Striper Beerfest '93. Good luck in Athens, stud. FOR YOU MOM! BDW JJC JQA JFC

Rodolfo Antonio Quiles
Saint Francis, WI
Marine Corps

Rudy, Rude Dog, Q, Q-Tipp...what to say about a guy from the Bowling Capital of the World who just wanted to be held? Let's try: "Chicks dig it!"...Rudy, is there anyone you *DON'T* know? How about the American Promise? Only you could sink it...The Rivera fiasco..."It's racial!"...Narcissistic flexing in the room: embarrased??...How many people could say the drill field made them famous (owe me a beer for that second Bilge-the King Hall party can be forgiven)..."Quotes of the Week"?...Over Christmas, for dancing skill, he won a bottle of champagne. Too bad he was underage at the time (ALWAYS)!...Thanks for the dance lessons! Am I an honorary Puerto Rican?...We envy your future subordinates, and pity your enemies. Get some! Without you, many long days here would have been longer. God Bless and Semper Fi. JJC CMJK MRS BRW



Matthew Ross Seay
Midland, TX
Marine Corps



I thought only big things came from Texas? Boots and jeans, no substitute. Anyway, what a couple of great years together! Hey, do you know any women from Ohio? No BFO! Engaged, not engaged. Record setting breast stroke! (No, the other kind.) Oh, the days of early morning practice. The man with one of everything. Uglymutt Khaos and Karma. "92 minus 4, SIR!" "It just doesn't matter." 50% attrition, but I'm still here. 2WD Jeep? Again, NO BFO! (Drive to Ohio just to get WHAT? GDAKA! We're going in!) Lucky me, the only SURVIVING minority roomate! At least you're Honorary Black and Hispanic! <<Meat, vacations we would like to forget...Louie's Backyard, Devil Dog, Key West...wish you were here,so does Salty. P.S. Rudy wants his new lava lamp!!!>> Matt, those who haven't experienced you have missed out...keep crazy, 'cause that's why we love you.

George Eduardo Segredo
Lakeland, FL
Surface Warfare

Christopher Michael James Kennedy (a.k.a. UCMJ, Cristobal, Psycho) wandered to USNA from the Harrison, Arkansas, backwoods (world parking meter birthplace) by way of Deutschland (Sieg Heil!!). This Resident-Death-Angel and plebe-destroyer couldn't evade gorgeous women (IT #9 ?). With his extensive personal library (200 tomes), "baby bottom smooth" high-&-tight, and god-like tactical skills, the USMC will revere his coming, and pity the fools that are his enemies ("Break Glass ONLY in Case of War"). Lord knows what you're destined for, Chris. Inside your hard Corps (yut!) exterior are the cloaks, the jokes, the games, the pains. We have grown much, you and I, and as we continue down our separate paths to future glories, I will always remember how much we have suffered and survived together. May Christ watch over your Panzer turret and lead you to Glory Everlasting.

SWOgredo (GES), Subirack (DRS), QTipp (RAQ)

Ryan Carlisle Smith
Fremont, CA
Navy Pilot

Ryan, from the land of good weather, great skiing, and intelligent traffic lights, had this place licked from day 1. He started with crew, then volleyball, then basketball, wondering why Annapolis filled his nose. We watched him get shoved off from tables, swim with the Fallopians and learn Carpentry. Later, he moved on to better things like peanut butter, mice games, rackmosphere, and Morrissey, and we even got him to keep his clothes on, but he never did catch Vasquez. After many prayers for a laser, he finally found religion on the rocks. Although Tom Collins never helped matters much, if Ryan can remember the Jamaican chief, then the one with good hair won't get away like she did in Key West. Despite there being no justice in this world (fries, scuba, etc.), Ryan will soon rise above it in defense of freedom. Only the best, man, only the best.
-E

David C. Vanbrunt
Severna Park, MD
Cryptology

Elvis, Buddha, magic fingers, sideburns...VanBrunt!!! What would we do without him? Well, probably slept alot more and have much better grades to start. (Many-a-woman)+(many-a-CD)=Happiness and bankruptcy. NO WAY! What will Anne Arundel be like without the DVB/ACB/JQA show? The harem (Sandy, Amy, 4/C Luce, Holly #1/#2, Andrea, Heidi, Dara (oh-mah-gawd!), etc), linoleum burn, milk it dry, The The/DM (backstage). The mid w/o a home in CONUS (LVADDR =Dover,DE). LOCK IT UP (Piece security Gary's way)! Many twisted weekends spent in the Metro-polis of SP and CP with DS/MM, Alpha Phi-"and then we couldn't smoke all afternoon!" LIAR! Many sleep-less nights on 2-2 and 7-2 (boxspring dancing with bayonets, shaving cream, JJC's razor sabotage, lavarama, biology experiments JFC/JQA (AKA Hockey Equipment)) The secret to success in life is oil and the Beatles. I love you, man--No man...I-love-you...NO MAN!!! Whoa...new roommate.Best of luck.DVB kicks scroats-xoxo-Zippy

Eric Dicarlo Watson
Herndon, VA
Surface Warfare

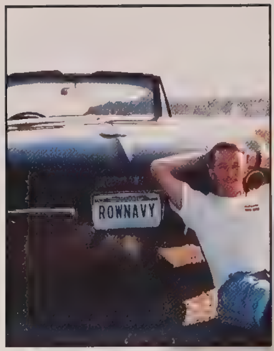
Eric's days at Canoe U started a bit clumsily. Plebe summer and Messy Marvin gave him some trouble, but soon he was on his feet and wielding the light saber with the Dukat-done type. His stint on the rugby team ended when he realized that rugby and healthy knees didn't mix (similar to the later discovery of women and big striper positions). Next came the ultimate money/time pit, the TR-6, which stayed with him (on his back) till the end. There were numerous other memories...painted toenails...heifers at UVA...the aviation cruise from hell when we learned how broccoli called cauliflower...the French bread "hog"...Jif peanut butter..."Lord, forgive Eric for being soo Lazy". Let us never forget his snoring...."THE HORN RESOUNDING" that provided so many sleepless nights. We'll always remember these four insane years. Take care, my friend. SM & RS

Brian Ross Week
Rochester, MN
Submarines

Weekster, Weekling! Plebe year saw us close to killing eachother 'cause of the Beanpole, but as fate would have it, we are Brothers...how about our first Recon? Sorry about that Bilge from Hell...then there was Rivera catching us in a compromising position (WE ARE STRAIGHT, REALLY!) Ex-girlfriends were always our specialty, especially during those midnight bonding sessions...surviving in my neighborhood is a bragging right, and going to your place was too quiet! (don't mind the stray bullets, man...) Now, you've become a Country Dancin' Stud, with more women than guys in trouble for EE! There are not enough words to describe four years of great times, bro, but keep cool and PLEASE change the image of a Nuke Officer! *Semper amigo...*

RAQ

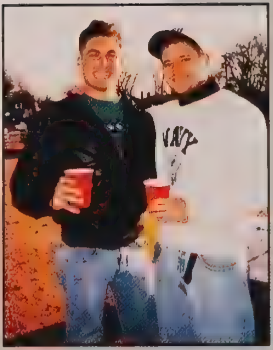
18th COMPANY



Brian Devon White
Columbia, SC
Marine Corps Pilot

"Myrtle Beach, and still going..." Stud-puppy takes the Academy. Is there anything the Whiteboy doesn't know? Only Rebel that drives like a Yank, providing the car runs. "Bryan, it isn't working!" Oh Captain, my captain! Do we still have practice in the morning? "What's this stuff in my watch?" And in the best part of the movie, too. Remember those two blondes in the Boathouse? We should've fought 'em. AIR, Marines, swo? "I have to go to the bathroom." Just doin' the basics: get a haircut, clean your room, get a 2.0. The ceiling ape. "Hey 4/C White, can I borrow some discs?" That mirror ain't gonna stay. "I'd like a Long Island Ice Tea." Let's grab a six pack and get wrecked in the hot tub. Go, stay, go, stay..relax Roy! Army Navy and the Posse forms!!! We all know why Archie's happy.

THE POSSE



William Alfred Williamson
Fort Smith, AR
Submarines

Bill,
"Gramps," "Walter Matthau," Credit Man, Billy, Bobby, Where are your own clothes? Are those Zirkendorfers? Love those $5 shorts. "I'm bad, she called me, not you." What's that white stuff on your shirt, dude? Consummate military lover.. rooming with Week... hey, wanna go repelling?.. "I'm bad, I got a free watch from Tammy" .. Bahamas(Hard Six!).. The park (or dock) with the fellas..Jackson's psychiatrist.. bleeding Richard, "Let me check it out".. Daddy Warbucks, not! .. Long-Island Mania.. "Hey dude, can you spot me?"..Founder:T-Bell runs (no pico)..thought your bros shined on 25th b-day (RAGED!), we brought you to your knees..tossing cookies in front of Griffin's.. Even Abraham Lincoln got play..a toast to James Baker..Kraehe's soul bro.. "Let's do something different and go downtown".. IRONMAN(Boones, MD, T-Bird)... love those firstie gaters.. B-Day '93 (24) Shot-fest... Bill's special punch

Love,
The Bros

Bradley Albert Alaniz
Minneapolis, MN
Surface Warfare

What's your name? "Bart Simpson, who the hell are you?" Commence rescue ops... Four long years, almost an eternity. From living in the darkest cave, to the bastion of cleanliness 2/c year. Playgrounds at night (love those swings), pinball whenever, bringing cokes back to the room, falling asleep on the tile- it's been an adventure. But other people made it funny, from "She made a jigsaw puzzle...." to "could you get the bill on your way out?" And between movies, late nights, some tobacco, and a few stiff drinks, it was ok. Still, it's about time we're getting away from this state- we've been trapped here long enough. When you're in the land of the rising sun, or wherever you go after, don't forget your home- land of the blowing snow, or mine, of the shifting earth. Sorry, is the music too loud? Hey- did you just... wait... safe! --Fishboy

James Anthony Aleman
Cucamonga, CA
Marine Corps

Kookerooga came to Annapolis from the sunny sands of California. Plebe Year was easy for him considering he knew more pro-knowledge than the 2/C. Seal Team 29-3-3 wouldn't be the same without him. "2.00" and Go!" Youngster year he earned his wings by logging several hundred hours in his Falcon3.0 from the Rack. "How can anyone get such good grades sleeping that much?" The Barrio found him constantly arguing with El Mundo and usually winning. When he wasn't doing that, he was always on the phones with Tammi for hours. "Really it just slipped." 2/C year brought him shiny Supe's Stars and a future wife. Firstie summer, he survived Leatherneck even with the Bigfoot chasing him. Firstie year as XO, he was always informed of everything. "Where'd you hear that from?" Service selection finally allowed Kook to accomplish his goal of joining Uncle Sam's finest. Good Luck in the Corps you little Devil Dog!
JFM, AH, MAB

Robert John Ballister
Martinsville, NJ
Naval Flight Officer

Straight from the great state of confusion ... whoa, wait a second, we're talking Jersey, man ... comes "the man, the myth, THE LEGEND (on odd days)," the infamous ... BALLS. Yes, that's him, the only suicide major to go horizontal before Cinderella. He valiantly fought the forces of evil from ____over Hall amidst the trusty Aero Bus, knowing all the while his fate lay "behind" him. He is the great (won't he ever stop) fountain of sarcasm and wit: THE ILLUSTRIOUS BALLSISMS ---- "NAME, Nordin, get a NAME! - W.A.M.PT's - I got hit - What's her name? - The endless pursuit of F.P.U. (or rack)," and, of course, "Lord, thankyou for this day being over." Don't forget the flying socks, Wing Night, Kermit - the fourth roommate, the footprints on your desk, our endless supply of care-packages, and screaming "SCOOOOOOTT!!!!!!!" in the middle of the night (or was it morning). GOD BLESS YOU, BALLS. - swg EPHESIANS 2:1-10

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HUNDRED DOL

Mark Andrew Bluestein
Tucson, AZ
Submarines

Underway at 66MHz! The 94 Wardroom! Plebe Year was fun for Blue! Of his many achievements, he was caught playing a computer game, with his walkman, by the Battalion Officer and the Battalion Cdr a day before his Batt Board! TA-DUUUM! Surround Sound! "What do you mean it's too loud?" "Really, my VCR is a computer peripheral." "It's so my procomm runs faster!" The way you expressed disagreement with commissioned officers -- so tactful! Everyone should be an Engineer! "Blue, it's just a game!" The man that spent more on his printer than plebes spent on their system. Sea Breezes sure are good! You're just the dancing fool! Where's the beef? Let's go, let's go. It's steak for dinner! Really, you don't want your steak! Your heritage comes through -- you were giving the company officer training on financial matters! Your great grandfather Hyman would be proud of your service selection. Good luck you Bubblehead!

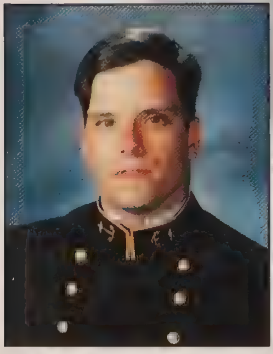
JAA, AH, JFM

Markus Ernest Dale
Bruchsal, Germany
Cryptology

Sleepless in Bancroft. Can't anyone read the tape!?! "I do not like green eggs and ham!" We liked your rendition so much, we bought you a copy. Grandpa Dale. Prior enlisted and seasick. Remember youngster year boxing? My speed ran me into that punch! Born and raised in Germany, yet you barely made the A in German. It didn't hurt you too much considering you're working on your masters and are on first name basis with my profs. Brian and I are playing Skat tonight. Spaten Lights at Ram's Head. We will drink many of them! You're claiming to be on VGEP, but we suspect you're spending your time with Angela. Speaking of Angela, wasn't she a blind date? And now you're marrying her! Good going on the marathon. Who could ever think that a big 230 pound German dude could validate the 1.5 mile run. Good luck with Angela and crypto!

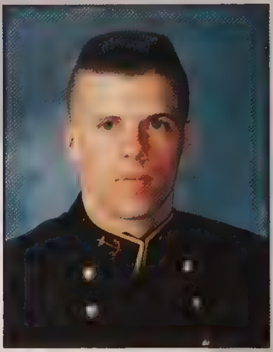
JAA, MAB, DME, AH, JFM

Daniel Michael Emery
Sturgeon Bay, WI
Nuclear Surface



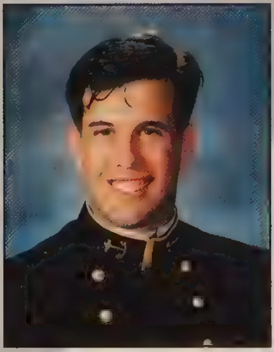
Sturgeon-Bay-Boy migrated to Annapolis from the Cheesy State. He had an easy time Plebe year because he was always gone on sailing MO's. Daniel-San endured a painful semester with El Mundo. "Sure, I'll set your Alarm clock for 0525." Youngster Cruise found him going to the Bahamas with Brett on YP's. "BAAAAHHHH!!!" Dan then lived with Menace for every semester except one. 2/C year found Dan and Menace in the same squad tag-teaming on the Plebes. "Tag Me! Tag Me!" Ring Dance found Dan proposing to Melissa under the moonlight by Triton Light. 1/c summer, he became penniless after a stint in Vegas. "That roulette dealer has it out for me!" Dan then became the Captain of the Swift.
He also became an International Beer Drinker at Ram's Head. Dan then selected SWO NUKE and promtly used the bonus to pay for his bar bills. Good Luck in Mayport, Dan!
JFM RAM JAA AH MAB

Brian Eliot Fish
Santa Rosa, CA
Surface Warfare



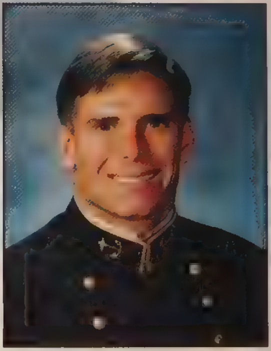
B.E. Fish-No way. One is quite enough. A little tall, a little thin, very loud, Fish is never one to let anything, or any regulation, stand in the way of his opinion. Frequently mistaken for a wandering civilian by plebes and upperclass alike (not mention himself), Fish was unanimously voted "Most likely to forget he's a graduate" AND "Most likely to end up on the 6 o'clock news". Annapolis life never agreed with Fish, particularly traffic lights and Maryland crabs, and he could often be found in the hot spots of Baltimore and D.C. President Clinton himself, upon meeting Fish one night on a dark street, said, "Quite an experience. For a moment I was sure I was back at Woodstock." Juggling his numerous romantic affairs with an adeptness matched only by the likes of Woody Allen, Fish will long be remembered by the local gals. Let's hope none of them press charges.

Harry Ponter Fulton
Muncy, PA
Navy Pilot

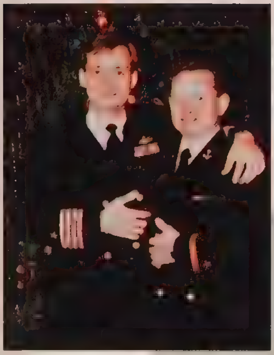


Our favorite former fat boy hails from Muncy, P.A., the armpit of America. Our toothless wonder had stripes in his eyes as a plebe god, but his natural instincts took over as the dirt bag in him soon surfaced. From using the force and lookin' for love in all the wrong places youngster year (how's the smell, Har?) to, "fellas, she could be the one" first class year, he has never wavered far from his affection for the liquid diet (Fult, take your sheets down to laundry again?, you can only turn your mattress over so many times!) A friend in the truest sense of the word, our future pilot has always been the glue holdin' the group together. From brawls in the shower to head on collisions, we've been to hell and back, bro. Your the best friend I could have ever wanted, and so much more. I love ya Fult, as do so many others...to the future we ride. B-"Mama"

Brent Christopher Gaut
Palm Desert, CA
Navy Pilot



The Pretty Boy from California...Mama, Colgate, Velveeta, Bo...came to us a virile adonis, sculpted his body to Charles Atlas perfection, and spent most of his day by the mirror. Too bad he was humbled by his roommate before all the Posse. Mama never had a problem meeting the ladies..particularly in Ocean City battling the Cyclops (What was wrong with her eye?). Rarely did Brent compromise his morals ("She's like a sister to me...I could never!"). Brent knew all wings of Bancroft Hall better than anyone in Naval Academy history (7 rooms and counting). Second class year he spent being Badgered to death ("No, this is the last time, Fult...it's over for sure."). Yeah, whatever. Mama arrived strong-willed and after finally getting his stripes, he lost them a month later (What a pity!). I wish I could find the words to express what you are to me...From the face of death to the greatest adversity, I will always call you Brother. Fult.



Brian Fritz Germann
Vancouver, WA
Surface Warfare

Brian came to USNA with extremely fond remembrances of Washington State. I met him plebe year at an OCF retreat up at White Sulphur Springs and have enjoyed his friendship greatly. Brian has an intense work ethic, and an intensity and initiative that oftentimes awe me. Many times we have prayed together, wondering about God's plan for our lives. BFG came here with dreams of flying for the Navy, but as time passed, Brian came to see SWO life as a great opportunity for service and leadership, and a chance to follow in his Dad's footsteps. Brian has dedicated much of his free time to OCF and has served almost anonymously as OCF Prez. He amazes me with his continual support of rules and superiors, yet he can definitely think for his own. Brian, may God bless your every action and GO SWO,......BABY!

-DWG

Scott Wayne Gray
Leonardstown, MD
Surface Warfare

Scott! Scott! Scott! Scott lived all over the country but told everyone he was from Texas in order to justify his black hat and three pairs of boots. It was a war when country music met metal and battled for possession of room 7340.

Although there has never been an alarm clock made loud enough to wake Scott, there has never been a situation dark enough to remove his smile and general good nature. Always kind, always smiling, he was generous to a fault, and he would be the first to give you his shirt off his back, (provided he was awake enough to remember you asking for it!). The only thing stronger than his bond with the rack was his bond with God, and that bond was visible to everyone. Though I won't miss the snoring (buzzsaws through oak), I will miss everything else. Good luck, Scott.
RJB

Armando Hedrick
Winchester, OH
Surface Warfare

Mando-Madness, Mongo, El Mundo Hendricks originated from Pomona, California but somehow winded up living near the Sugar Tree in Ohio. Mundo enlightened us with his "Back at NAPS stories" during Plebe year. After getting his hair lit on fire by Harry, he some how survived living in the Barrio with Menace and the Kookerooga. Later, he crossed the Berlin Wall and moved in with Schnitzel. Youngster year showed us Mundo's financial wizardry and aptitude at culinary cuisine by maxing FIVE credit cards and supplementing his physique by gaining 30 pounds during the Tijuana Summer. "Too Bad he couldn't afford the five dollars." 2/C year he became the "savior" of Plebes. Firstie year taught him the benefits of Joint-Service Operations with a West Point Plebette. Mundo wanted to go Air, then joined Pre-Leatherneck, but finally went SWO. Now Mundo will be heading for the land of the Rising Sun. Buenas Suertes Mundo!
JA, JM, DE, MB, MD, AM

Gregory Hyde Hryniewicz
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare

Greg came to Annapolis via NAPS. Newport proved to be a shocking change for the former long-haired, earring donned, Polish-Puerto Rican beach bum. It was such a startling change that his own parents did not even recognize him the first time that they saw him.

At USNA, Greg could make the best of any situation, and more often than not, found some way to make things work to his advantage while still managing to avoid the 3-1 musters.

Weekends were spent abroad, either with the Posse, the G-Town Latin connection, Fitz, or roommate road trips ranging from Puerto Rico to Vermont. Not one for commitment, Greg did his best to keep up public relations for the Academy and made many "friends" at universities up and down the east coast.

We'll never forget caving, mountain biking stunts, DB's, R.Dance B.Cruise, and the dance move we made famous throughout the hemisphere. Stay loose bro, AJT.

David Scott Lohr
Johnstown, PA
Surface Warfare

Pennsyltucky Red joined us from the blue collar neighborhood of Johnstown, Pa. His style of dress is somewhere between a steelmill worker and a lumber jack- flannel, jeans, and boots. Well cool, you made it. Was there ever any doubt? (of course). Still will be on parole through for a few years (maybe less for bad behavior). Wish I could say the same, but Hah! Got nothin. We've gone through 5 years in the clink, and even with all our gripin' and complaining we managed to keep our sanity and have a few good times- PPNJ (Play some Bruce!) We're gonna take over - Dave the money man tycoon. No Problem! Tattoo Factories, Techmo, C & M Loghts (watch the waistline)- that's how we did - and still kickin, barely. Keep the Faith Brother. Long live EE. CJP

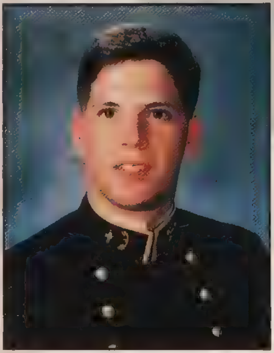
Johnny Farinas Meneses
Hemet, CA
Supply Corps

Menace came to us as a gungy "GET SOME!" NROTC Marine-Option Trojan from USC. "Why did you leave USC for this place?" It was a question he tried to answer himself, especially plebe year in SEAL Team 29-3-3. After living in the middle class neighborhood he moved to the Barrio for a semester with Mundo and Kookerooga, but eventually moved up in the world and roomed with Sturgeon-Bay-Boy. Youngster year, Menace got to know the Griffins bartender well, along with the value of plastic-lined trash-cans. As "Panda bear" during summer SP212, he was welcomed into the jungle. Precomms ensured his life-long career ambition of Corps, Supply Corps that is. Was that red or green, anyway? Firstie cruise/lift-a-thon/rack session motivated him further for the Corps. 1/C year brought the Camry/Sega/WE Blockbuster trips. Good luck in Athens, and keep the numbers straight!
JAA, AH, MAB, DME

Robert Alex Middleton
Columbus, GA
Surface Warfare

Well Alex, you have done all you can but the exercise induced asthma just means you have to go SWO. That's OK because we all know that you are a born admiral's aid. You're the only person who could get a CDR to personally work your file with the Dant so that the little driving mishap would be forgotten. All those AC boards and now Dant's list. I guess some of that restriction time did you some good. SWO will treat you well because I know there will be some CDR on the way and you will be wearing one of those gold armbands soon. Professional coffee man. Better work on the golf game, Mick's expensive. You've put up with a lot of unexpected trips and late night phone calls with minimum reply. Thanks for being such a great roommate. Good Luck and have fun down in VA beach. KAW

Brian David Murphy
North Salem, NY
Marine Corps Flight Officer



If he only had the body to match his hard-charging attitude, Smurphy could be the next Chesty Puller...yeah. This lady killer (Smurph, has it happened yet?) hails from North Salem, N.Y. where his athletic prowess was unprecedented. The man who loved to rage with the big boys was soon reduced to swappin' spit with his trusted and ever so faithful plastic bucket (2400--where's Smurphy? Uh...he's in the rack). Brian came here an idealistic Irish lad blind to the ways of the world (actually, really naive), but the boys soon expanded his horizon, much to the chagrin of the Murphy clan. Our blind hoo-yah will soon lead the troops onward and upward, but he'll always be our Smurph...We've grown and matured together through our years here, and I wouldn't trade them for the world (except maybe for a little love...Bridge at Dong Ha!). May our paths continually cross...Winek "the Weaz"

Charles John Puglia
Greenville, SC
Surface Warfare

It was once speculated that Pugs was sent to the Academy from N.J. through the witness protection program. That idea was soon scrapped due to one question: "Who would come here rather than go to the State Penn?" -- Are you here to play football or be a Naval Officer? "ah, could you please repeat the question!? With a double major of Football and Poly Sci, Pugs "the Teflon" managed to slip by a few boards and still slap around many on the 100 yrd battlefield. They got nothin! I got a lot of work, but first I'll take the Giants to the Techmo Bowl. Cell 7334 - the room with a view and a urinal. We managed to keep our sanity with the help of Billy, the bullets and the bean. Keep a lookout for K.V. Beat the rap- Thanks for all. See you in the business world (in 3)! Long live EE. DSL.

Kimi Jo Shook
Elephant Butte, NM
Surface Warfare

Late night with Heathers, Bubblegum, and cool vampires. When I met you, I didn't even know what it was I walked in on, but you've become quite a friend. Thanks for all of the advice- maybe I'll find a keeper too.... how very. Smiles- fishman 2 one of the strongest people that i know...fuman shook. after naps and many long days of SUMMER restriction, kimi came to usna ready to become a md. from one hellofa plebe year w/ wirls aka odie, oosasasa oosasasa.., late night talks about "if you could b w/ anyone..." and restriction#2(!) 2 getting civies, dant's list, going SWO :), picking a ship AND planning THE wedding. how am i going 2 clean the floor OR do tag-team roommate without you? "i have THE BEST roommate!" kinda' scary...but so very exciting. i'll never b that far away so, from the sap in me- -->reach 4 the stars...heartJ

Joanna Lynn Sprtel
Berwyn, IL
Surface Warfare

Despite being from dark, cold, windy Chicago, Joanna could never get enough of the water or the sun. Whether in competition or just for fun, she only got out of the water long enough to dance, write poetry, and smile at, well, EVERYONE. One awful semester with the big BD dimmed her spirits only slightly and taught us both the value of a good roommate. Cluttered desks and wild, colorful bulletin boards ("I think this bulletin board is inappropriate..." on a little yellow note) became the standard for the next five semesters. First it was GURL--PSYCHE! said the Navy. On to Supply--GUESS AGAIN! was the reply. Finally, a sworrior she'll be. Good thing they didn't take that away too; we were running out of options! No matter the problem, she could always be counted on to provide some warm bright color through the gray Annapolis winters and black Dark Ages. Good luck, Jo. You're the best! KJS

Adam Jude Treanor
Cockeysville, MD
Marine Corps

This local boy arrived at Camp Tecumseh ready to take on the world with his drill piece and bald head... now four years later he's bald again and ready to hit the Corps and do it there.

Adam was eternally busy in everything but academics, and rode the poli-sci wave in the best form found at the Academy. He avoided the 3-1 midnight musters for four years, and capped off his career at USNA as first semester Company Commander.

A.T. spent a year on the lacrosse team, "enjoyed" a short stint in boxing, and finally found both triple the pain and pleasure in triathlons.

Always away on weekends, Adam could be found with the Posse, Shawn, Greg, or others keeping up social disgraces at various establishments--ranging from Puerto Rico to Vermont and many places in between. We'll never forget the "switch", mountain-biking's "point and shoot", UVM, and R.Dance B.Cruise.

Cogelo suave dude. GHH

Keith Alan White
Marble Falls, TX
Special Operations

Keith came to this outstanding institution from the backwaters of the Lone Star State. Plebe year might have been tough, but he made it with his favorite roommates, Daughtry and Gray. I'm sure their late night sermon will inspire you for years to come. Youngster year Keith received an introduction to the "City of Brotherly Love", WHOOPS! Not having much prior military experience before USNA, Keith was surprised to learn about the alcohol restrictions on board submarines. The Captain was kind enough to explain them though. We've had some good times and some bad ones. You've helped me out of some tight spots as well as helping me improve my uniform appearance by frequent trips to smoke hall (Don't forget the alarm clock!!!) All in all I wouldn't have changed a thing. You have been a great roomie. I love ya. I wish you and Ames the best of luck. RAM

Brian Eugene Wineke
Cerritos, CA
Surface Warfare

The Weazel...need we say more? Of course, there's so much to say about the legend from Cerritos, CA...a fish in the water (and on land), this blond "loooove" machine never feared a confrontation, leading Polo to four straight NCAA appearances. Known to step up to a challenge, the Weaz was not much of a Star Wars fan...that is, until youngster cruise (Winek, you and Fult have somethin' in common?), only to be overshadowed by his "fear none" attitude. Never afraid to flow the stats (Weaz, you're a GOD!), our main man rarely disappointed. An ardent music buff (I LOVE Debbie Harry), Brian was known for his professional competency and leadership among his fellow midshipmen (who is that guy?...Uh, I think he's in our company). From nose bleeds (she didn't hurt ya, did she?) to Doggin' down, you're one of a kind, Weazel...you were always there to hang with, through the good times and the bad...See ya at Shady Grove...Murph

19th
COMPANY

Anthony Federico Acosta
Cupertino, CA
Surface Warfare

Coster came to USNA from the beaches of California, after one year at NMMI, not yet knowing he was a club member. He was a good little pleber and always followed the rules. He even thought the Coach was a "good guy." Youngster year saw more hard work and dedication. It all went downhill after Brent Gaut (Yeah, I'd go home if I were you!) and Goebs (two princes) with Sean being a "kingpin" After that Goebs couldn't take responsibility for his actions (UNBELIEVABLE ACOSTA!!) White Works at dinner, lunch, and breakfast, five days week. Richmond (Blaaah. Oh gross who did that!?) The Day (Soccer House, Oriole game, Fat Tuesdays, Hooters, Soccer Game, Soccer House again, McGarvey's) One month with Patter in Hawaii showed Coster his life's ambition- to do nothing and catch a wave. Running a guy over. Good luck in Hawaii and don't get eaten by a shark. BMG

Philip Armas
Brentwood, NY
Supply Corps

Phil "To All The Girls I've Loved Before" Armas, Made on Strong Island-You're What? Cuban, Puerto Rican, and Italian--No wonder you're so short! Sammy Malone would be proud!: CV,KD,MM,K? JN,??,??,Iced Canadian,Chia Pet. Which girl are you talking about? So I had this puddle all over my stomach! Drive the bus! Mahatma Fuentes, Hoseboy in P.C., MPSS standout. Pianoman, Elevatorman and the Champion-The Gladiators of the V pool. I think I owe you an apology for flirting with your woman. Service Selection/B'day '94: Passed out at V-bowl. Psychology: Can A.S. cause an Og? You could always count on Phil to take the grenade in P.C. If you think I'm hookin' with the tard your wrong!---Chia Pet is your responsibility, you brought IT here! Goebel, get out of the bed...POP!!! Out of the jungle like a refugee, crazy ol' Pham is after me. Choppin' weeds and eatin' rice, someone ate his dog now he's not very nice! How was your weekend?-I'm the best! Robin=yes ma'am,no ma'am, please and thank you=love, finally. Make Roerich proud.-----WP

Chad Benjamin Burke
Hilldale, MI
Navy Pilot

Chad came from Michigan a wrestling hopeful...became a bum like the rest of us...won brigade boxing youngster year...back to being a bum...(1/2 * own age) + 7 = safe???...she couldn't even drive yet...give him a break...he didn't turn 21 till firstie year...where in the hell is Goucher?...caught a fish...ate it raw...had a toddy and missed his flight...good thing the 12-hr rule doesn't start till after flight school...joined the Shack and got a life...Schaefiere Petite tastes great smoothed!...I never make a mess, why should I do the dishes?...bought a jumbo jar of vaseline...follow the nose it always knows..."I never did that in Griffins!"...got a present from his roommate...a pair of foamies never went so far...has a fetish for thelmas and their fingernails ...roommates for four years and still friends.JKF

Leonardo Antonio Day
Philadelphia, PA
Naval Flight Officer

Viva Nardo!!! A.K.A. Bad Load Lenny. Decent. Hey fatso, had any "ginkers" lately? Nothing a magnet couldn't cure. Is everyone from Philly like you? Malcom X and geometry at 3 a.m.? Beating Kevin with a hair brush. How about ammonia instead? At least you guys got along enough to share "SIMO". "It hurts...just turn around." What about the other girls: spitting in Kim's hair, verbal abuse to psycho, cheese steak upside the head, Queen Trinidad, wardroom worker, and don't forget the fat ones. Such a good drunk...ha! That's ridiculous. So is your hair line. Shave your forehead? Boloney or Bologna? "Pick" me up some stuff at 7-11 while you're home. Don't forget to beat (literally) the cabby. KISS is "super". 2 ring dances? It has been fun Nardo. I'll miss your sense of humor and the smell of alcohol in our room every weekend.

SMO

Justin Kinsey Francis
Greenville, PA
Supply Corps

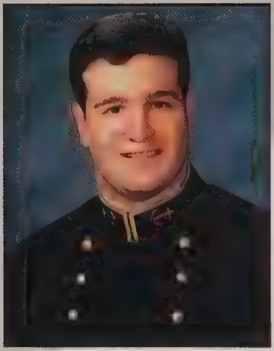
After a year at the Hill Justin came to us rearing to go...that lasted about ten minutes until they threatened to kick him out...this was a blessing in disguise as it lead to supply...isn't that crippled guy from the Shack a future suppo too...apparently Justin was too blind to read csorm which lead to a years loss of leave (a cool sweater, and someone to wear it too)...once you go over to the dark side there is no coming back...firstie summer was to long to be away from kelpy so he found another woman X-2(boy is she fun to ride)...wednesday, the shack, 90210, Melrose, appreciation...happiness is from 430-630 at Griffins...but nothing beats schaefiere petite smoothed...the little bedroom sure could use a VCR...Oreo doesn't bite, just ask Nick or Chad or Lisa or Amy...TWL.

True Colors

Darrell Leroy Gobble
Klamath Falls, OR
Submarines

Where in the *%#$@ is Klamath Falls? EO knows, but that's about it. D.L.G. (What's up Leroy?), the old man, had done it all. National Guard, College, and then he came here from Nuke land, vowing never to go back, but the $ and five and dive were too much for him to pass up. Remember the Joynes': how's the boat? D- got his halo plebe year and couldn't shake it. 18 days for driving on the yard! Plebe detail and a Striper Dork too? Had 'em fooled the whole time! At least you could jump, but all those articles about track?! Firstie year-about time. Couldn't convert Skidwell or Pugs! Did you really get drunk at the 'gater? You owe Bill! BC Football team! Left 19 for life on 4-1, paid off a couple times, huh? Bought cowboy boots and never came back. Good luck with the sports/ western bar (don't need the EIT for that!) See ya in Da Fleet.

David Keith Hazelhurst
Valdosta, GA
Supply Corps



Seals? Hell no! Haze never cringed from a challenge..when the good ol' Corps called (supply, that is) Hazel answered. Luckily I found a roommate with similar pursuits: beer, sleep, food, women, beer, beer... Only man I know who can throw his back out picking up a beer. JDM.

Nasalburst. Done eating Hazel? Post the watch. Ding Ding- ooh its Milk. Youngster year friday night dinners but I forgot the name of the place...Sounded like Scoobage. Hazel, Pudge, Yopster, Elvis... at Lilly's? Hurry up...its almost happy hour. Well, Georgia Boy, we've made it through football, ac-boards, endless semesters of unsatness and extreme fatness. We made it Nasal. Don't sit back for too long, the best is yet to come. Recall a time long ago in a neighborhood far far away when on one hot summer afternoon in Eastport...A Shack was born. Where the hell is the smoother? WMAP.

Jason Joseph Hedberg
San Jose, CA
Intelligence

We were all disappointed and shocked when J. was NPQ'd for SWO. It would have been good if all of the P4 could have been stationed in Japan together. "D-Stick" has been there 7 times and thinks that OSAKA is a great place. It's a shame J. missed our weekend at Barry's in Florida with Keegs, Ez, and Matt. We had a good Irish connection with Keefe, Keegan, Murphy, and Hedberg? Hopefully we can keep the P3 Hermaphrodite Bar Golf competition going. We managed to take control a lot of places we went. Rugby at West Virginia.. Next College! Our work is done here. John T. got over us breaking his fence in San Diego, but we should have ordered the "Denny".

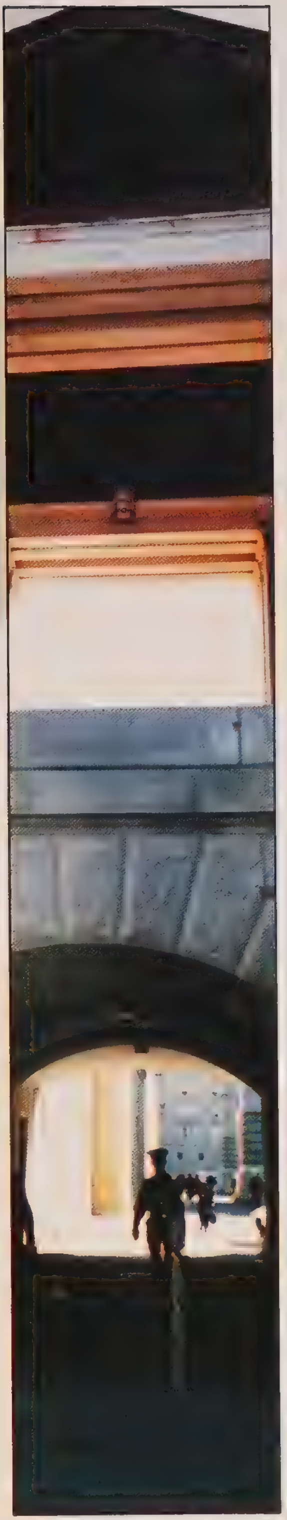
Robert Charles Holloway
San Diego, CA
Navy Pilot

CRAZY BOB from California. You gotta wonder about them Californians. Still runnin on Pacific time taking over the company officer's office in the middle of the night while anybody in his right mind is asleep. Can't track him down during the day cause he's always gone. Most likely with one of his wives. Poor guy was practically married to one girl or another while he was here. Always tryin to get a weekend. "Sir, why you gotta be such a stickler!" OOOPS, wrong thing to say, BOB. Could be rackin in his overhead locker so nobody will disturb him. You gotta wonder about them Californians. I never did understand what that picture was on your computer. Finally got your pilot billet, you sweat. Always a great friend and quick to help anyone. Good luck, crazy!

James Frank Jackson
Marcus Hook, PA
Marine Corps

James Edgar Jacobs
Danville, IL
Naval Flight Officer

James Edgar Jacobs a.k.a. JAKE -- The man who never--eats eggs, goes to church, been to Walmart, played racquetball, done anything hypocritical in his bedroom. The king of Miller-Lite; stockholder in Griffins. Sammy's best bud. Man with a big heart and a thick wallet(full of crisp hundreds). A lover (of many mids) not a fighter. A relationship kind of guy - jumping in with both feet. He knows how to pick em! Darlene? Valerie? Morgen, Becca, Ann, and Alyce. Have I missed any? Oh yeah, you can't forget Karen. Ring Dance. Hey Jake, wanna take a swing at me? Or are you just going to give me your wallet? You gonna stop for that stop sign or the red light? Randy B. is going to pay...after we finish this Chinese food? Unlike some Marine Officers think, you're not a yes man. They couldn't handle you. See ya in Pensacola. --Scal



Kevin Michael Kirin
Winter Haven, FL
Submarines

John David McClellan
Dunwoody, GA
Surface Warfare

Johnnie Mac,...we arrived together here from different parts of the deep south, only to hear the echoing sounds of "I've got to eat my Pringles, or else I can't take my raaaesh medicine." But Johnnie got adjusted to life in Bancroft, and took full advantage of its resources, like his weekly massage at Camp Fredricksburg. Spring Break, "Hey whose purple puke is this?" The fight of the century, Johnnie Mac vs. Johnnie Weisk...but they both pooped out and went home lovers. Speaking of lovers, Johnnie is a regular Don Juan, with a certain weakness for redheads. Call to mind scenic overlook, the beauty on the beach at Ocean City, and lest we forget a certain placekicker's daughter. Big, fat, short, or tall, Johnnie loved 'em all. Oh and John, sorry about your ring dance date.

Patrick Thomas Mowles
Midland, TX
Navy Pilot

Patrick T. Mowles-the cowboy/catcher from Midland, Texas...'Sup sucka...came to the 19th company after youngster year...the outlawed baseball house...DUFF: Chhrrriiiiist Pat make him throw strikes!!!...Where the hand goes the ball goes, right Pat!?!...The plate hasn't moved since 1921...Roomie: Hey Willy, if she comes by tell her I'm asleep...Hey Willy, got any food?...Hey Willy, do you have any money?...Blocking the brick with your head...I'll be in the wardroom... Ft.Lauderdale '91: She bought me a drink, I was just being friendly...Ice Ice Baby...Excuse me, but do you know you look just like...New Orleans '92: She's a Coca-Cola Girl...2330-It's not too late to go out...SE Louisiana- Hey Pat, did you see where that one went...Baseball: remember the armory...MONO...Patriot league championships...E.C.A.C.'s ...BAAAAHHHHH...Thanks for four great years...SMW

Christopher Andrew Nash
Evadale, TX
Submarines

Nash. Or should I say GASH! Wildwood, sixteen year olds, Patter, and high fives. Hey bouncer, would you mind taking your fist off my nose. Thanksgiving in Cincy: What a trip. "Excuse me Dale, but would you mind leaving me alone. I'm about to score down here." Chris, I hate to tell you this, but the object of baseball is to hit the ball. Hey Cree, has your mom hit any buzzards recently. New Years Day: kick 'em Aggies. How about them Irish! Need I say more. Is that Shelly driving the porcelain bus over there? So much for hooking up. Nice shirt. Can I borrow the bright red Wranglers, or maybe just the belt buckle? Hey Scal, did I just hit that car?...Just floor it Cree!! Do you ever wear underwear? Well Cree, keep drinkin' and don't forget to strap it on. See ya in Orlando! By the way, has anyone seen Cree's implants today? --Weisk

Carl D. B. Newsome
Pulaski, VA
Surface Warfare

Well Kimosabe, Four Years Together By The Bay, and only five more to go. Brooks was going to fly those nice expensive jets for the Navy, until he decided to go haze gray underway. Remember, ...alarm clock Plebe Summer, ...pink white works, ...pillow on the floor, ...Black Sunday. Or plebe year room formals, Mr. I forgot to lock my locker. Younster year, ZZZZZZ...Sir, you now have five minutes for a uniform race... 2/C moving out of Cloud Nine before it was turned over to the Nazis and becoming slack 19, and narrowly avoiding the axe from the big man. The Ring Dance prediction that came true, (you two will enjoy being married). Then we were firsties that were lower than the new pledges, (since we had the last real plebe year!!!!!) Clarence said it all. Take care and remember; if you can't SWO there, you won't go there! -CTP

Erik Leif Ostmo
Eagle Point, OR
Civil Engineering Corps

I-Day on your twenty-first birthday. You're lucky you were never a big drinker. Except for the time you passed out in the hotel bar on the last baseball trip. Were you doing another good imitation of Coach D? Did you quit the team? If you were skinnier you could have set the record for triples, but you would've needed us to fight at Memorial Stadium. How could you see that baseball if you were colorblind? You sure weren't colorblind to those h**kers in Baltimore. Hey, Susie is the psycho-nanny mayor yet? Have you ever driven 78mph in Connecticut? "Where's your trash can?...Uh,just throw it in the closet cause we're moving next semester." I owe $25?...I'll just buy you a Mr. Pibb. Launching oranges to Macdonough. Tangerines above the door. White Kiwi on megaphone. "To the West: emptiness." Who's Gary Payton? Is KISS an oldies? N.Orleans w/Weisk. Save your placenta for Shampoo.

LAD

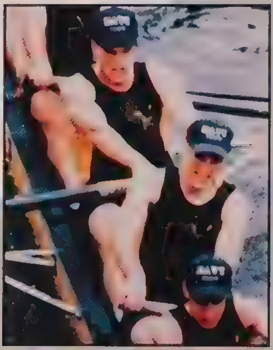
Chester Thomas Parks
Waukegan, IL
Submarines

Chester jumped off the truck at USNA ready to lead his classmates to greatness. "I'm a lighthouse, sir." Plebe year flew by, with weekly room inspections and bulletin boards (sorry about those). Formal hops brought good times and the ever present question, "can you set me up?" What's the total now, seven? Youngster year took him by storm and so did the rack. C.T. also had his run in with the conduct system. Just how much did you have to drink that night? Second class year brought late night E.I. sessions trying to teach EE. Firstie year brought service selection, submarines and a drunken stupor at the O Club afterwards. Chester, you've been a psychologist, marriage counselor, teacher, and strong supporter. Just remember, stay on the path, and V=IR (you can derive the rest). Good luck, I'm sure you'll be famous one way or another. I'll always owe you one. CDBN

Nicholas Stanton Pate
Fort Worth, TX
Marine Corps

Nick came to us from Fort Worth, TX, by way of the good life in Hawaii. A true friend--always with a smile on his face--we made it through plebe year together in "Skate 101". From schlapping rooms, volunteering his room tours away, ("What's mine is mine..."). He never let studies interfere with his time in Halsey, on the waverunner, his bike, jeep, or a "bedtime story". A true friend who always had a pat on the back, and a laugh you can hear everywhere, he's a man his men will look up to, because he cares. Keep after your dreams, and remember: "Friends are Friends forever..." Hey... who sings that?... Well, let's keep it that way! God bless! RDP.

Andrew James Patterson
Pittsburgh, PA
Navy Pilot



Ryan Douglas Peugh
Winona Lake, IN
Submarines

Pugsly (that's what I call him) grew up in Germany. Guess that's why he's such a sports buff. "Mr. Peugh, name one team in the NFC." "What is the NFC, Mr. Peugh?" By the way, Pug, it's not Jossy Cansicko (or however you say it), it's Jose Canseco. Those were some real great leaders we had. That's OK, Pug, we still love you! You never did thank me for those room tours I got for you. I can't believe all the beer you put away these past four years. You Germans sure know how to drink. You're "just crazier than hell." You got me cussin now too; I use to never do shtuff like that. Damn, I almost did it again. You know what they say about the preacher's son. You're just lucky you had all of us straight arrows to help you out and keep you on the path of righteousness. *NSP*

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Wesley Allen Philbeck
Boiling Springs, NC
Marine Corps

Wes, Wesly, Phil, Philbeck, Pelican, Wrecking Crew Or just plain whipped. Hey Phil I think I'm going to try out for boxing (2X brigade champ). Someone stole my ____. Reveille, What's that? How many days are we getting? Beersluts in VA. Rack/ urinal. Livermush, opossum meat, gorp. Phil, can you do my taxes? Can I afford Spring Break? Megan = Bankrupt. My cars a classic, so what if it doesn't run. Sorry I lost you temporarily as a roommate! I feel sorry for you so i'll be the s__screen. "Let's just go to bed, there's no way we can pass this EE exam" "Seriously, Phil It's not my feet, it's my shoes" Oh my God, I think I'm going to be UNSAT, I don't care, I'm still taking weekends! "I'm not trying to be rude, so pack your s___, cause we're taking you home now" Over the last four years we've had some great times like P.C., Preekness and Montana's. Having a hick like you as a roommate wasn't as bad as I thought. You're a great friend and destined for success. The Marine Corp doesn't realize what their missing! Giv'em hell and get Seals I'm going to miss ya!!!

William Brian Scally
Chelsea, MA
Naval Flight Officer

Scal..someone who once looked like Burke, but after heavy use of anabolics over the last 3 years does not even come close. Sustacal and Joe Weider Weight Gain are his food source. Since I-Day his discipline has been geometric to everyone's. Remember, Always GFE! Christine, Stacy, etc...Edith and inverted numbers. Fought the power for 4 years never committing a 0903, but definitely a few 0904s -- that "lovely, young" singer at the Warwick you used your seducing charm on. Gree! Was that a stop sign? No, I'm not stopping for the stop light, either. Joe Eyesight. Toothpaste, shampoo, soap, paper, CDs, underwear, socks & much more -- we can just borrow forever. MONEY -- Nah, we can borrow that forever, too! Trade you $25 for a Coke. Clean the room??? Great car when it isn't bent (which is never). I should have hit you! But seriously, I'd still give you everything I own... Jake

Robert Wayne Tidwell
Lisbon, LA
Surface Warfare

R is for REMEMBERING to put God as #1
O is for OTHERS you always seem to go out of your way for
B is for BUBBA, the nick name I gave you, or for your BETTER HALF
E is for the EFFORT you made to do your best
R is for R & R as W.S.S.
T is for all the TLC you give
T is for THANKSGIVING. What an experience in Maine!
I is for the I DO you'll say after graduation
D is for the DANT's list you worked so hard for
W is for WAITING, the patience you have with me and others
E is for the late EVENINGS spent studying
L is for the LOVE you have for me
L is for all the LAUGHTER we share
I love you Bubba

Jason Blake Van Matre
Pensacola, FL
Surface Warfare

What doesn't the world already known about Jason Van Matre. Quickest little white boy I have ever seen. And when I say "little," I mean it. He could gamble, play pool, and speak French with the best of them. This kid could do no wrong. "Mr. Van Matre, I understand that you are busy. Don't worry about room standards." He wasn't the innocent little sweetheart everyone thought he was though. He tamed more than his share of wild fillies. If ever you get the chance ask him about Lupe Rosarita Cortez. He burnt his fingers on that little fireball. Van Matre always did come out smokin'. Who could forget Dave on the bed inspecting jewels and Rob behind the bookcase strumming his guitar. To those of you that knew Scooter, you were the lucky ones. And if some day you pull up to a Sunoco station and some guy named Don looks vaguely familiar, tell him Gary at Budweiser says Hi. Then ask him if he wants to play the game.

Brian Robert Weisker
Cincinnati, OH
Submarines

Weisker, Weisk, the Weiskman, what a happy, jolly, rolly polly of a roomie. When things are really hot, he'll make 'em HOTTER. Freeze gopher, whoa somebody step on a duck? "I'll be happy for a 3.0 this semester." And I thank you for a 4.0. Hey Weisk, how was Spring Break in the Big Easy, did you manage? He's great with foreign relations too...Hey Tariq, #@$?! Allah! And what a loverboy. There's nothing finer than the dark side of Cozumel. Unless maybe it's the shores of New Jersey or the saloons of New Orleans. Ever the supporter of Navy Sports, at least when he's not falling down the bleachers with a hot dog in his mouth and beer in his hand. Oh, hello Colonel Murray. Gretchin, need a lift to the head, guess not. Oh well, he's all yours Pam, take care of our favorite balding boy. Righty Roo Raggy, See you at Monday Night football ---Cree.

Scott Michael Wilson
Apollo, PA
Navy Pilot

Scott M. Wilson, the pitching legend from Apollo, PA, aka "Willy", every woman's best friend, avid fly fisherman and sumo wrestler..."I just can't, she has a boyfriend"..."By the way, try to get my sweatshirt back!"...SE Louisiana (better days ahead)... Duffisms: "Keeriiisst, just let him hit it!!!", "Loosey goosey"...21st B.D., nice butt..."I'm just say'n"...Hey Willy, got any food?...Candy Shop accomplice...Scott, have you lost weight?...sweating grades... sweating the room...Fighting over who is playing their music louder...('92) Willy's win w/ blown save vs. Army...('93) Remember the armory..."Guess what? I have mono"..."it has a rotary engine"...he got all of that one (ankle shot)...'94: CWS!...It's been an interesting ride, thanks for everything buddy...see ya where it's warm! PTM

20th
COMPANY

Ozgur Ozcan Altunbulak
Yalova, Istanbul
Foreign National

Al Toon the next Ataturk. After learning MISSION! of USNA, you embarked on a hard-charging plebe year... until you were spooned by your firsties in week 2. I could never keep up with your ragin' weekends in the hall during youngster year, especially when some innocent Calc E.I. turned you to the darkside temporarily. Second class year saw you become Americanized when you went into debt, and got your driver's license...don't forget Ring Dance with Boiler Tech and Blackbeard's Jungle Juice. Thanks for the drinks at HB's, but I thought I was supposed to get drunk on my b-day, not you. Watch out for those screwdrivers while ragin' with your Turkish buddies. And enough with all those letters from Turkish babes...I want to see some wedding invites in my mailbox, and soon! See ya' in the Dardanelles or Bosphorus. Rage on!THH

Bradley James Andros
Hyde Park, NY
Special Operations

rut-ro rrandros rresendence. DROS came straight from the heart of Canada and was admitted 1/2 year early, just so he could meet everyone in the brigade. (everyone knows DROS) Whether he was rowing crew, playing soccer or sending e-mail (5000) DROS was the life of the party. "He's the social butterfly", (except for the foreign national roommate), 3rd Batt. social director, and the proverbial sports fan (NAVY, women's that is). DROS had the bottomless bank account (BMW), "Put it on DROS' card" was the rally cry of the Posse. DROS was living the charmed life until Davis' pub was discovered. Soon everyone on 4-1 knew DROS as well (6000 and 231 days later). Hubbard Hall? Two strokes! Nice bladework. Batt. Adj. (miracle). LOVE CHIT?? Ice maker. Annapolis garbage can inspector. White Works in Griffins. DROS did it all (and got away with most). God knows you're SASSY in UDT shorts, good luck - POSSE

Elliott Sam Avidan
Huntington Valley, PA
Surface Warfare

Plebe summer - so many memories! "Avidan ask yourself a rate!" Qualification of a Naval Officer?? How about plebe year? The only mate that picked up chinese food and used the elevator. Of course we wouldn't want it to get cold, now would we? Then youngster year...the famous question, "You're pretty, why would you want to come here?" Next came second class year - tactics? compromise? nuff said. And then finally firstie year ending with the thought of drill. Sandblowers in the back - the little man with the mouth that never stopped... UUUUUUUUUUUUPPPP. After all that and you are still here ready to graduate. Not very many people have taken to you over the years but then again how many people really took the time? I'll always remember you as a FRIEND and not just another mid.

Todd Douglas Bode
Bellevue, WA
Navy Pilot

Our misshapen friend from Washington state (where it never rains...), started plebe year as a self-described screen and card-carrying member of the Hurt Squad. At the completion of his four years, he has amassed enough accolades to have a plot named for him. Todd's background (including wrestling with scantily clad men) served him well as a lightweight (160 is bad; 159 is good). If it weren't for that pesky B+ in math plebe year, he might have amounted to something. His first class year was a culmination of sorts: he achieved BRIGDEPCOM, PLBSUMREGCOM, Coughing Award, Diamond Nose Ring, and the only four man room in striper alley (TDBPLMLRGHMZ). As it is, the U.S. is deporting him to another country for further scientific study. Send him into space? Only to meet his relatives from the eponymously named top-grossing Speilberg movie. We will miss you, my friend. Love, HZB and LRG.

Roland Victor Deguzman
Paramus, NJ
Civil Engineering Corps

Roland De Guzman, Volleyball Guru/ Deadhead philosopher/ De Boozer/ Olympic Trainer wannabe/Brigade wanderer/ Filipino Liberation Organizer/ Wonder Twin/ Toilet Roll Man/ Lost Boy hails from Paramus, NJ. On I-Day his fate rested on his ability to correctly read stop light colors, as he cannot distinguish red from yellow from green. (CEC Chicanery) Guz, friend to all, enemy to none, knows virtually everyone after spending 4 summers at USNA. His amicable nature, one of his greatest attributes, turned out to be his Achilles Heel, as many females found him as the perfect "friend" companion. Certainly the biggest accomplishment of his distinguished USNA career is his prized Black N, earned for prowess with the bottle. Poignant moments include: "infamous Wedgie War", 16 Feb 91, & Haight Ashbury District. For all intents and purposes, it's been long, it's been strange, and it's definitely been a trip. How strange was the trip? How long was it Strange? Peace, Love, & Understanding. RMD

Christopher R. Demay
Farmingdale, NY
Navy Pilot

Dismay came to USNA from Strong Island, NY with an acid rock haircut, a heavy accent, and a vocabulary of 4 letter words. Plebe summer's motivation (ROBOPLEBE) fell by the way side ac year with a bevy of fine firsties. As he moved into the youngster era, DeMay gained a new appreciation for American currency and flag. However, with his buck-o-five build, a water and a hashbrown was enough to suffice four days at sea. After surviving alcohol poisoning in Baltimore, he was quick to put out the "fire of desire". Second Class year was very short lived, as he lettered (BEAT ARMY) in conduct. Fine automotive machinery was DeMay's material staple. Ownership of a local establishment stamped him as the quintessential "fifth-man". His inspirational study habits coined the phrase, "I have so much to blow off, it's becoming a hassle." Good luck with your coin-tossed career. -The Posse

Robert Martin Dudley
Arnold, MD
Surfadce Warfare

Bobby D- the resident civilian- continually amazes me how he manages to fool everyone into believing that he is actually a midshipman. How did he manage to stay with a roommate for four years who vomited on him twice? Truly a long, strange trip. From the French maitre'd in July 1990, to the drunkeness of February 16th, plebe year was long and filled with excitement (tours). Always remember the Dead show at RFK, Springfield, VA (No Play Re), and our birthday battles (with AND without alcohol). Downtown Annapolis became the weekend resort of choice. It all started out at Franny O's and LT and moved on to Mum's and Worst is Worst (good call, Nostradamus). Too bad the black man from Wilmington, DE couldn't see you in your glory. Always strap it on. No fear cavalier. Rage on Bobby D, even civilians become great naval officers. RVJD,PBW,CRD

Eric Weber Green
Dearborn Heights, MI
Civil Engineering Corps

E came to Canoe U. via Michigan looking for something more out of college. Plebe summer brought conniptions and room inspections. AC year in the room he was all jokes though: did you log it, I'll give you the signal, inflatable Santa. Youngster year kicked off with Labor Day: looking for engagement rings in Europe, U of Maryland cops, large lunged women, various wing quals, 20 min to A. town plus the Horse at Dairy Queen. Second class year sucked (93) enough said! First class year E expanded his taste in fine literature and learned the meaning of self service. "You know tricky ?" was the call sign of many fine women. The king of scam managed to get him self a billet on 4-0 and CEC job, only the those select few knew he didn't rate more than MIR. Good luck to the guy who beat the system. -the Posse

Thomas Howard Hayghe
Springfield, VA
Submarines

Tim H., zzzzz, disillusioned with the usna at such an early age, thought about dollar signs but nothing, zzzz. Love of money finally drove him to silent,zzzz, service. PLebe year, never walk around in whites without shoulder boards zzzzzz and shirttails hoisted, you might get in trouble! Too much sweat as a plebe hid real T.H, zzzzz. Youngster year turned him to be one of zzzz the few brains and a qualified racker. Second class year, genius, seeking after social life and rack still warm. Firstie year, he never thought he had to go to zzzz class, instead chose to keep his beloved sheets zzzzz warm. Are you drunk again Tom , please don't yak in the sink! Still 4.0 with so much zzz&booz. Amazing but fun 4 years with you. Best of luck underseas and dive deep roomie..OOA

Karen Marieke Heine
Crofton, MD
Nuclear Surface

PSYCHO???..No she couldn't be. She's 38 in the class, is one of the first females to go nuke, and has STARS--all this without studying a paragraph. RAMPAGE, 1991-1997 Smooch list, two years with the self-proclaimed dirtbags on 5-4, YP cruise with MBM (K-aThon), DRL, and JMB, a great year with Peg and the "B's", skating while on batt staff with Mach 2, dancing at Harry's, the Pink Cocoon, candles, and trying to wake up to go running in the morning. Karen Marieke has proven that USNA can be a fun place--if you love silly men and switch companies often. Who is it today, Karen? Thanks for warning me of PMS, sharing Sadderdays, and the perils of pumpkineaters ("did I keep you up?"). You are the best, and I wish I had met you sooner. Remember the word--intriguing--there's lots of them. Don't drink and dance! EGT

Jeffrey Robert Hoaglund
Roseville, CA
Marine Corps

Hoaglund..Bulkhead..Hawglock..Darcy.. Army Week '90"splashdown" ..Andrea.. We were youngsters with the Li'l Fella, George, GoodBoy, and never forget QUACK (Dericka, too)..death to all military geekers. That was our first of three good years as roommates..I wouldn't trade 'em for anything. Remember Canoe Fest '92 and '93: the swing, the heat, and the nips. You were the Best at "Luvin"..checkin oil..UUHHHH. Leatherhead..AHOOCHA! Frankenstein..Rave Til Dawn..frog legs..Mom.."surgery".. Who's your daddy?.. clearing rooms with Shark. Army Week '92 and the nerve gas...Spring Break '93 and the Witch's Brew. Southern food and southern women..we shared a lot of both. New Orleans, Hurricanes, and that BLONDE. WE OWN MONTREAL...RUGBY..Nationals. John's Christmas Parties...polar bearing. Roomies..friends forever....WKR

Scott Christopher Hurt
West Palm Beach, FL
Marine Corps

Boot Scooter HURT deep from the heart of Florida? or Kentucky? The confederacy knew no finer and here's a brief recount of the 4 year hurdles: 20 Bucks for Tacos. Fight smarter not harder. Gaucher College, SoCo, and the window. Hurt Squad, where are you?!?!? Rob Konold's brand new blue jeans. Skeee, Skeee. Shooters as a Plebe, with pa. 17th CO ATF officer. The knife and tequilla at Daves, in Baltimore. The rare talent of Puking on demand, (Dave S. trash can, Rick W. alligator). Being thrown in the bushes by Billy P. The monster truck that passed inspection?? Camping in the woods without a tent. Countless parties at Carolyn's. The blue Crown bags on your hands (NBA night). SCRATCH...SCRATCH. Vodka in the woods in formal attire. CINCWW. One of the better wall jumpers known. Bode, Konold, Swanton, DeMay, Skinner, Moxey, what are roomates for. Good luck in CORPS (GO SWO) - POSSE

Adam Scott Kinnear
Norfolk, VA
Submarines

"No Load" came to Canoe U from exotic Norfolk with his hair on fire. He promptly established his warrior persona by making a gruesome example of a hapless can of juice. During plebe year Big Kinnear had no shame in flaunting his father's three stripes over BDG's measly two and took more Firstie weekends than his squad leader. Realizing that Rickover's Navy required more than just connections, Adam took a strain and made the grade, yet devoted both time and sarcasm towards nurturing plebes. His cheery glass-half-empty outlook on life got him noticed by the Honor Staff (how ironic), the Mop and Glow Girl (shines really well), and the Room Tool selection board. Just don't ask him what happened to his Nuke bonus (new clutch/turbo, Visa bill) or how he mysteriously gained a fourth stripe mid-semester. We wish you all the best, bubblehead.
EDT, MJM

Robert Paul Konold
Visalia, CA
Submarines

Either arriving from the rice patties of Korea, the hallowed courts of Indiana, or the misery of California, Robbie K. entered plebe summer as a young, naive tike. His broken arm and silly glasses brought many comments of less than masculinity, although he was built like a brick !#?@ house. Then, heads began to turn. Humility, smarts, devotion, and an easy going nature distinguished him. However, the church of basketball set him apart. J.V. ball proved the doubters wrong, and his jersey hangs retired in the sacred halls of MacDonough with the Original Macdonough Five. Had his first and last beer (Miller Lite) at Fudd's on his 21st, and is a card carrying member of the 2% club. His devotion to Cari Lynn and basketball is only succeeded by the Lord, and to him I wish the best....BLS, "Money"

Ben Phuoc Le
Seattle, WA
Surface Warfare

Benny Bip Le. Call him that and you get your head knocked off. We can hear him coming down the hall with that loud laugh the brigade knows so well. Eighth Wing can hear him laughing or belching from Second Wing. Volleyball, gatorball, fieldball racquetball, ping-pong, boxing, wrestling, football--and the food that he can put away--wow! Fatboy! It is rumored, though, that your roommate can outeat you and outplay you in sports. Yeah, whatever. Watch out for that snowball, Bun! Those all-nighters you pulled seemed as effortless as they did numerous. No wonder you couldn't stay awake in class or lectures. You're the best procrastinator! Don't forget those nights of solving the world's problems and driving our neighbors insane with the "Miami Sound Machine." Anya--I hope she is worthy of you because you are a hell of a friend. Don't ever forget our whistle.

Andrew John Marcelis
Delran, NJ
Marine Corps

Andrew Marcelis--pronounced (MARCHEL-ISS) is the cockiest person you'll ever meet. Stand back if you don't want to hear about crew or the many women in his life. PT stud, jarhead, ace race driver. He could do it all until those good 'ole USNA academics took over. After that, we all got to see the real Marcheliss--all bark and all bite but with a heart four times the size of his ego. Cursed with high standards, high morals, and a stinging conscious he still managed to cut his eye in a drunken stumble. Watch out for blonde hair and those southern accents too, Andy! And stay away from your classmates' younger sisters--13 is a little young. If a girl smiles at him, he is in love. All things being said, though, this squid would be honored to be in your platoon anytime 2nd LT!

Raymond Bartlett Marsh
Tallahassee, FL
Navy Pilot

DO! Bart! Always willing to tease or pull a trick. He had to endure a horrendous Plebe year; first semester, "squad from Hell". Bart came ready for soccer, but ended up sailing. He was pretty good at analyzing people. Persnickety about girlfriends. Bart is teased about how females flock to him, but he didn't act like that. He was very honest (too honest) in his relationships. We saw him go through a few (Jessica, Adalaide, Anna) before Heather. Had a very interesting taste in music and did a little DJayin' with Black Beard. Preferred to read history over working math. Bart was very missed when he left us to have a great experience at the DOT school (Coast Guard Academy). He'd talk your ear off when drunk. Bart + sponsors = bad luck. Liked by many. He led 20 to graduation and got his long earned pilot billet. BRBFFL. BPL

Christine Marie Medel
Chesterfield, MI
Surface Warfare

Reporting to USNA on a balmy, quiet induction day, this genteel, soft - spoken Detroit flower proved there was more to her than just a pair of brass knuckles and a tenacious spirit. Plebe year may have been hell, but then there was english and HISTORY "Why do I have to study DEAD people?" After squaring away the USS SARATOGA this summer, she moved on to NAPS and the class of '98. While Bethesda tried to make things difficult for commissioning, our subdued lady prevailed (Lucky for them and their stethoscope). Annapolis is simply going to lose its charm without the sound of squealing tires and the sight of mud being thrown by a black, Chevy Lumina (New sod has been appropriated to replace the marks on worden field). Bancroft will never see individual effort like your again...WAY TO SHOW'EM CHRIS!!! (GO BLUE!!!...oh yeah, GO NAVY)

Michael John Miller
Singapore
Naval Flight Officer

Two words: NO JUICE!!! A little ignorant of American culture, Mike did not exactly know what he was getting into by choosing USNA. The walking Ships and Aircraft, MJ knew everything about every weapons system known to man (Just look at the sponsons). A poli sci major, Mike could afford to think that studying involved sleeping at his desk with a book in his lap. The "Damn XO" spent hours trying to convince people that sailing is a physically demanding varsity sport. The original "Martyr Man", Mike decided to test the conduct system with an unauthorized weekend spent in Norfolk. Ring dance caught Mike a little off guard (Uh Mike, where's Angi?). Firstie year got Mike a driver's license, his original roommates and KW. Willing to sacrifice his youth for flight school, Mike's aspiring to navigate something faster than 5 knots. Look out Prowlers, here he comes.
ASK, EDT

Thomas Patrick Moninger
Williamsburg, VA
Nuclear Surface

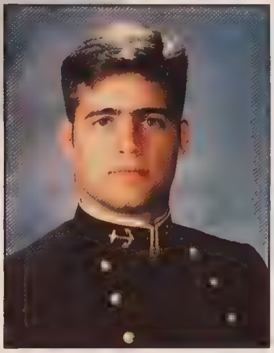
What to say about TPM: The man who is everyone's father. "Who's your daddy?" Tom acts like he is. Born in California but considers himself a southerner, likes to listen to Dixie while performing sword manual- in the buff. What to say about this man? Sara lover (clap-clap-clap/clap/clap). Will you ever get over Tiffany, dude? "You don't see that every day." Seem's like he says it at least once ever day. Did I hear the "L" word? I guess the "Big E" must be a very special woman. Whitest man in the entire country who was best of friends with a very black KP. Like Keith said, "3 will always be the magic number". "Man, you're going to get yourself kicked out of here." The immortal words of KP: "Man you guys are all..." Don't let the radiation affect your label as the perennial TD.
-Dirt, RHT

Clinton Douglas Moxey
Sheridan, WY
Navy Pilot

Yolanda Yvette Ray
Denmark, SC
Marine Corps

Yo Yo is a very unique person who not many people know as well as I feel I do. She is a quiet person who tries to keep to herself, but over the past two years on the same basketball team, I have been able to weasel many things from her. These two years have gone by at the speed of light. We have had our good times. And with each good time, it brought us closer together. She has become a sister to me. She did an excellent job leading us as captain this year, her shoes will be hard to fill next year. Despite our best efforts to dissuade her, Yo goes on to be a Marine Corps officer, which I am confident that she will be one to the best and be loved by her followers. I will miss you next year. I love you, Yo. kww

William K. Rayburn
Gautier, MS
Surface Warfare



Yabba Dabba DO!!! Ah, Fred...my roomie. Three years together and you spent more time on your computer than you did yappin' with me. Football? Good riddance! You and I just weren't good at playing politics. Plebe summer drinking races, sustacals in the locker room...roomin' with the Windex shine youngster year. (He just couldn't hang...) Rugby. ON YOUR KNEES! You're running a few quarts low. If you can't scrum with the big boys... Is anyone ever going to beat us? Cherry Blossom. Easterns. Montreal (wow!). I quit! Oh, don't forget your many computer conquests...the watch, the hog (or should I say HOG!) from Illinois, North Carolina. Southern Mississippi was very good to us: southern food and southern women...we shared a lot of both. Crawfish Etouffe...any questions? Canoe trips and swimmin' holes. Gater huntin' in your bayou. Thanks for always being there...I love ya Bro.
--JRH

David Alexander Skinner
Flushing, NY
Marine Corps

After two years at NYU and a forgone music career at Julliard, Shark arrived at USNA. With a brief stint as a BLOWER in D & B he made many new friends there. Youngster year Skins was the life of the party, "Dance Party, Dance Party", she could have gone to St. John's, and studying a-broad at the Peabody Conservatory. Many a study night shark would entertain all of us with omega, Sinead and various "tricks". Dave was convinced when he came here he was going (SUB) MARINES and therefore majored in EE with a minor in marine engineering. Little did everyone know that SHARK was a BMX star, whether it was the coral reefs of Bermuda, or the sidewalks of G-Town. From bar hopping to ring shopping DAVE put the meaning back into the 2% club. Good luck with the wife and the USMC Data systems career. - The Posse.

Thomas Blair Stroud
Severna Park, MD
Inter-Service Transfer

Tom came to us from right up the road off Route 2. Plebe summer came an Tom spend it in the rack with Mono. 3/C cruise formed the Brew Crew of CMEO; Bill and Schnides on the Billfish. Youngster year meant parties at home, teach me Mo Boards? Uh..Hi Pop. The bathroom wall. Gone to Carolina in my mind. The Hammock. Do these zipper together? The Nova-Amer, don't roll down the window! 2/C year the soccer, crew, lax stud was finally converted into a true b-ball fan. U2, HoopItUp, Great Adventure, OC. I'm glad you were on the pier! Let's sort baseball cards. When is Todd coming back? Duke/IU. Pal, you ARE Bobby! We've had the best of times and the best are yet to come. Hey Louie, Don't forget that in your heart you will always be a squid!! ILYA EMN

Alan Lee Swanton
Collierville, TN
Naval Flight Officer

From Memphis you came, via Naps. Was there a plane made that you couldn't ID? You looked at me so funny when I called you Alan the first month of plebe summer... my roommate... "Buster" of brick walls... rico suave... slick... "money" on the basketball court... but why did I always beat you in horse? 1750... time to go grab-a-sack and trek with ski. Never one to get riled, the way to your heart is through your feet... what is it about getting your toes popped? Lamps on, rigged for study hour... Gettysburg in the background. Then at Mum's... cutting in on shark... what do you know, a year later and you're still dancing with her! God bless you in your future. He sure blessed me with an awesome roommate...RPK

Eric Daniel Taylor
Aloha, OR
Navy Pilot

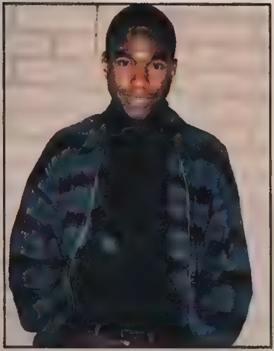
Blackbeard brought with him from Oregon a special kind of irreverence. A self-appointed Room Commander, he humbled his peers with tales of valor from glory days in the CAP and NAPS. ET showed everyone how it was done when it came to sleep, outRAGEous music, exotic beverages, unorthodox fashion, and (barely) surviving a semester with "Wild Bill". Cleverly disguised as the "Egyptian Lover," the "Bearded One" often laughed in the face of CSORM, driving on the Yard in civvies during his pre-1/c years. A true "impact player" in the Fleet, "E" served with distinction as a member of the Mayport Four and the Three Schmendel's. Yet, reputation and tolerance deserted "Luggage" Taylor when he needed it most during Service Selection night. To the guy who endured one and a half roommates for a lifetime of madness: farewell and rage on. Lookout Japan! Blackbeard is inbound.
ASK, MJM

Maria Elizabeth Testa
Summerville, SC
Nuclear Surface

Ahh...how you've changed over these four years...You feared me plebe summer, but we became the best of friends by the end. Very few, if any of us, escaped the infamous GAZE..."decent?...oops, sorry!" GAZER strikes again!! "Hey Beth, let me make you pass out,"..."Quit playing with your hair!!" "Wow, you were great!"..."Hey Beth, let me pick you up by your head..." "Who's your daddy?" Hanging upside-down out the window...If only these days could last forever. Coming of age, frat staff, ooh oooh ooooh...ahhh! Come on Beth, hook me up! I think the biggest slap in the face came when you went NERD SWO! What a waste! Never forget your conquests...EG, PU, TM, JL--the list goes on and on. I will always treasure the times we've shared, and will miss you most of all...JRH

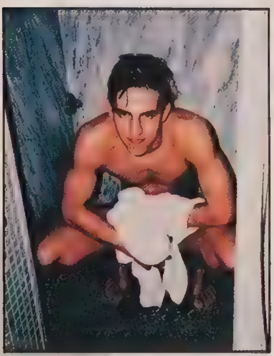
Robert H. Trauger
Somerville, NJ
Surface Warfare

Rob, Trog, Trousers, Trogger Bogger, Trou, or any other name made up for him. Did well Plebe summer. A stand out from first glance (6'3"). Plebe year, first semester; "squad from hell." Lost two bets and had to wear his birthday suit twice. Rob was high strung, but well liked. He came to row crew, but found windsurfing instead. As a perfectionist he was very neat and organized. You could practically set your watch to 2330 when he fell asleep at his desk. Words that mean Rob: Polo, BMW, hair, country music, smile, aviation, windsurfing, goofy, Flight deck, Cal Ripken, tall, alarm clock, shower, NJ. Rob fell in love too quickly and ended up in long relationships that just didn't quite work (Kate, Trish, Alethea, Megan). Don't argue with Rob about music lyrics (He's right). He eventually only liked both kinds of music (C&W). Rob was almost always smiling. BRBFFL. BPL



William D. Washington
College Park, GA
Surface Warfare

Mr. Washington hails from Hotlanta home of Freaknic. His claim to fame goes with his computer name Loves_xy and he is the mid who got the most out of his computer. This computer guru's style was cramped second semester firsty year when he earned the nick name House and had to learn to be CAREFUL while at O.D. However he still got the JOB done earning his financial and social awards. The Un-midshipman who can sing any lady to sleep with that Aaron Hall voice is sure to make it in show biz, if not, it wont be for lack of trying. The Ritz was the constant hang out, even though no fruits were ever taken from that tree. Although it was a rough ride for his four years, Mr. Washington has made it and must be given all the dap!



Philip Brian Windust
Los Banos, CA
Naval Flight Officer

DIRT came straight from the sunny shores of Cali to bless the Brigade with his laid back style and West coast wardrobe. Plebe summer, Phil quickly made many Buddies throughout the hall thanks to his "screen" roommate. Phil never someone to turn down a contest, was neck in neck with the Don for the most popular pleber. Waterpolo increasingly took up more of his time, when he wandered from the light of Macdonough Pool, to the darkness of the dive tank. Trash Can Sinatra's, Suede, Lush, who's ever heard of these guys anyway? (Phil's on the cutting edge). 2/C year would see Dirt change his genre of music to Heavy Medal for 45 days. The DIRT moniker was born 2nd class year and so was his never ending lack of self-worth and persecution paranoia (Nobody likes me). What's 5 X 3 ? (illegal) Good luck to the king of 409 always one to SHINE!! - The Posse

21st
COMPANY

Byron V. T. Alexander
Chicago, IL
Submarines

BETTER KNOWN AS B, THIS DOG WON THE HEARTS (AMONG OTHER THINGS) OF MANY A FEMALE THROUGH HIS FOUR YEARS AT USNA. HEY B, WHAT'S THAT PLEBE'S NAME? AND TO THINK THAT HE COULDN'T EVEN HOLD A CHAIR PLEBE YEAR - NOW HE'S CAPTAIN OF THE CHEERLEADING SQUAD. GEEK? NO, NOT THIS COMP SCI MAJOR, WITH BC GLASSES WHO HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO GO NUKE. ASK HIM ABOUT T-GIVING IN CHICAGO WITH CHICKEN AND ST. IDES, OR MAYBE SOME GAY BAR IN DC. THEN THERE ARE ALWAYS THE SWEDISH GIRLS (STRESS THE PLURAL), MORE THAN ONE NOISY RACK, THE MOUSE (CHICAGO), LIVING WITH COLD DRINKS AND MOVIES, THE SET-UPS, MELISSA, MELISSA, HER BEST FRIEND, AND THE ONLY THING THAT WAS REALLY WORTH A DAMN - E! FLY BY WIRE SURE KEEPS THINGS EXCITING. I'LL MISS YOU. BJL

Daniel Benson Bilow
Teaneck, NJ
Surface Warfare

NJ, but view of GW bridge..Sweepers, sweepers unless you're drunk/ Dan..Stay off forklifts.. Chickensaws.. Barney/PeeWee/Dan the Seal at Airborne..Daddy needs a new pair of shoes, CRAPS..Trump says, "Thanks"..Wait, table's gettin' hot..Size 12, 5'2", cute smile though..1/c year at tailor shop..1/c CSTS, Dan the navigator, Did you switch the LORAN? We don't need a mast anyway..Bilow Federal..Anne, bushes vs. Trivial Pursuit, I'll take the latter..Granola girls, nice drapes/ dresses..Chris whispering on the cellular..Crout, never wrong..Rich, never home..Todd + avocado, hours of entertainment..Dave (yeah, Dave) didn't get phone/presidency..SHUT UP..toxic fumes and flares in PA..we know, airbag would have saved your life..Handcuffs, Jimmy-legs..Toilet paper, B&G, 'nuff said..3 Cyl Pontiac..Civies, haircut as a plebe..Bilgeow..5 and Dive, off to Israeli navy..Our Meshuggener. CJP/ TEC/RRM/TWL

Christopher Troy Cable
Bainbridge Island, WA
Marine Corps Pilot

"I'm going to fly F-14's," said Troy "Cruz". I'll be 2% with Kim. Too bad about those 2000 miles and that Plebe year Thanksgiving visit, huh. The morse code child call even got Brown angry. From the Mediterranean to Montgomery Beach (South Carolina) Youngster summer was a score. Aero goes ballistic as weekends and social life crash and burn (calculations are always way off). Karate, Sunny, and the chic car bring Troy into second class year. Spring break sees Bo and the Blond and the eternal search for the "three beers" perfect woman. The marine corps brightens his summer, but the Sunshine ultimatum darkens the fall. Wheels are always lemons and women far away. "Storm" will someday do a 5.10. Now its off to Quantico, so much for that F.14! JRL

Jeffrey William Carpenter
Brentwood, CA
Marine Corps

J.C.'s come a long way from that day he stood atop a chair with knife in hand, spinning around repeating, "Sir, I'm bilging my classmate, Sir!" He's fought the good fight, finished the race, kept the Faith. Just to reminisce a little, let's not forget those gentler days when the California Bible Belt would unite in supplication on their racks, just moments before garbage was added to Jeff's rack and his roommate's was thrown off the boxsprings. Though J.C. has learned to cope with fiancé-sickness, he still struggles with unconscious nasal singing and "hot cup o' joe" addiction.

It took a few weeks of haze grey and underway for J.C. to realize his true calling to the Corps. Even with Nav's core team, detail, NAFAC moderation, and company commander, he's been his roommate's deepest confidant, a man of honor, and a man of God. --SWM

James Thomas Carroll
Boonton, NJ
Naval Flight Officer

Oh to sum up the essence of that which is Jim Carroll in such limited space...actually, we really only need two lines (we'll try to stretch it). Though we've spent four years with our cute little food blister, we aren't quite sure of who he is. As best we can tell, Jim is a combination of several movie characters - Arnold, Bill Murray, Chevy Chase, random Monty Python characters, James Earl Jones, Bob & Doug Mackenzie, and Julie Andrews are among his favorites. That's not to say movies were his entire life; he became quite adept at several computer games: Civilization, Simm City, Lemmings, Castles, and Dungeons and Dragons (watch it, or he'll "Power Word Stun" you). This isn't to say he didn't date - after all, his Ring Dance date was a very attractive high schooler (guess his Body by Steerage program paid off. But his dad is cool. DUCK MH DH

Donald Jude Chudzik
East Aurora, NY
Surface Warfare

Don, the "Good Catolic" joined our merry ranks from the sprawling metropolis of East Aurora, NY. Chud enjoyed plebe summer, being fanned and listening to music. A natural born bridge seller, Deej introduced us all to the fun world of sarcasm convincing everyone of something sooner or later. Slender, bored with good grades and life in the hall struck out to be a walk on varsity gymspaztics. Liberal in his swinging, the double full ace lived for the thrill of victory and the Ambrose of defeat. There was ring dance, service selection, the high school beauty queen, UMASS and God smiled. In class or the Ram's Head, Don, the clever engineer, always had a knack for numbers "Pitchers are only 5 dollars and we've only had 14!" A devoted classmate, Guido always tried to help improve friend's social conditions, especially those at Brad's. If you've got a house, he'll cook the crabcakes. SMF

Tyrell Edrick Croughter
Harrisburg, PA
Surface Warfare

Crout or Critter, only the posse knows..THE 'BURG..be nonviolent, YEAH RIGHT..Had the love of his life but NO, you can't have the ring back..Nanimo, hows the checklist?..You ugly but I can still hook you up. Sorry, Sir..Ring Dance brought Monchichi and the phonecall ..Yo, thats a call for my roomie, can I get back?..Beneficial..Moonlighting as DOD cop..Nice Moustache..We know all about the deckplates, got frams for the future?..Going home on weekends, he's not in love..Daddy, you there?..Perpetrating with the beeper..The Enforcer..I give up, I'm not Rodney King..Blow your nose already..droppin' bombs..ERIC JONES..steppin' on the Timberlands..Dan, StageFright..Rich, nice freaks..Chris, black socks..Todd, Villanova....."You can take me out of the Ghetto, but you can't take the Ghetto out of me!!" RRM/DBB/CJP/TWL

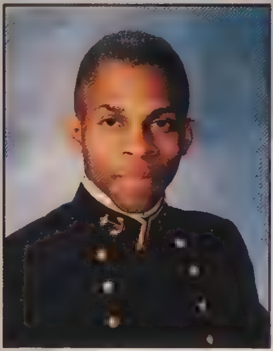
Candi Beth Cunningham
Moira, NY
Marine Corps

Welcome to the Candi Cunningham School of Thought! Okay guys, here we go and so its up with the Navy 3 times fast in cookie monster bass whois themasterchiefofthenavy Maw gelusive Fred Haitch hippie chick Mr Goodbar Hedge Xcountry/Track think clear backtrack to vibes from BC u knuckle head flipper and stubby Eric someone finally shot her Goldwings her damn locker loud as a bull in a ch in as hope mail quee noops Mark bdiddle little birdsong rats in the overhead.
RABBITRABBITRABBIT would *you* fhs?! l, cdw&mad

William John Darrenkamp
Millersville, PA
Marine Corps

BILLY SERVICE SELECT MARINE CORPS? YOU'RE JOKING, RIGHT? YOU MEAN THE ONE WE CALL BILLY-HO, WITH THE GREEN, GLOW-IN-THE-DARK FISH EARRING THAT HE LIKES TO WEAR WITH A PURPLE DO-RAG AND A MONTH'S GROWTH OF BEARD? ALL THOSE GIRLS, ALL THOSE NUMBERS - TOO BAD YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO LAZY TO CALL. MAYBE STEPH WAS JUST HOLDING HER LEASH TOO TIGHTLY, OR MAYBE BILL THE GOAT WAS PERMANENTLY INJURED CARRYING THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEER-LEADER HALFWAY AROUND THE FOOTBALL FIELD. YOU NEVER DID USE THAT GOAT OUTFIT THE WAY I ASKED YOU TO. GOOD TIMES - SPRING BREAK IN TEXAS AND S. CAROLINA, VOLLEYBALL BRIGADE CHAMPS, OUTSTANDING YOUNG MARYLANDER OF THE YEAR (ANIMAL SEX!), SQUASH COURTS, BAHA BEACH CLUB, PLEBE DETAIL, AND ALWAYS UNCLE ED. I'M GLAD YOUR GOING CORPS WITH ME!

Sean Nicholas Day
Tifton, GA
Marine Corps



No comment. SND

Kevin Howard Delano
Sanger, CA
Navy Pilot

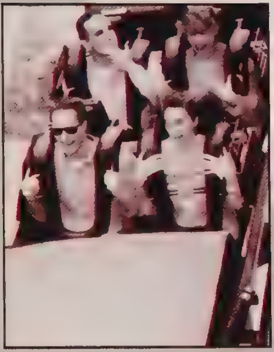
K-DEL...Little Buddy...Straight from the Golden State with his volleyball in one hand and the Good Book in the other, Kev not only played EVERY sport, he was amazing to watch - be it hoops or v-ball! ("Did you SEE that shot?") From plebe summer ("I hate it here") to plebe 6-weekers (1.32 SQPR?) to falling out in B-robes (Inman: "You did WHAT?") to leaving for YP cruise ("Just throw it all away!") and each new toy ("Wonder what Kev brought from home this time?") - we made it. Kevmo can turn somersaults all day long, just don't feed him sugar after 2200! (Ever see Gremlins?) Everyone loves Kevin and rightfully so; just aren't too many nice guys around like him anymore. Kev's more than a friend though, he's a brother in Christ and one of the dearest we'll ever have. Plus, he's just a whole lotta fun. --JWC & SWM

Margaret Anne Dotolo
Deltona, FL
Surface Warfare

Early on, Peg became the subject of continuous scientific experimentation in Bancroft Medical. Plebe summer...standing at attention for Colors(?)! and early chow calls. Taz joined up with the three of us for nightly serenades and "The Little Bird Song." The Slug-the widget! Where did that come from?! Glenn. 'nuf said. Mother Peg took care of the alarm clocks and the tortures of hockey-all those boys! Youngster year, may it pass into the depths of time...unremembered. Rampage. "He doesn't exist in my world"...frequency jammer on. Between aerobics and roommate racking, Peg managed to keep the rats away with the Dream Weaver. No complaining on Wednesdays, you King Hall scavenger! Sunflower seeds-aack! Oh Poet Peg-we'll miss your wild Italian hair. You'll find your Marlboro man, in the meantime you have Tigger and Mr. Bear! Would *you* f.h.s.?! RABBIT RABBIT RABBIT! L, CBC & CDW.

Dennis Allen Duckworth
Irondaleam, AL
Nuclear Surface

Duck. Words will never do him justice, but we'll try anyway. "Classmates, help Dennis on the bulkhead!" What is Q naught? It's 90 degrees perpendicular! At least 3 times a day (once doing abs). waxing the floor. Oyster boy. Immortalized in 3 Annapolis bars, freakin' Todd in a fourth. LOVETRAMID: Pert, Clearasil, peeling, the pinebark incident, "I was just thinking about you!", owning a rental car and sleeping in it too. Dance, dance, dance machine! New Orleans. The splits. Pole dancing, "Watch me work this piece!" The drill dance. FUN2FLIRT. "She's legal in Maryland!" Jim's sister. The surgeon. Parkay and knotted strings. Bottlecap. (See quote book). Dude, I'm in your lodge! Flamer until a 6000 fixed his attitude...The Bitter Man. Messy Night- $63 for a mouthful. Russia. Gonzo's heart is twisted, but he could be Magua's love toy. Letters to Dan. See you at the reunion, all of you! JC MH DH DC TS



Sean Matthew Fahey
Annapolis, MD
Submarines

Michael Robert Hearther
Carnelian Bay, CA
Naval Flight Officer

Happymeal. Hearthmonster. I'd rather be Mike than lucky. "Dude, that's a felony." NAAAAAAAANCE!! Axe the ex on Xmas. An Admiral's daughter? I'd hate for all those calories to go to waste, so I store them as fat. You're going to fail, fatboy. "Don't you have a shred of dignity?" So this idiot was relieving himself in the E club...She had a potbelly. MINGO? Knotted shoestrings, security badges, Pert, and Clearasil. Free Spring Break at Mikes! She lifted my wallet in Spain! Messy night--passing the candy, betting Duck, and swiping wine. Massey Retreat I and II. Laying in his own filth on I-95 at 0130 thanks to Pepe Lopez. Danny O'Brien will never forget or forgive you....But the one I was on. Mike Dancing - whether they want it or not. Chicken wing coming! We beat the locals at the Bellvue. Loyalty all ze vay avound! DH,JC,DUCK

Drake Hall Henderson
Newnan, GA
Naval Flight Officer

Drake, the self-proclaimed "strongest woman in the world", came to USNA for the jedi uniforms and in-room showers. Henderluggage. Quiet as a mouse plebe summer, Drake established an impressive one syllable vocabulary. Went from "Bad move, dude" to 1/c Drill Officer. The funky chicken. Chameleon Boy. "Thanks for talking to that guy so I didn't have to." 2 of 3 at LOVETRAMID. I think of her as a big hand. "You can't be lazy at this!" Pass the candi, please. "If you're not sitting in front of me, you don't exist." Sling! Snap, Tough Guy! Pump that bone-dry ... $132 damage to our room after Air Force. The Russian Blackout. 2 month cruise/ vacation in California. Who, squatting upon the ground... Button biting after Dining outs. "All roads lead to the Ram's Head." Now YOU tell ME who's desperate. Throw one in sober for us, guy. DC MH JC DUCK

William Douglas James
Chinchilla, PA
Surface Warfare

"He's not just a great running back..." The Raging Bull... straight outta God's country (PA?). A giant teddy bear of a man, Billy hasn't an enemy in the world...except maybe Buch! #31 on the gridiron, Billy reached the endzone to Beat Army - to the thrill of 3 million people. After working full time in pads & helmet, Billy found a little time to rumble in the hall. (Look out - here comes the hammer...KD STILL thinks he can school him!) Hey Bill - are those your FEET??? When was the last time you checked your e-mail? Keep lookin for Godly Babe's!! 'Ole Chinchilla will never be the same 'til Bill goes home, but before he does the McInerney won't either! Bill came to USNA to play football and become an officer - which he did and will, but now he's also walking with The Man upstairs - welcome to the club brother. KD&JC.

Bryan Jeffry Laird
Palestine, TX
Marine Corps

To think, you came here an innocent little Texan from small town America. Mister puppy-dog eyes, why not A&M? How many times did we ask each other that? In four years, you have gone from a shy little, non-drinking, "what do we do after hi" kind of guy into... well you know . From upside down on the stairs to spring break and the "identical" marks, from the green shirt to the spring break camper and "lots of sleep (YEAH RIGHT)" we have gone through a lot together. We broke a few rules along the way and unfortunately you got caught for the big one, but we did get to stay roommates. Here's to my best friend at USNA, to many years of beer-drinking to come, and to a few years in a real service. BJD

Jon Richard Lunglhofer
Nokesville, VA
Submarines

Its a bird, its a plane,...oh wait its just Jon hanging on another cliff. Often referred to begrudgingly as Bungleboffer, or just plain Bungle, our native Virginian finally, after four years, figured out what school was for...having fun. To all the girls he's loved well, we do not really care to see them again...except for Beth. As he prepares to coast through M.I.T. (a school he has already turned down once) our systems mastermind is quite content just spending his nuke bonus. Here's to all the fights of plebe year and the laughs of firstie year. Your a terrific friend! May your ropes never fail! 5.13+?! -- Your final roomy, T-Bone.

Todd William Lyman
Bernardston, MA
Surface Warfare

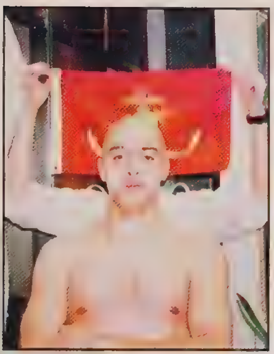
Brad's not a bigot, explain Fritz and copies of Mein Kampf..Mr. I. M. Unsat..ex-X-Country..Haili Selaisse or Bruce, always 94..going for Anchor and Letterman..XXL twins..Whitey and Brickey before the Lyman's, the who??..that Lyman nose and red face..I don't need to breath/ bleed..staples in the ear, I double-dog dare you..strange brew..Hehh, what, hehh, what, keechhh..the avocado reunited the posse spring break, what a trip, flat tires, CB expressway, no heat, shoulda walked..RH#260..Summer school..Good morning, Mr. $%#@&*@!, ma'am..the Shack..B&E man..the glasses with thread attachment..bar fight 20 on 5, Sure you won..Dan, Jerky..Rich, the Bronx..Crout, Villanova, yeah Villanova..Chris, 3 years together..(Massey, 12-beer night..Justin, Haze, Pudge, Chad..Shaffierre petite, not it)..IHTFP. CJP/DBB/RRM/TEC

Daniel Stephen Massey
Williamsport, MD
Surface Warfare

To all my roomates from the great white Budda:Scott"locked on"Mayfield it's not as hot as CA..Persian Gulf War in 3147-Matt "clueless" O'Brien dont drop that edge dressing..Dan"pagan"Bilow Shaving with the giant behind you..Jim "stinky" Carrol put your pant on before your shoes,still squeezing those zits on your back..Billy "PMS,hippie" Darrenkamp nice earing,sweet smelling sphincter, technicolor yawn on my key board,I never threw your clothes out the window,shower is still not a closet..Joe "smokin" Mercado never stole my stuff(suprise),the old man,learn to study not message..Dennis "amoral" Duckworth ralph loves gonzo, mess night and the bet, Rams Head..Chris "pher" Proulx What?,stop picking on Todd, the phone really works..Todd "big nose" Lyman 12 beer night at head, B&E man, drivin on the sidewalk, and my weekend roomates Dave,Justin,Chad,Pudge

Scott William Mayfield
Burbank, CA
Marine Corps

Scotty hails from smoggy SoCal...a man of The Faith determined to go Corps long before I-day. Never a man as before the Mayfield-monster was there that could produce so much snot and so many wonderful bodily noises...but we love him anyways. Scooter spent his first two years on the Severn, then decided to hang out with the rest of us. One of the few guys who wore shirt stays ALL four years, insisting on ALWAYS wearing the uniform right. We've had our "scuffles" - e.g. dumping garbage on JC's rack and then not being able to lift his rack back up (w/ KD just laughing away)! It's been some four years and Scotty's always been one of the truest brothers in Christ - from plebe summer 'til graduation and beyond. Everyone leaves USNA w/ friends, but few leave with brothers founded upon The Rock...Always. KD & JC.



Jose Luis Mercado
Lakewood, NJ
Marine Corps

J.L.M,Jr. Oh, The stories we can tell! Grandpa lived a lifetime before we even met him. You were quite the headline summer of '90. Then Dining Outs. B&G. Terri & civvies. Chris & silent treatment. Oh, youngster year. Tobacco Shack. Judo starts. 2/C year. Whoa! Stevie, TB! Judo Nationals, kicking butt. Supe Call etiquette. Big Ring, YES! Grandpa's making it! Lucy and her key arrive in '93. Oh my, Marine, YP cruise, fun? Holy shoot, Old Man makes it to Firstie year! What a year! Starts off with bang at ND. Mushpot meets his match. Maz takes over. Elbow blow softened. Judo takes back seat. Christmas '93...Go Vermont! TWO DAYS?!?! South Philly, HO! Another Card!?! Judo's back! ChokerWhites, HOOYAH! Go Marines, Marine Corps wives! Who's tougher? Good luck, Scarface. All of USNA (Palma and gang...and Russ) will miss you. Watch bill from Quantico(BARK!) to Balti. MDO/Bird

Richard Raymond Morin
Hamden, CT
Surface Warfare

RAT..Puerto Rico/Connecticut/Montreal?..Sir, can we use the head?..We know, deathly bout with mono, explains the push-ups..Disco queen/love of your life, no really a model..Pregnant?..Spell Bilow, "No DAN"..Sponsors=Thieves?..Better Catholic but just couldn't find the chapel..THROW-UP MAN..1/c CSTS, override on the main wasn't your fault, YEAH RIGHT, ABANDON SHIP!!..Back to the island only to die from a .357..YOU JERK..Sure your hair isn't falling out like Dick Sr..The red ticket attractor with screwed up spoiler..Where's the 3 Cyl. in Philly?..Puerto Rico's NOT a state! Take that clippings down and the flag while your at it..Dan, I'll turn the "Calypso" music down..Crout, nice left hook..Todd, I'll be your navigator any day..Chris, you sure she likes me?.."Boricua hasta la muerte." DBB/TEC/CJP/TWL

Matthew Dennis O'Brien
Villanova, PA
Surface Warfare

Matt, Matty, Matty O', Matty Bird, Bird, Tweet, Tweety Bird, Tweety Pie!!! Take a quiet, St. Joes's Prep, lightweight crew dude, add an inch, 40 lbs, a skiing injury, foiled New Years Eve plans and what do you get? Intramurals and ROSE!!! Luck? Blessing!

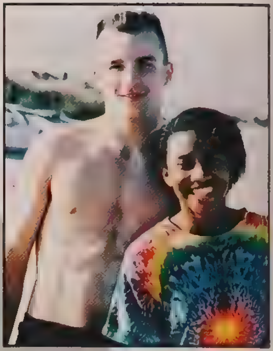
Knowing Matthew guarantees friendship. We've heard'm all Matt. We know that every crew dude is great and goes on to Oxford to do great things. And your blurbs from your bank of "useless information." You'll be on Jeopardy someday.

We've solved the world's problems at 0200, much more important than homework! Passed the phone around for marathon conversations. Roadtrips to North Charles, Church, and the list goes on.

Whether down in the engine room or in a design room for Disney, you'll bring any organization to greatness. You're a true team player! You'll never be alone with Rose by your side. God bless you both! Always, JLMJr.

Christopher Jason Proulx
Andover, NJ
Surface Warfare

JDRAP..2%..She'll be here soon, I think..Florida..parent's weekend..4476 Days Inn.. Butte: Dan, have my 40 but get off the lift..Mario Bro's..I'll take the one on the left.. Coke please..EOD carpet wrestling..This is a good place to sleep, right Chief.. Scrutiny..Thor..Honestly, I didn't see the poodle..Poor Little guy..Firetruck recon..Didn't see the barb wire..Can I have a lift back to USNA?..S.D.-No thanks I'm straight..I didn't break LT's window..Tanner did..$1200.00, sir..Crout political violent..Rich Hair Christa-hairy..Todd Summer School can't unlock open doors..Dan matzah-ball seder Fr. Hines clothing optional..Sure, just drive on the yard...Form-3..PA trip and the pit crew, Turn up the heat wipe off the window, Valley Dan? steamroller..AQT-FARse..Prop-the-door open-man..Psycho-man.. MAHAL KITA. DBB/TEC/RRM/TWL



Joel Charels Robertson
Saranac :Lake, NY
Surface Warfare

Joel started off plebe year as a quiet unassuming young man who as a Navy junior had lived just about everywhere. Once Joel threw off the bad memories of plebe year rates(Treacy) and academics, he needed new challenges. He found them in the track team and women. Talking about Joel' s track team exploits is boring, because he rewrote the record book for triple jumping and beat Army about a million times in the process. More interesting, are Joel's encounters with the ladies, in fact he became the original MACK DADDY. Whether it was at Air Force, on YP cruise, in Pensacola, on track team trips, or in the middle of the MED, Joel was always enchanting the ladies. However, he finally settled on Kim and she has promised to make him an honest man. Joel is sure to uphold a fine family tradition in the Surface Line.

TWS, SND

Todd Whitney Stinson
Adams, NY
Submarines

David Byrd Stowers
Jacksonville, FL
Supply Corps

Ah Dave Stowers...Who?...Rob, act like you're sleeping...Rob, I'm not getting up and if you keep it up I'm going to throw you out the window...Who was really pissing in the shower?...Rob, I'm really losing weight...Let's go eat steak and hot wings...I'm at football...Man my b____s itch, Rob...compromising positions...Rob, jump out the window, I need two weeks leave and a 4.0...Rob, I have to stay here for spring break--so do you...Hey Dave, you coming to work today?...Youngster romances...fries for illegal parking...Rob, how did you not end up mentally disturbed? Rob, pick up Mel...Great tailgaters, great parties, and the greatest friend...Dave, wake up. WAKE UP!!! It's been a great four years with you, Dave, I couldn't have done it without you. Good luck with Mel. I'll see you in Memphis for duck hunting. RWY

Christine Donna Westrich
Waukesha, WI
Marine Corps

Arriving at USNA from the wilds of Wisconsin, Christine's time here was rich. The ever watching eyes of Schultz kept her honest, while being 20-min early kept her on time. The coming of Bionic Woman freed her for takeoff. What about Paaaat, and Herndon, Wes? Should I say Ice Princess?! Youngster year fades, or is it forced, into the recesses of our minds playing to "Leave me alone, it's My Life!" 2/C year resounds with a "you knucklehead!" as Stubby and Flipper attacked a two-man room. Of course who could forget tuna, ostrich, the bubbler and standing at attention for Colors? Who'd a known whether *you* would f.h.s.?! Your dear Fred!! From the heights of heaven, Christine's Mom watched over her while she blazed new records of glory as Navy's indoor track captain. Savannah forever says "Mehr!" and don't forget...RABBIT RABBIT RABBIT!! L, CBC & MAD

Robert William Yarosz
Hayes, VA
Naval Flight Officer

Rob...the man who mastered mountain climbing Youngster year....the man who made the biggest metamorphosis from sweat to "Hey this guy is actually cool". Let's see...how about late night talks...being caught in compromising positions...wrestling in the hallway..."No lady they're dead"..."Quit pissing in the shower. I'm not; I think you are. I wouldn't dare do something like that."..."Hey Rob it's two in the morning, you up?"...While pointing at the alarm, "Hey Rob, the alarm's going off."..."Did you hear about the Pope."...Bud Girl 44DDD...the clap..."Hey Rob I need a 4.0 and two weeks leave, would you mind jumping?"...the Mad Dog Buford strut.... It's been a fun four years. You've been a great friend and support. Good luck with Navy FO. Thanks for everything. DS.

22nd
COMPANY

Albert Angel
West Covina, CA
Submarines

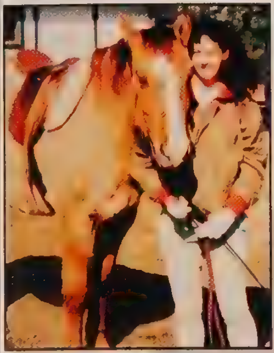
Albert (NMN) Angel, aka BETO, hails from God's Country - flood, fire, and riot-swept California. We will never forget our Hispanic Hero and his athletic prowess."Disc Football???". You could always hear his AYAII YI YI during reruns of *American Me* and watching Chavez fights. Our latino lover was often on the hunt since he so rarely caught anything. Then came firstie year and that special someone, I think? Maybe. Yes, No it went on. Some things we will never forget: Army M.O., His moose mating call, the circuit; CONDOM, HOOD and soon GOUCHER, are there any girls schools I missed? Ever the champion of Female Rights. Going back for seconds. Hal's Pals forever. Adventures in Tijuana and other exotic lands Colombia, Italy, Israel and Ohio! Who would have thought he would go Subs? Except maybe for the chow or to pay off his credit cards. We will miss your Mexican pride, toothy smile and nacho breath. MCH, ESS, EH.

Ned Michael Biehl
Hartville, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

Known for its cornfields, buckeyes, & of course, wrestlers, Ohio sent us another one of those bow-legged mothers. Ned, or Mr. J.Crew/GQ, was never outspent ($500 ostrich boots). With 3 Honor stripes & no accountability 1/C year he skated better than Tonya Harding. This gave him time to date everyone from tig-ol-bitties to the State Trooper! But as the saying goes - lucky in love, unlucky in academics. Ned was no exception. How we ever passed Sneaky Pete is beyond me...DUMB! He never could resist Dunkin' Donuts or Outback before weigh-ins during wrestling season...FAT! I still claim he's oblivious to alarms - Lord knows he never made a morning workout. What's more, Ned took on drinkin' from The Hoof...PATHETIC LIGHTWEIGHT! How did you get 60 hours flight time on summer cruise without any quals? Ned always was bustin' tail or bustin' on Thistlehair, but still we were the two most similar roommates of '94. It's been a great experience, THANKS! Make like Alabama & ROLLL-ON! SEE-YA. MDW.

Kirk Lawton Clermont
Orlando, FL
Submarines

Hey Fool! You've come quite a way from Pizza Hut and Lake Wales. Fresh out of NAPS, you were a help and a friend during Plebe Summer. Those "Beast Stories" will last a lifetime. It was you who formed "The BiG HousE" over in 13 with me and the Gung-pup --- a unique combination: you with your soapbox and technique (her first!), me with my straight path and growing harem, and Kevin's Semper Fi Corps. First one back to the room gets the radio rights! We survived the reign of Q, though with substantial casualty. But you made Nuke, and just think of the future book deals! As Class Treasurer, you served diligently, and the track team could do no better without you. Thanks for all the good times (JHU (you dog!), SBC) and I know that you, "in your uncultured and barbaric state, will continue to exist." God bless. JWK



Sarah Anne Crouse
Parker, CO
Surface Warfare

Sarah Crouse with a "C" and not a "K" came to USNA a "quiet" runner from Parker, Co. Once Sarah got started she quickly caught on to Academy academics and athletics, and she ended up with Supt's stars to match her three N*. 2/c year it was off to 22nd Co, and weekends spent racing in the fall, and then riding in the spring. 1/c summer Sarah was the lucky winner of an all-expense paid vacation to Hawaii (or was it aviation cruise?), and 1/c year she dusted off her cowboy boots and danced the nights away. Service selection worked out great, and Sarah picked a destroyer in Washington (awesome for camping). Sarah, thanks for helping me study, making me run, and most of all just being there. BR

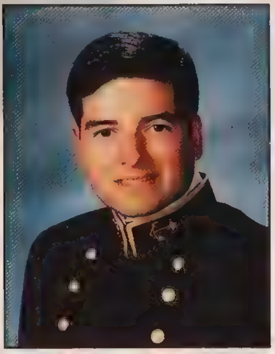
Peter James Dalve
Cedarf, MN
Naval Flight Officer

Minnesota, Pete insisted, was God's country. NOT!! Plebe summer:"Sir, the carriers are: CV-63, USS Kitagawa..." "Dantone and Dalve!" What a mess! Ac-year finally: Juan, Jay, and Pete showed musical potential with the "meow meow" songs. Laundry bags make nice pillows. A rough first year academically prompted Pete to select a fitting major...Chemistry??(umm,what?) Who would have figured Supt's Stars were to come?(aahh,OceanEZ) Pete eventually discovered that long distance romance doesn't work: Sheri,Leah...Jenny...well,maybe. And how 'bout Amy: she's munching on clams in Towson, whoa! Didn't anyone tell you XC runners can't be wrestler's too? Road trips to ECU were highlighted with his up-chuck extravaganza(recorded on film). Leatherneck,check check baby...Hooyah,maybe not...NFO by the fuzz on your chin. Hey Lori, surprise...uh-oh?! Well I was faithful! Cha right! Look out P-cola, two state rule is in effect! JJD

Juan Jose Dantone
Alameda, CA
Surface Warfare

First time seeing Annapolis was I-Day, 17 yrs old and clueless, Ealy kept me real busy, survived until Parent's wknd, ac year hacked me up, then Diego for TJ follies 4 yngstr crs, did you say you're 13...so am I?!?! Barebacking in Bermuda.. Rackhound w/ Urchie,Wiegs,Beto,The Original Clue..Diego again..GQ??what's that?? Flaming was fun..thanks Well,Ren,Justin,..Borrowing the Beast 4 Myrtle w/ Zips & Urchie..Sprints from ND..Bermuda again w/ my boys and girls, Sharking the nannies, tailgaters, Mexico follies..why didn't I just do business school??? Going back to Caly..then to my villa in Mexico..love ya guys!!!!!

Juan Gil
Mount View, CA
Surface Warfare



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Eddy Ha
Flushing, NY
Naval Flight Officer

Eddy "Cuddles" Ha, the cycling wonder, will be forever remembered as the cutest Middy ever to reside in Bancroft Hall (or Gullan's kitchen). Although he never finished in the top 15, cycling was a way of life for Ed, or was he foolishly chasing a dream....what was her name again? Every once in a while, Ed will come up with philosophical words of Wisdom, known as humorless jokes. Even though he weighs about a buck and a quarter soaking wet he has the fierce demeanor of a hardened warrior, and is sure to reach new milestones at Flight School. Things to remember: What happened to HA bear?, Lobster Fest 94, "I can walk on icy water...OOPS!", bicycle collisions, searching for the right words, learning the language, a dream date... or should we say dream of a date, and his weak humble cry -"Is there any more Custard pie?". AA, MCH, ESS

Myron Charles Harrington
Charleston, SC
Marine Corps

Mike "the Hoo-yah" Harrington, officially known as Myron, will go down in the history books as being one of the finest Company Commanders ever to grace this institution. He has practiced leadership by example by receiving a solid "c" on the PCR firstie year, failing the mile-and-half and missing the first day of class. His adventures (or should we say exploits?) with the fairer sex should not go unmentioned - just how many girls can a person love at any one time? Whew! That was a close one at service selection! We would like to thank Colonel Dad and General Grandpa for being Marine Corps legends. All his great academic accomplishments pale in comparison to the disappointment he experienced after returning from Youngster cruise. *"But with the dawn comes a new tomorrow."* We will never forget your humor, strong will, and determination. Semper Fi, do or die, BARK, BARK, BARK!!! ESS, AA, EH.

Sean Kellum Henderson
Marietta, GA
Marine Corps

Sean hails from Atlanta (sorry, Marietta).Same place as Eric "he touched my butt" Zeir.Football and weightloss were the routine plebe year.Then there was that main office phone call: think I'll dump Tiffany for this *dream woman*!Youngster year: come on Hindu do the ape.How much did the 7 eleven chic from Jersey weigh?And where does Shannon fit in?Second class year brought dreams of being a Seal(at least for a couple hours) and Park City ski-fest.Regulars at Fell's Point and the Towson love triangle (umm, swap meet?).Guess you were the big winner in that deal.Will that jeep do 50 or what?Leatherneck: he always did like being dirty!Firsty year, boxing and that fat lip."Damn Henderson, you look like you've been shot!".Your not VGEP at Towson, are you?!Wanna get some buffalo wings?(never let 'em see you sweat)Has it been eight semesters roomy?TAH JJD PJD WEW

Kendra Ann Herber
Keizer, OR
Surface Warfare

Kendra arrived @ USNA from Oregon (the best state besides Montana...?). She tried her hand at fencing, but soon realized it was more fun to play pick-up volleyball, do aerobics, beat me in tennis, and run lots of inners. Her gift of song led her to Glee Club and "Stowaways" (the "goils"). She worked her way to Dant's list many times, hoping for an Intel billet, until she "saw the light" and chose SWO. We'll always admire her for her grace (not!) and ability to bruise the weirdest parts of her body. Her keen fashion sense and ability to accessorize brought her harem of men around 2/c year. HOW many guys do you like now...? Don't forget the Rohrs', Taco Bell, two-steppin', the tri-um, Cabaret girls to dainty faeries (neither of which really captured our true potential!), "Let's ask Meg...she'll know where the parties are." You are awesome, K! Good luck in Japan! KDK JAP

Todd Andrew Hoot
Griffith, IN
Submarines

Where are you from? Gary, Chicago, Griffith where? "I'm serious guys, I ran 10 miles a day before coming here." Who memorizes all the Laws of the Navy?HAOOT.Hurry, get that Kiwi off the floor.Happy birthday Kristin,where's *my* card? Trips to Delaware,Philly,and Boston.I didn't know it could come out your nose!Clean my Jeep up,and one at a time please! Have any extra civies for the mall? Stay off e-mail after PLEBE taps. IU sucks,where'd that flag go? Valerie & Donna.Did the Air Force Sgt like the Pensacola barracks? and how about West Point plebes, do they rate service elevators? No beer,just water please. I got my Nuke bonus, don't you owe me a quarter? Firstie year lost you to the dark side (mega striper no less) Saturday night: come on Todd bring your books. Nice car, driven it lately? Keep workin' on that Joe, those ice cream machines should help. Semper Subs. SKH JJD PJD WEW

Melissa Lynn Jackson
Cincinnati, OH
Surface Warfare

Cinci,Ohio brought us a short,free spirited XC runner who wore beads and listened to Jimmy and Janice. Plebe summer ..."Ms. Jackson! Why don't you know?" And the little ditty, "I'm glad all the men aren't like Mr. Ross, Put his ---- in my mouth, like it was dental floss!!...I didn't say *my* mouth, I didn't!" ...yeah whatever! Plebe year found Mel running track, and quite homesick. Sailing hit her youngster year...Jackson who? She did make it out to Hopkins with the crew (thanks for the ride). Don't go to VaBeach in January...sure you want to go in the water Mel?! After getting on course here at USNA Mel breezed through, and it's obvious that four years here couldn't change this little granola-JJD. Uh, X-mas shopping for nothing and look what I found-everything. Seen any new constellations lately? AP. Mom and Dad-who know best about the years of frustration and tears, and w/out whose loving support I would not have made it-MLJ.

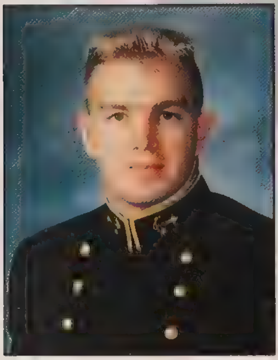
Matthew Douglas Keefe
Jupiter, FL
Navy Pilot

Tasked with the burden of upholding Irish tradition, Matlaw drank alot, got in alot of fights, and broke a million hearts. He had to use his "city hands" to help the girls at Osaka (first guy ever. OK 2nd guy) A new low, I'm so ashamed. I dare any one of you lemmings to challenge him. Fools, he'll destroy you all! The P4 will live on in the hearts and minds of all. If you get the chance, ask Matt about the Hermaphrodite-Bar-Golf. What town didn't Matt conquer? The eggs at WVU wanted to hang a plaque up for Matt after one trip. "who were those guys?" Daa da, next college! Matt made better impressions than a waffle iron. Sure he was sexy, but the real reason the women were so attracted to Matt was because he was so devoted to his work with the kids at the shelter. So he took a few liberties with a few female companions. Only the lucky ones ever really knew Matt.

Kerry Dawn Kuykendall
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA
Navy Pilot

roo, 1 yr w/out eachother; schameel, schamazal...and what times. after lax, hockey, and soccer you finally made your choice, & made your way to the top. PM, the zoomie, the X-mas in Wash night w/lots-o-champagne, twitterpated & goofy grin. a whole 3&1/2 yrs of underage life, how you lamented that. 3/c yr we always slept early, 0200. frogs(brocolli), ducks, started up w/the cowboys, never thought that cali girl would love twang. STOWS(S*X), and ny, key west...detail, protramid w/ football players & the god, jungle juice, & a call to me at 0100, in OR. you were always meant to be a blond, & you got your wish 2/c year, along with tim. TACO BELL, red mustang, south american tour packing, QUEEN of dumb jokes, easter at VAbeach, & finally jan2 1/c year. CC, but, picky as you are(rightfully so), you still search. aviator/astronaut, you will do great & keep in touch. thanx roomie, love always, ken & j

Brian David Lawrence
Toronto, OH
Special Operations



I'm in love -- this time for sure... only to be repeated again 2 weeks later over another girl. Finally? Sounds good to me. Keep her 'till she's 40, then trade her in for two 20 year olds. Never got to jump out of a perfectly good airplane. And they say 3rd time's a charm! Now you get to pick 'em out of the water. After 21, I never got any sleep, not before midnight anyway. Reveille just came sooner -- jumping on my bed, with me in it!!! Shut off that damn alarm or set it later if you're not getting up. 3 years and you think you'd know better.

Trip to Ohio -- Army/Navy... how time flies when you're having fun. Never did make it up North. Maybe someday you'll brave the wild and get there. Bring your wife. Only way to keep warm. Dave is still a 6-pack in debt. Best of luck. Don't drown.
S.W.

Ross Hale MacKenzie
Sabot, VA
Navy Pilot

It all started back at L'ville: Early admission, "Every Navy guy I've ever met is SO COOL" (Ah, the innocence of youth). Fresh year:"Yeah, my brother's a firstie." Rowing: the stern pair, Capt, "Hey, who's the easy run champ?" Herndon and Buff's pin, Inverted keg stands with KEGMEISTER. Soph year:"Ross, I think you might have a problem." "Will, if I was a chick I'd. ." The crazy Mormon. Physics: following in Alec's footsteps. Junior year: Polybius and Buffy-"I'll be back in an hour." Marathon. "What's up with that shoulder?" Springbreak in France cures the naked pizza box drunk. Cocktail partie(s) @ Edie's, bus ride, booze cruise-RJ, thanks for the best sponsor ever. Senior year:Mtn biking and a broken wrist. THE HOUSE. Nov 12: a great piece of gear. .forever, A/N-WINEBAGO: a Black N and 60 days. Navy Pilot, 2% club, 4 years with Wilbur, PCT 94: REI and some killer toys. For your sake, thank God its over. Thanks for everything. BHP

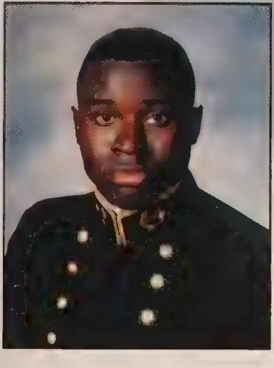
George Alan Martin
Pickens, SC

An "expression of Southern Pride" caused Pleber Martin to become one of his upperclass's favorite projects (Mr. Hill). But his plebe year frustrations were partly satisfied by a beautiful holder of a diagonal stripe (the Army-Navy game was not his only means of excitement that day). He will always be remembered for his temper which terrified roommates Ho Chi Minh and 94.0. As an upperclass, he was affectionately known by his plebers as Southern Sugar. 4/c Kerfernator and Joe Crew quickly became his push-up partners. He aquired ladies in Canada, Pensacola, American U, and U Maryland, but his affections never left Wake Forest (Can't forget the youngster belle on his rack). The battalion football star had an Admiral for an audience as we went up and down the field for naught. But the next year saw him lead his company to a brigade championship. His heart was never that of a golfer. At the end of the road, this southern Gentleman and true friend, is the luckiest of all: He gets a ring, a lovely piece of paper, and control of his own destiny. Go civlant!

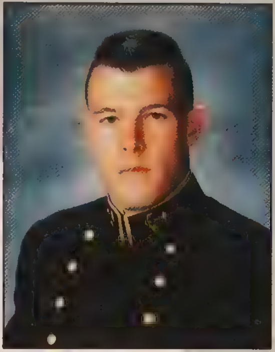
Jeffrey Joseph Morosetti
Pleasanton, CA
Surface Warfare

The Maine thing here is lobster. Dad never did get sick of them. Cathy's calls, you'd think she'd said it all -- and then there was more. Look at that water bubble! Feeding frenzy!!! Even if you do wear your sandals funny -- with socks -- I guess there's still hope. Beep-Beep's flown the coup. I guess you're gone now, too. What will Cathy do? Wait until you get tired of the hula and come back to dirty dance with her? Left alone in a raft with an angry female -- without a paddle and too far to swim. What, and leave my fish' pole behind to fend for itself?! NEVER!! Best of luck to 'ya. Any time you're in the NorthEast, the door's open. We'll go fishin'. S.W.

Steven Cartrell Payne
Montgomery, AZ
Marine Corps



Randolph Gordon Pugh
Annapolis, MD
Marine Corps

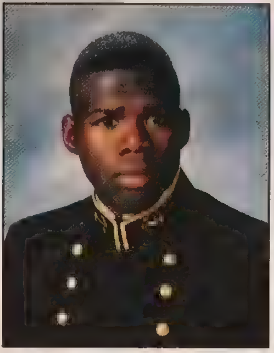


“Sir? Mate,sir.Mr. Pugh, sir? You have a phone call on the Company Officer's phone.It's Ann, sir, and she says it's very important, sir.”So went the story for the past four years, broken only when Randy finally made it to “The Show” and had his own phone.A self described mid-hater who told his Parris Island boot camp series commander that “All Midshipmen are @#%%&'s, sir.” Plebe summer was a tease since he could see his back yard from the lonely Bravo Company outpost on 4-4.Youngster year saw the challenges of Saturday excursions with “The Guys” to Hammerjack's and all you could drink for $5.00,boy, could he stretch that.A little black dog, named Sambuca, came along and that was all she wrote. We then knew that Randy's wedding to Ann would be nothing more than a legal formality.Philadelphia, Army/Navy, and The Crusader Inn will never be the same. Thanks for being the best friend anyone could ask for.
SEMPER FIDELIS! PMT

Robert William Reynolds
Laytonsville, MD
Navy Pilot

Hailing from the high-bred Maryland Tydings, Will joined us from the Woodberry Country Club to offer his contributions to this illustrious institution. Lax is his game. Unorthodoxed or not, he still got the job done, well: Hat trick vs. Duke ('93) -- not bad for a D-Midfield. Morning runs and turf in Jan. Not to forget “Ross, if I was a chick I'd . .” Will the crazy mormon ever forgive us? And there was the ENTROPY: the drawer, “Hey Ross, have you seen my . ?” Naked PCR's. Ring Dance: Party @ Fdie's, booze cruise. 30 Maryland Ave. The House. Davidsonville road trips. “Ross, I'm going Corps.” “Will, what the HELL were you thinking? FLY NAVY!” Big brother: '93 and a half. What's broken today on the Mercedes? Have fun in Ireland!! Save me a spot in Penscola. Thanks for the four years! RHM

Christopher Bernard Shaw
Boston, MA
Marine Corps



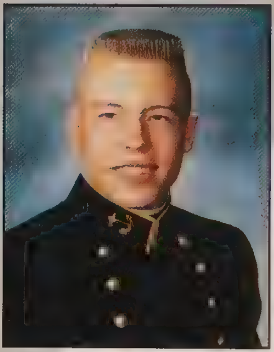
Da “boy” from de West Indies finally did find himself a home (though you never quit could forget the glory days of NAPS). You wanted to be a Navy pilot but leave here with dreams of Marine Corp ground. Truly the man who loved women you've never been one to discriminate (and I don't mean color). You've been particularly drawn to woman with names ending in “a”: Keshia, Venesa, Laticia, Tonia, Tara, etc, etc. I do hope you safely reach the one-hundred club (but watch out for those falling bricks). Don't forget battalion football. It took me a semester to teach you the game only to watch you injured on your first set of downs (I told you a sprained ankle is not grounds for MPQ). But I have to give you credit. You went from being academically harassed by the Wube to sup's list. And aside from your special affections for a certain member of the class of 97, you've been a relentless trainer of plebes (0600- roll left roll right). You're destined for success and you'll always have a friend in South Carolina (we can wave our flags together).

Erik Sean Smith
Kansas City, MO
Surface Warfare

Erik Smith, aka the Huero Man, came to USNA from the backwoods of Blue Springs, MISERY. He will be forever remembered as the 4.0 MID with the better notes than Midn. 4/C Harrington. His Love life was very passionate. Plebe year he had girl, Youngster year he lost girl, 2nd class year he wooed girl back, and firstie year he couldn't make up his mind....but he sure does love that Fuzzy Logic...almost as much as he loves FUZZY LAND - "How much exactly did you pay?" He surprised the Brigade, DANT and FLAGS at Service Selection when he selected #1 and chose SWO, to the dismay of all the NUKES. We are proud of our S - W - E - A - T for his HUGE mind and accomplishments and wish him all the best. Things we'll never forget: Setting up Sponsor Program, the first underage DAPA, kissing Brauna!!!!, Adventures in Tijuana, those stylish shirts, and the funky strut. AA, MCH, EH

Blair Joseph Sokol
Newark, DE
Marine Corps

Patrick Michael Turner
Philadelphia, PA
Marine Corps



After 4 years of education Pat's brain has finally rotted enough that he is now eligible to be a "0". Pat came to the Academy from the mysterious "fleet" that we've all heard so much about complete with a tattoo and "drill voice" (developed during many hard cigarette smoking, Guiness drinking, irish song singing nights). Everyone immediately knew Pat was a natural candidate for the Marines. He was a terrible plebe; dating, drinking, smoking cigars and challenging most of what he was fed by 1/c about what "enlisted guys" were like. Over the next three years Pat attempted to slowly drive everyone crazy by whistling "Chicago's Greatest Hits," scratching his feet, snoring, checking his e-mail 50 times a day and griping about **real** Philadelphia cheese steaks. Despite all this, he has never been anything but the best friend anyone could ask for. Chapaultepec and Semper Fidelis. RGP

Stephen Darren White
Arlington, VT
Surface Warfare

The Northeastern area of the U.S. brought the Academy a diversified set of pranks. The cream of the crop in a graduating class of 29, the mechanical engineering department will probably never fully recover. Taking advantage of a gullable Midshipman candidate, one did a smashing triple somersault off the three meter board on Steve's account. A prime nominee for plebe year sweat, a last push second class year brought just as much worries. Always dreaming to be a pilot, Steve delivered the SWO community an officer who knows how to take punch. A man of hard core values and beliefs, he would rather die or maybe pass out, than give up. A person whom everyone can count on in the time of need, Steve can best be remembered as a Shipmate and a friend.

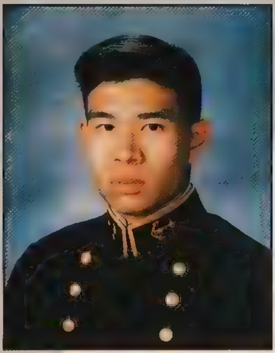
BDL

Wade Eric Wiegel
Cedar Rapids, IA
Marine Corps Pilot

Look out Annapolis, Iowa's own Casanova has arrived and his name is Wade (Stop Staring, Wade! She's got a boyfriend, they all do!) His female scoping eyes were always bigger then his biceps (quit trying to lift Urch's weights you'll hurt your back). A shoulder injury kept Wade from wrestling but he still had visions of being a SEAL until one cold morning in Jan. "This !@#? sucks! Marine Corps is better anyway." A true comedian wanna-be, Wade could always stop the laughter. cixelsyD? Plebe year found Wade in remedial english, however, he moved on to bigger and better things in Mech E.? Stay away from the Darksiding Ski-bunnies. Damn XO, if you can't get enough stripes, date 'em. Another year of tailgaters and your truck would have fallen apart. Shootin' the hooch: "Do you have any wine for concert tix." Warning: The Surgeon General has found that plebes can give you gray hair ...and pleasure. Yut yut sweetpea! JJD SKH TAH PJD

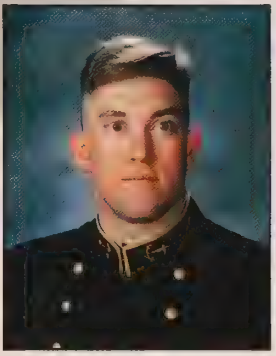
Michael David Wimer
Kingwood, TX

Darren C. Wu
Oak Brook, IL
Surface Warfare



Darren was here and left. Now on to the good stuff. But officer, I'm going to be a Marine. You wouldn't listen to me but I told you: when you find the right one there's no need to play the field, and you can't give roses to just friends. 12345 1234 whew! Ring Dance. I never did make it to Gettysburg. Post a warning for those stupid seatbelts. Does this sound familiar: I promised her I wouldn't tell anyone. Deer, Deer, DEERRRR!!! Ok, I'll use animal next time. At least you got along with Mark and yes there are no normal people in Cali. Five star accommodations in Boston, Hi Stacy...Hi Stacy. So anyway, did he get the owl? For the record, I've seen Carrie and she does exist. Too many arguments, not enough time. How much do I owe you? MRC (So what are you doing Friday, can Jason come???)

Mark W. Zipsie
Baraboo, WI
Marine Corps



Wake up late honey put on your clothes
Take your credit card to the liquor store
That's one for you and two for me by tonight
I'll be loaded like a freight train
Flyin like an aeroplane
Feelin like a space brain one more time tonight
I'm on the nighttrain, bottoms up
I'm on the nighttrain, fill my cup
I'm on the nighttrain, Ready to crash and burn.
(William Bailey '87)

Yesterday seems as though it never existed
Death greets me warm, now I will just say goodbye.
(Hetfield, Ulrich, Burton, Hammett '84)

I never played life by the rules, so why should I start now?
(Bad Karma)

Thanks, for the good and the bad.
See you on the other side.
Zip

23rd
COMPANY
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Paul Bernard Bryant
Middleburg, FL
Submarines

Hmmm, well ... let me see. He's been called many things throughout his 4 years here: Flash, Peanut Butter, Bear, Beast, Rain Man before we settled upon P.B. P.B. could be found either reading comic books, practicing Judo, or walking outers during his free time. Most of his time, though, he spent eating...eating...eating("Hmmm..that smells pretty good"). When he went out on the town he could often be spotted in his pimpin' attire (black hat and vinyl maroon jacket). It must work because he knows every female mid in the Brigade ... but do they know him? He had a memorable stay at Devil Dog and later Leatherneck ... or did they have a memorable stay on him? Throughout all of the adversity P.B. proved that he was not a quitter as he is getting ready to graduate. Good luck in the Nuke community buddy.
P.S. Joy says hi!

Tara Ann Caroselli
Lincroft, NJ
Surface Warfare

Stallion,Casarolli,Wubaselli - From exit 8, Tara showed up I-DAY in polo tee, cut off's & savage lifeguard tan. W/ smiling face w/o 12" of sun-bleached blond hair Dad chopped. Plebe year - This Basketball recruit was ready for hoops, not chow calls. Her 1st year wasn't as planned, but she did great even w/ UNC applications mailed (thanx for not leaving me solo:ily-b). Youngster year & Sum-Sem began Tara's rage w/ multiple romance's; seals, pilots, classmates, & the KNIGHT in shining armor (oops, shining Ferrari). '92 grad party he tried to DISCO into her life; by Xmas B-ball was slow but the Ferrari was fast. 1/C Summer miles to Athens on her new black JEEP. AC year, miles on our new cars to BWI. SPARE? time was filled as 23rd Co. Cdr & NAFAC Midn-Director (no more hoops). Non-travelling weekends included P's, Mrs. P's, movies & raging downtown w/ wet toes:) Wherever the Navy takes us, we'll always be THE 3 MUSKETEERS! (Newport watch-out)
ILY, RJI & JBJ :)

Christopher Lee Caudill
Peru, IN
Surface Warfare

C.L. Caudill, C^2, the self-avowed "only boy from Indiana who can't play basketball," the company football team's entire offensive and defensive lines. That chest full of hair you're growing will certainly make some woman a fine rug someday. Hell, in 5 or 6 years you'll be in your favorite female age group. Lucky for me that you didn't fall victim to the 2% club--who else would I have enjoyed all that Food, Fun, and **FIREWATER** with. Whether two-steppin' or calmly polishing off the keg (and just as calmly passing out), you're one hell of a guy. From USNA you go to Mayport, where the sun always shines and the bridges ***never ice over.*** Yeah, bud, you'll be alright. Be wary, an errant ray of sunshine might ever take you by surprise. Be sure you "take better care of yourself," and remember, "Lightning never strikes the same place (ship?) twice." EJL

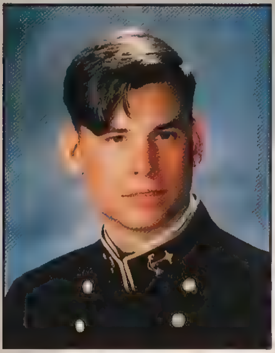
Tracy Lynn Clark
Indianapolis, IN
Surface Warfare

Tracy came to USNA from the land of the Hoosier with her dance shoes in hand. A "grueling" schedule (obviously due to her "difficult" economics major) allowed her to be constantly busy with several ECAs - Alumni Hall and the Mansion saw her more than we did! She seemed to keep most busy with D&B in the fall (you want it when???) and the musical in the spring (remember the ping-pong balls, cat's eyes, and a pas de deux with a 2/c?). Despite more than a few run-ins with a certain SWOrrior, she has come to graduation and "decided" to go SWO herself - a great ship, good roommate, and a beautiful homeport beckon...crypto will just have to wait. Good luck at SWOS and see you when you head west! By the way, are you two dating or what? BJH

Adan Gilberto Cruz
Brentwood, NY
Surface Warfare

Pre-Jane: The Long Island Latin Lover, 2 halves: Felipé, the kind-hearted Puerto Rican, and Gilberto, the shrewd New Yorker...starts off as the 4th of July troublemaker, but you have achieved your youngster goal and then some: oh, that Luscious King Hall food...42nd street...Tijuana...A.C. and beautiful San DIego, claims he still possesses the charm as a player, but it seems he won't have to worry about that since he met the whip. . . Post-Jane: Carrying stripes, and stars he ruled with an iron fist of well intentioned justice but settled-down under the blanket of security, but one that remains ringless. Wild times in this stage: Friday nights at Harry's. . .(And, Yes that's it!) Conservatism, practicality, rule the man now... (I hear four door Saturns come complete with child restraint systems.) The backbone of the Navy will be the benefactor when Adan's at the Conn. -SMK

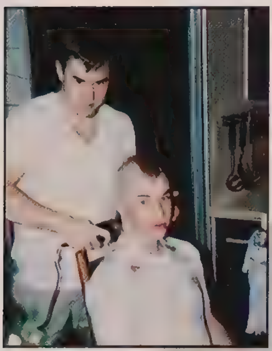
Garth Peter DeVries
Edgewater, MD
Surface Warfare



Young Garthette came to us from the beaches of Hawaii...tan, thing, and remarkably tame. What happened to him then is quite a different story...he met Captain Morgan, conquered Mt. Gay, and found the light...WOMEN! (gradually) First came junior prom, then senior, then three high school invites for one trip to O.C...but it wasn't until his braids, beads, and Caribbean tan that Ms. Fun-for-Garth from U Pitt came along. Stac, you found the friendliest lightweight in existence. Speaking of friendly, Garth...make-overs at Kevin's, in limo's...What the hell? Lipstick, blush, and eye shadow really doesn't do much for you...stick to pears and braids and eventually you'll find your calling. NY, AC, Bermuda, Bahamas, Cozumel, Key West, Warden Field, and the back seat of T-Rock's Prelude being just some of his tracks...watch out Mayport, this is no ordinary man. Its been fun "dude." Our memories have made it all worth it -- TCO

Kevin Dean Glathar
Deshler, NE
Marine Corps Pilot

Was a LCPL in the wing. That's O.K. Seized up and after a 10 year engagement is going back. Still O.K., since if you can't be a jock on the ground you might as well be a jock supporter in the air. Freak just existed until 2nd class year when he moved into the Bunker. Then he got full benefit with painting squirrels, birthday parties, rod, shaft, and left over spaghetti noodles in the flower pot. Scarface redefined Army week with his raw sewage trick. Those plebes didn't want to believe it, but OH YES, it was true. Maybe if he spent more than $10 on a bike at the dive school he wouldn't be forced by his wife to wear a helmet everywhere. We wish you the best and hope Mal opens her purse and gives you back what's rightly yours. You may need them sometime soon. Semper Fi



Grant George Goodrich
Akron, OH
Marine Corps

Grant, oh Grant, with your hair so high and tight; where did you get that bark, it keeps me up all night?! You're just a good ol' boy from Ohio, never mean'n no harm; loves mom, american pie and the Cleveland Browns. You are a true romantic, just waiting for the right girl to assault your heart. Aspiring for greatness, you put a fear of God in the heart of every Plebe within hearing distance of your bellows. (But we all know that you are a softie!) As with everything, hard work and determination earned you honors in 150's. You eventually found yourself up on 4-1 (and I hope those Stripers like the Beatles as much as you do!) The Marine Corps has found yet another good man. Take care, Semper Fi, and God bless. DSS, JWK

Bartt Gabriel Greene
North Bend, OH
Marine Corps Pilot

Bartty, little Bartty. Making the "BUNKER" complete, without you Paul and Kevin would have had quite a time getting good ole Mark P. into the "BUCK" and out into the hall. Like Kirk says, you finally joined the "RANKS" of real men - Boy was she holding the whip firm for awhile - on that note, maybe you should eat a little more too, that might help you fill out like a real man. We all know that you know what a full mouth is like, so fill it, with food that is. You may think it is the weights that will bulk you up, but it is actually the SUSTAPAUL, chromosome shake. I dream of Jeannie B., at least when the goggles are on! And oh that rod. Let's you and I go have a few so I can take on the All East Coast Boxer on Tara's front Lawn. Someday I'll come rescue you when your "snake" gets shot down.

Semper Fi.
pwu,kdg,lpr

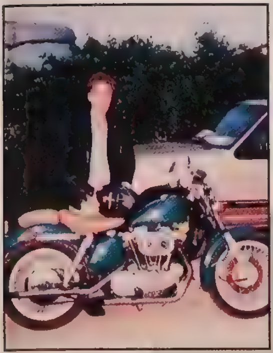
Christian Michael Horak
Portland, OR
Navy Pilot

Chris came to us from 3000 miles away, and as he would have you know, Portland, Oregon IS God's gift to earth. A sea-lawyer at heart, he came to Annapolis with the intentions of flying those high-speed-type planes, which after four years progressed into the lust to fly the high performance P-3 (Smooth transition to TWA). Plebe year we picked majors, and it was the aviator's way, or no way--English it had to be. (Hey, we all picked em'). Third class year brought a whole new dimension to his "short" character. Always searching to make up for that bit of height that God never gave him, he turned to sideburns and grunge bands (yea, I'm from Portland--I saw Pearl Jam live...). But then it all changed. Second Class year he heard the calling from 3000 miles away, (or should we say, did the calling), and the "fiber optic" whip he could not evade--not even to this very day. But then again, I guess 3 and half years together in a 4x4 room will do that to you. (Are you mad? Are you going to pull me off the bed...Rip my shirt...Throw the hacky sack at my ?...Doesn't bother me...) Thanks for everything--the advice, the talks, the memories. See you in medical...JAV

Steven M. Jaureguizar
Winchester, VA
Surface Warfare

Steve comes from Winchester, Va. or is that Winchester WVa.? Mr. Alphabet came here with a psycho girl friend, that he finally dropped after he saw the light when she was going to become "grey trou". Maybe you broke-up because you couldn't "measure up" to those Army guys. It could have been during one of those "Breakfast Club" meeting that we straightened you out and made you see the light. You have been a great roommate even when we had the big freeze of '92. We are all wondering why you never brought your sister up to the Academy? Are you trying to keep her in the dark? I'm sure one of us could have given her a few pointers. MJW

P.S. I hope you have learned that puking into your glass at dining-ins is not proper etiquette. Sleeping on watch is not a proper place to be while you're on watch.

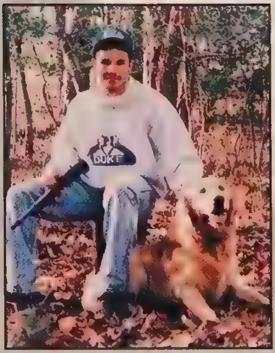


Mark Douglas Johnson
Lexington, KY
Surface Warfare

Our first memories of Mark: Bozo the Clown or Count Dracula - see your reflection lately? Then there is late night hockey in Dahlgren - which led to Blue Christmas - Bancroft style, nice sweater though, things would get better - second class civies, nice jacket - where did you get the spikes? Not to mention the boots and the rest of the wardrobe - nice hair! Heard you were a major supporter of “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell,” Good music choices - NOT! Depeche Wussies, right? - Speaking of habits - Making ‘Tracks’ for D.C. Only with Jen’s permission - made it to HB’s, but the stomache didn’t hack it. At least you will always have the Hogg - little noisy isn’t she? - take care of her in Diego, we know you will love the SWO life, but someday the Navy will see the light and you will see Coronado - keep the sand out of your shorts - Good luck - LPR, EJL, C^2, PWU, BGG

James William Keck
Barnesville, PA
Medical Corps

The “Rat Man” came with the purity of Snow White. After nearly 3 years of exposure to former roommie, The Master, he has certainly learned the ways of life? Jim has always been a kind & caring man, but he must learn the craft of handling the hardest, most difficult thing- a woman. To that end, Jim has taken to heart the adage that younger is better! The former wrestling stud could never handle the young ones and soon turned to country music and has never looked back (to everyone’s sorrow). Friday night studying paid off, now he’s a real dog and can go out and join hunt at will. The Keckster still has his “eraser fits” and no longer races to the room to turn on the stereo. Since he has started to learn the “technique” I trust that he will finally- after a long journey- become a man. KLC



Sean Michael Kranick
Raleigh, NC
Surface Warfare

Sean Kranick, apple pie, all-america, North Carolina, high school quarterback, Mustang convertible playing Van Halen - he was the glory boy. “He followed Glory all his days...” Sean is everybody’s brother. The knife of Ac boards barely escaped him ... several times (we all hope he isn’t unsat at swos or in the fleet). However, the clock has beat him as he has reclaimed his “innocence” by default twice during his stay (this, of course, does not include the $300 favor). His study habits were amazing, they included folding laundry, four trips to the microwave, and pulling at the thinning hair. Maybe that’s why they didn’t work. This hoo-yah should make a great impression on some rock-band in Seattle as a drummer and a SWO by telling ski stories, car stories and glory days stories. The same good impression he made on the Dant when he came back from break looking like Grizzly Adams.

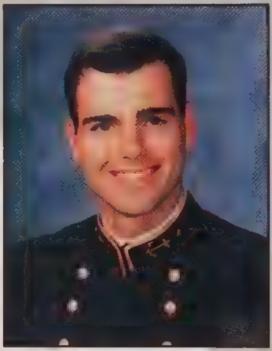
Eric James Lednicky
Richmond, TX
Navy Pilot

E. J. Lendicky..Lednisky..Ludnecky.. well, you know who I mean. Where is home Texas? New Mexico? or Illinois? Plebe year, he never forgot to shave, because it’s important to look good in uniform. A total gung pup for the Corps. The only Corps, the Drum and Bugle Corps. EJ gives new meaning to the words double E: UP! all night. Thanksgivings are never a dull moment. “I’m fine right where I’m at!”...Yaaaak. We ditched the idea of driving back so that we could spend more time at home. Ever the social drinker, EJ never gets carried away, “I had eight!” Firstie year was the greatest. The AHBA found us a second home at the county line where we could boot scoot and boogie with a little less talk and a lot more action. Here’s to the best friend a guy could ever have, thanks for the memories. CLC

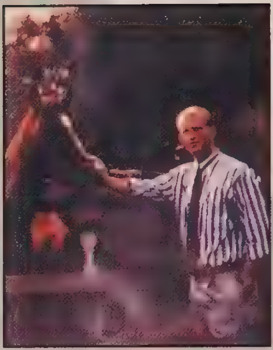
Erin James Nickles
Mays Landing, NJ
Surface Warfare

Erin came to us from the southern shores of Jersey on a basketball scholarship. It's too bad they would only take managers of the same sex. I would have liked to see Hot Lips in action on M.O.'s. Plebe year meant a lot of B-ball and a charter membership in the Brew Crew. Ding, Ding, restriction squad, departing. Things took off from there. Charleston and James Taylor, Camping trips, the hazy PCR, U2 and Hoop it up in O.C., Road trips to see the Awesome Amer, the Big Blue Truck, pushing the Green Machine through the flood, Lax tailgators, and Maryland B-Ball. Hey has the new S.I. come yet? How'd Indiana do yesterday? Why do they call this course Fun Math? Hey Snipe don't lose your foamies. You've got the biggest heart pal. Don't forget the good times, they mean the most. BEST FRIENDS AML TBS

Todd Chandler Owens
Bethesda, MD
Submarines



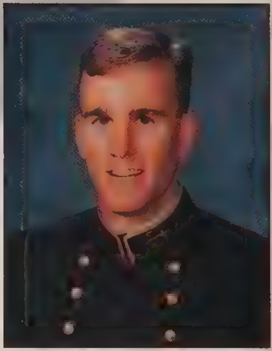
One word sums up T-Rock...Dude. There are many memories but these are the best. His two favorite people, Moyer and Lonergan, will be held close to his heart always. Fun at V's and A. C., not to mention Cheetah's Playground and the wonderful views. "Guys, come to my house." Right, and leave your keys at Lulu's or not bring them at all. Miss Larson, his sixth grade teacher of the finer arts. Then there was his beloved Prelude, and accidents to boot. How many? Five. Five years old? No...fourteen, trains that is. Proms-we can't forget his two high school proms while a mid. Oh was he dashing. Who was that mystery woman in the tent anyway? Then there was his ulterior life with Larry D. and the rest of thirteen, two trips to Pitt and the surface cruise on the Ecstacy. One of the better friends a guy could have. Thanks for it all. GPD
--"Dude, I'm going nuke, you gotta help me."



Mark C. Perrault
New Bern, NC
Surface Warfare

Hey Mark, you got three minutes to formation, you might want to get out of the rack. Who's the lucky girl this month? Deborah, Brenda, Tanya, Jen, Melanie, Kim or April? Whether you were golfing, surfing, "playing squash?", racking, or just plain loafing around, one thing's certain: studying definitely comes last on your list. But don't worry, AOE-8 ARCTIC won't sail without you. Oh yeah, we forgot Jessica, Tasha, Malinda, Jennifer, Lori, Vicki and Cassie. If times get tough and you feel your head slipping under, just remember that you can always let go of the stone. Dancing was never easy, but here's a few TIPS: quick, quick, slow, slow. It'll come with time, P-ralt. Oh, and speaking of tips, here's a surf board in your eye. Never forget the nineteenth hole. Three semesters of you snoring and *amazing* late-night outbursts!--we'll never forget. C^2, EJL

Lewis Philip Rhodes
Highland, NY
Marine Corps



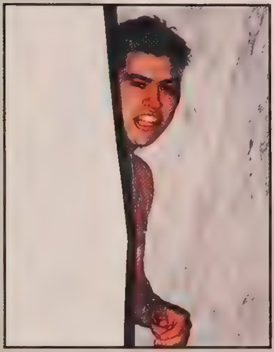
Me, myself and I... Even before I came to USNA I knew I was great. I had 9 varsity letters in high school and I wouldn't be surprised if I was technically a genius. When I arrived at USNA I continued to surpass those around me. Pleve summer was really easy (especially for me), and then I graced the school by going out for the crew team. 3/C year found me helping my classmates (the brief WAS important). New NCAA regs were big for a while and now I have the 7th best erg time in the country. I almost got serious with Amanda, but we broke up. I feel sorry for her. Doing a Trident this year (told you I was smart). Gives me time to show the girls of Annapolis a real man. They really like me until they get to know me... We wish you the best of Luck, Lewis (as if you need it).
Semper Fi BGG

Daniel Scott Sameit
Virginia Beach, VA
Surface Warfare

Dammit, Sameit! Where's your cover? Why did you come here? "To get and education, sir!" And with that admission, Dan, you embarked upon your Academy experience. It was a tough Plebe Year, but we both made it. (Tape made for a great tuck, huh?!) Youngster Year and bottle rockets was a sleepy blur. 2/C: You just couldn't resist setting your buddy up on a blind date, ushering in the era of SBC girls and e-mail. I'll remember those roadtrips to VA Beach, Gettysburg, Barnesville, SBC, JHU. Hey pal, I hooked you up big time for Ring Dance! 1/C: Ah...21: Sorry about that body hair (NOT!) We finally beat Air Force, and changed our first alternator...all in the same day. A girl and a computer captured your attention, but you repaid Ring Dance with another blind date. Thanks for the cellular, but especially for your friendship. God bless. JWK

Paul Walter Urbine
Savannah, GA
Marine Corps

Hailing from Sherman's christmas present to Lincolon (it IS over), an all male, catholic, military high school (three strikes and you're screwed), and the Green Wave, Pauli came to USNA ready to give attitude. He did (Gallagher's mattress) and got plenty back in return (Moyer's rifle butt mere inches from his head and hanging a stocking in Mother B). Things improved dramatically once he got to the Bunker. He met the acquaintance of a good friend 2/C year (Jack) with whom he had a brief, but violent fling. No hard feelings though -- Mr. Daniels still visits every once in a while. More flings followed -- Paul was introduced to even DARKER enemies. N.L.,B.T.,J.S.,L.S.,E.N. and also PIIYM. There are bright spots in his life -- bright yellow 454 and even though he didn't get what he wanted, he saw the light. It was green and said "Go infantry." Just remember: they're ALL psycho. If I'm not on the ground with you, I'll be above you (still looking out for you.) Just give me 10 minutes...
BGG MDJ



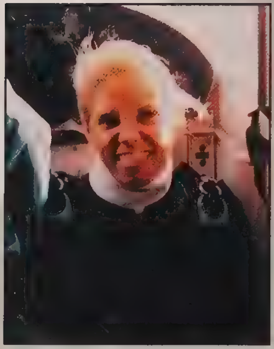
Johnny Andrew Vanslyke
Springfield, MO
Medical Corps

The "slickster" - *bandito* came to the boat school from Springfield, MO - valedictorian, capt. of the football team, "Van's '47", and girl in tow. Slurred, but loud, menus plebe year. Then you wanted to be an engineer and go subs (study lamp marathon - 0230 nightly!)... "Hey, we all picked 'em, some of us twice," but you finally came around and had fun. Youngster cruise, the Rose City and I wasn't even home! 2nd semester plebe year roommates 'til now...7 semesters and you still don't clean! Show us up, all GQ with foo-foo on. Coffee, Melrose Place, and good conversation. HEALTH (magazines, meals, and med school). Cameo roles as hockey player, pro baseball outfielder, and practical car owner. Nap for 20 minutes, never hear the alarm, no talking before 0700. So good and polite we had to make fun of you. Four years and we made it through together...best friends and brothers. Good luck Andy, I'll never forget you. CMH

Matthew Jarrett Wukitch
Pittsburgh, PA
Surface Warfare

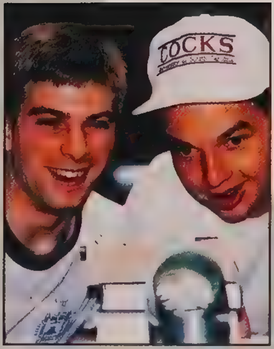
With a name like Wukitch and the way you cruised through "The Star Spangled Banner", we thought you were a spy... After some bonding and The Breakfast Club, we knew you at least had to have a green card, though. In remembrance of your general attitude about things, I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOTTA DO THIS CRAP! THIS IS STUPID! Oh, by the way, since they took away Rob's E-mail account and Garth does his laundry at home now, gotten in any trouble lately? I guess screaming obscenities in some officer's face instead of at Gus is a good enough try, though. If we ever need an opinion, we certainly know who to come to. (So do those 47 after your trip to the Dept. of Justice...) We know how you love the Navy, Matt, but don't worry, it's only five years. Best of Luck (don't let 'em hear what you think!) S.M.J.

24th
COMPANY



Amy N. Bauernschmidt
Wauwatitosa, WI
Navy Pilot

Hailing from M'waukee via NAPS, Amy joined us at Camp USNA. The aquanut had to choose between crew and swimming. After years of earning N*'s in psycho sports with no Spring Breaks, she found herself into boats, bagels, boys, and ergs. She dedicated herself to rowing 2/C year and earned herself with three stripes, hers and his. Starting with the "dreaded" first date -- three times a charm. New Year's at Disney World. The adventures of B-alphabet and her wondertwin B13 are legendary. From Killian's mugs and Monterey Jack sticks (mooooooo) to Harry's wine bottles to bed?, with her halos radiating innocence. Still the question exists...are men...? Deep thoughts denim shirt. Stoopid boy ones. Lucky pennies. NO mids- Lulu's. 8 Dec Griffin's birthday party. If you're not a J or an M--FORGET IT! Floods and droughts. Thanks for Jill watch. May Pensacola bring



Stuart R. Blair
Lennox, SD
Submarines

Coming from Sioux Falls, SD, Stu was so overwhelmed by all the social activities at the Academy, that he forgot how to sleep. For a while, he overlooked the world outside of Mother B and Rickover Hall since he spent every waking moment on NARC projects, and "Can you take my duty?" became a common greeting. Stu's quest for knowledge was not normal, NARC became Stu and Stu became NARC. Stu thrived at 30 hours a semester. "GOD I LOVE THIS STUFF!" Uptight doesn't do him justice. That loaded finger was death to anyone who didn't know the capital of SD. Luckily, local women's colleges opened his eyes to the world, among other things. Towel off Stu, you're a nuke now, so you don't have to work at BK over leave. Good Luck, and don't ever let anybody tell you you're "too small" to play again. - RM, LH

Josh Evan Dittmar
Chantilly, VA
Navy NFO

"I know O Lord that a man's life is not his own, it is not for man to direct his steps." Jer. 10:23
Kemo hails from distant Chantilly, VA., 2nd generation USNA, but not USMC. Known for God-given leaps, one of the original "MacDonough five." Were you ever awake in class? 4/c year: Vertin, 1000 shelf clips?, 110 demerits?, JV Hoops, "Hi Dave", homicide attempt on Roger, Bermuda w/Watson, 3/c-V-ball walk-on (and walk-off), Seth's wedding, BALTOPS (underway again?), 2/c-Daytona with Runga (guitar instructor extraordinare), "Day of Justice", Julie?, GOD's power revealed, 1/c-Nav's Core Team (the boys!), BATT DAPA (can you say Hook?), IHH "roomie tax", "How many Denny's does HWY 50 have?", Daytona II w/ Brent. My closest BRO, early morning prayer (if not in the Rack), Road-trip!! (Indy, WV), accountability, NO PALM, you're an amigo that sticks closer than a brother...Prov 18:24...RPK

Richard Ronald Dowdy
Ardmore, TN
Intelligence

Rick came to us from the land down under, that's right, Ardmore Tennessee, where the men are men, the women are young, and they still don't believe the North won the war. He came to good old USNA with the lofty aspirations of being a pilot. Unfortunately, as his QPR digressed, and his appointments to medical progressed, he realized he'd be looking for another line of work. Nevertheless, Rick's plans were finalized by the good old docs after pre-comms where he got the bonus plan (that's two words right?) and was NPQ'd from everything except Marine Corps and Staff Corps. Guess they needed a little extra cannon fodder this year in the Corps. Well, Service Selection has come and gone and it looks like Rick will be in the intelligence community for at least the next 5 years. The time has gone fast and its hard to believe we'll be in the fleet soon. Good luck finding intelligence. I mean being a part of it. GCL

Joseph Anton Eckstein
Littleton, CO
Navy NFO

Joe came to the Academy because he lost at the dog track. His long term luck hasn't changed much, but he's still looking for a system. We got to know Joe because of youngster cruise. Nicknames and walls came his way on this pleasure cruise. Second Class year brought him new roommates and great relations with superiors. Never shining away from a bet or a spirit, Joe spent some nights. He's especially fond of the streets of San Juan. The end of 2/C year brought our introduction to that wholesome girl from the wild west. We loved her so. Ho-chi, good luck, fair winds following seas, and long odds on a sure thing.

P.S. The dog tracks aren't far from P-cola. SAE, JRM, BCP, RAH

Seth Alan Evans
Virginia Beach, VA
Surface Warfare

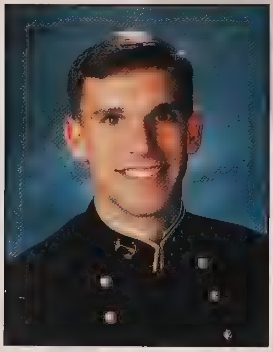
Seth joined us a Navy brat from VA beach with an open mind, liberal spirit and impeccable morals. Despite the breakup of the Superb team of Evans and Anchondo, he survived plebe year. The Wahoo from the Old Dominion occupied his time and pleasures plebe and youngster year. But his separation from her led to his entrance into the real estate business, even though he was rubbed wrongly by a scabby distraction. Youngster year brought the acquisition of Shady Grove, with many a spirited nights and foreign liaisons. 2/C year brought the terrible three the desert weeks of double secret probation and the Oasis of Bill's visit, and those covert missions to the cellar and the magic pizza. 1/C Year brought a berth to Rugby Nationals and Monday night classes at U of M. Where could those lead?

Good Luck, wherever life may take you. JRM, BCP, JAE, RAH

In Ho Ha
Eatontown, NJ
Submarines

The Haaster comes to USNA from Eatontown, NJ..via NAPS and leaves us for Nuke school and sunny FLA. A true disciple of BRUCE, and a frequenter of Griffin's, Harry's and other local establishments. 150's taught him starvation, Tony taught him libation, USNA taught him ???. Sportin' the 'STANG, speeding tickets?, I am not arguing that with you.., Spades- "quick game to 500, are you an addict?" A smooth dresser (thanks to his fashion consultant Kemo), lover of Kimchee and firm adherent to the "well rested.. WELL RESTED" theory. Never in any conduct trouble? BALTOPS- "thanks capt." (Uh, You're in the hurt locker Mr. Ha") Always willing to shell out "roomie tax". NOT a morning person, prior to the first POT of coffee. A great guy, a true shipmate, a loyal comrade, and a helluva roomie. Best of Luck.. God Bless.. JED

Roger Allen Hardy
Wethersfield, CT
Marine Corps Pilot



Roger came to us from Connecticut via the set of "Leave it to Beaver." The all-american man from the all-american family. Roger known for his smarts showed his brains once by the Gazebo, we wouldn't have believed it the next morning had it not been for the phantom photographer. Roger always running, trying never to get caught finally did one night at Fells Point. He was cordial as always, even with a little solid on his wardrobe for the first time. Roger returned to the Dark Ages of 2/C year with a swing in his step and new thoughts in his head. With these many trips to Duke ensued. In between these road trips Roger has done well this first class year with stripes on his shoulders and a plebe haircut to match. Good Luck in the Corps and always check your "Six". BCP, JRM, SAE, JAE

Leon Andrew Higgins
Louisville, KY
Navy Pilot

Leon, Higgie, Mohammad-aLeon...Tennis pro, captain of the swimming team. You can't hear Bob or Jimi. No really,...Leon's perpetual presence (How many summer schools?) undoubtedly brightened the entire company. "Higgins! You wigglin', jigglin', ball of *#@%!"(sound familiar?) Survived a semester with "The Glazed Chicken" but failed to transfer his uncanny survival skills to his fish. Second-class year Leon added stock in Ben & Jerry's to his already impressive portfolio of CD's, tennis rackets, car stereo's, and other assorted gadgets. Ring Dance date? Relative? Married? Senior year Leon discovered Fire Water and moved on to 151...next time blow it out first. Superbowl Sunday...who played again? Now Leon is "riding the wagon" to the Butte. He'll need to get off there. Where's Earle, NJ anyway? Hopefully someday you can have a ball with Mary Joe or Sing with Sade. p.s. Michael is guilty. - JT, SB

John Michael Holmes
West Chester, OH
Navy Pilot

JMH, Road trips. A model of WHAT?...SHOES? Just throw a flag over her face and call her old glory. GL's worst nightmare. Sure I'll go one for one with you(265 # man). Sports trivia. I'll pitch. P-cola. Tetris master. 1230 time for a round. So how DID you get my PHONE #? NHO's with a touch. Exsqueezeme. Safety. It was a WHITE CELICA!! 37 hours from CINCY? Spades anyone? Why so picky when it comes to food? Aero, what a weak major. You owe us a dollar. You did WHAT on Hospital Point? With WHO? A haunted HAYRIDE that ended with a cold shoulder. Can you say DIS!! My Visa is on the bar...I will get DRUNK. Use the FORCE J...A YOUNGSTER? Come to PGH...What makes you think I WON'T be home? HARDLY down for the count. Potato soup. What was that LIQUID in your BED, anyway? Gramps can I use YOURS? Keep IT UP! SMP

Michael Howard Johnson
Lilbourn, MO
Marine Corps Pilot

Well Mike, after four years of sweating bullets, you finally made Marine Air. Now you only need to find out what the Corps is all about. You've come far, New Madrid, MO... not quite the hood you think you're from. Maybe one day you and Cube can roll in your '94 and step up to Janet. You're 22 now, maybe you'll be able to say something to that dream girl without CHL or JT to do the work for you - "You gotta hook me up man, I'm SHY.". You didn't seem to have trouble with women in company. One a year from every class. Seriously BF, DOORKNOB!!! You are MJ out there shooting the rock, but we wouldn't call you AIR or MAGIC. Next time, look before you plant the ball between MG's eyes. Good luck, stay off the slap list, and remember we're your Huckleberry. - JT, MG, LH, DW

Thomas James Landis
York, PA
Surface Warfare

TJ, 4 yrs by the bay and roommates for 3. Just when we thought it was over, Newport. We have shared a game of paper ftbl or 2 in the late night hours. Played volbal and sep his shoulder. To boot a nut and bolt in the leg. What a VCR! It's a long fly ball to center-snag. Sorry about the RACING STRIPES. Tailgaters on the blue Z. Boston dancers. Prince Edward TWINS. The bombing of the YP's. I guess we will always be together. The race for the ACE. Would you quit touching me. Oh yes she will be mine. TJ you were a wonderful guy who I know will always give it his all in all you do. Thom Swoyer keep bangin' away. Did you say use a RAZOR in Virginia? Everybody dance now! Keep up the good work. Best of luck old man. Safety. Nude dancebar? I didn't think so. SMP

Gregory Joseph Lane
Hamilton Square, NJ
Marine Corps Pilot

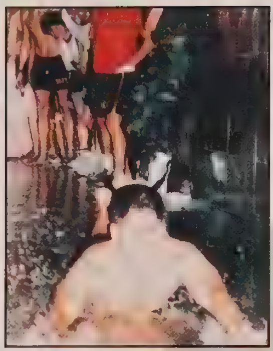
GRAMPS. Always available to lend you his mouth...and opinions. Plebe year...Experiments included tying gramps to the rack and shot-puttin' gramps at closet doors...what a rude awakening for Hardly (already in the rack). Youngster year, we'll forget about the grades...well, you still got Marine ground (Can you say LEGACY?). Second class year...the CHIT...What!, with your clothes on?!...ring dance...Did you really need a Youngster friend with an available sister for a date? Then, you dated his OTHER sister? Firstie year...you saw WHO! naked (I'm sorry) ...Finally, a LETTER SWEATER. How'd yah get that?...Girl's soccer?...things that make you go HM-M-M-M. THE BET...I know you owe both me and S a dollar. A financial burden. Did you ever eat dinner in King Hall?, NOT...sponsor and sponsor's daughter 200 feet away, ON THE YARD. Have fun in USMC. Boomer.

Garrett Charles Lunde
Kingsburg, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

Garrett arrived from the back hills of Kingsburg, California, never doubting what he wanted most in life was to fly, play in the mud and communicate in one syllable words. So naturally he signed up to serve his stint in Marine Air, The only reason being he thought he could do more damage in a plane than with a gun. Hard to believe its been four years. It's been interesting, that's for sure. Between skydiving and gun control (putting rounds on target) I'm surprised we found time to study (Did we?). Is that why you went General Science? How many cars and girlfriends did you end up going through? Every time I see a Camaro I'll remember you and your '69 (Hoo Rah). I wonder where the Balt-Ops mobile is now--Paper clips Maybe!?!? You know you're supposed to wait until you get to the drop zone or flight school before you try the yaw, pitch and roll thing. Good luck in the Corps. RRD

John Rodney Messick
Troy, AL
Navy NFO

Rod ventured to Annapolis and Canoe U. to both escape marriage and become an officer. At first he thought he would never find another, but there was always Hotel Dahlgren for ole Buddha. Youngster year he found his niche sailing the waters of the Eastern Shore. However, on one occasion Rod ran aground in his whites and his sloop was nowhere to be found. He still mustered enough energy to change and start all over. 2/C year brought a change for Rod instead of 24th Company you could always find him at 33 west street. Instead of meeting those of the fairer sex there Rod ventured a farther and in a wider spectrum. 15-31 was Rod's parameters. However, he has settled on the track to Frederick and the favors of Hood College. Good luck Rod and sleep in your own bed.
SAE, BCP, JAE, RAH
By the way she was 8 foot ten.



Ricardo Miagany
Sacramento, CA
Marine Corps

From sunny CA, or was it Paraguay, CHL hit the Academy rolling at full speed. MG's antics were to quickly become legendary, from an oversized gourd, to the magnificent feat of pouring himself into his powerlifting suit. Jane Fonda? Bruce Lee? Michael Jordan? Julio Iglesis? Chesty Puller? Chuck Yeager? and Sumo wrestlers were all temporary idols of the fickle Fathead. His uncontrollable libido introduced Ricky to darksiding (4/C?), parasitic lifeforms, bronco busting, full body lotions, and self-fulfilling showers, Gany's escapades immortalized the butt-draft, streaking, tears for the Corps, and body hair removal (ouch that was too close dude). It is still debated whether it was El Papito's cat like reflexes or eagle vision that precluded crashed Corvettes, destroyed snowmakers, and broken geekers (thanks Mike). Who'd ever forget the writhing mass of Miagany competing diligently for hard-body honors. all the best in the Corps.

Michelle E. Montgomery
Fredericksburg, VA
Surface Warfare

Michelle ventured from a small Southern Town plump & single. On the first day of 2nd set detail a high school sweetheart reappeared wearing 4 stripes only to embarrass her by calling her name in the hall. By Thanksgiving plebe yr she was trimmed & "married". While still married, EOSL 3/c yr. brought Myrtle Beach w/Laura, Jack, and Troy and only 2 beds. After a late night dancing Michelle returned to find only one spot open to sleep-next to Troy, oops! It was 2/c yr. that she came into her own. Running took off earning her XC team captain and eventually 4 N stars. And then the dreaded happened: KB. By 2/c ring dance all was better & James and the Polysci Princess made marriage plans official. The only real problem Michelle had was the extent of her conversational topic especially around track - JAMES. Now she ventures off to the "real world" as Mrs. Petit. Good Luck. We know you will do well. AB, LH

Elizabeth Sei Okano
Evanston, IL
Surface Warfare

Saiko, the mountain-hiking, granola-chowing, Peace Corps-loving wild woman hailing from Chicago, gave her heart to Lacrosse, Mother Nature and anyone who had a problem. Rarely seen without a smile, Lizard threw herself into the world of Astro, but always found time to hang. Lumpy. Pumpkin. Boochie. Toothpaste. Century Club. Boones nights. Bridges. Groft sass. Windowledge. Hippy and biker. Buffet. Crab Tree Falls. Marathon. Wild Orchid. Low maintenance. Scary stories on starry nights. Snakebite. Thomas Moore. Member of the exclusive club. The avenger. "here, juggle this stick of gum, lax stick, and camping gear 5,000 times." "Just why?" "I know you didn't run today." — nuff said? She was never far from liquids, whether it be conquering a pool or pitcher. In her pursuit of saving the world her genuine compassion and faith will always lend itself to a good cause. We love you and we'll never lose touch. DSM JLW. MS. JO.

Barry Curtis Palmer
Monroe, GA
Surface Warfare

Bo came to us a quiet reserved boy from Georgia. During Plebe year his thoughts were of teeth and other young delights from the Peach state. He has progressed since then. Damneck was a good night that led this young southern gentleman venturing north of the Mason-Dixon line. One of these trips ended with a little paternal influence and another Bo chooses to forget. So Bo returned to Annapolis and Shady Grove never one to turn down a game of three man, the words Sloppy Bo could be heard up and down Meeting House Lane. Along with the cries of the Slant Room "V". Did someone say "hey look I can put my feet up here"? Thanks for all the great times, Good Luck in Newport and Mayport.

Scott Michael Patterson
Pittsburgh, PA
Surface Warfare

SMP..The jog that saved me & Hardly-You're from PA, too?..movie trivia, computer games, nice rack position, Averna- OC & the BUSHwoman- YP's, Boston dancers (the pizza bill?!), Halifax steak, PEI twins+1, Newport beach [you get the dog(s)]-The rose-"Are you from around here?"-success in ENG->History? Slack. Don't forget poetry in the park! Brigade softball, hit the Nissan! End of Sem in the 'burg-Jax beach & beer w/LCDR-The BET - A dancer becomes your forte. Double EZ- The Cellar's wrath, Z-stripes, the ramp & the 'vator (who's Ralph?). Paper football, VCR-less. Stripes galore. 0 for 4 'till Spring '94. SW Orriors alike, nibble, nibble onboard CG. Get a warm, fuzzy feeling, I know you will...TJL.

Jason Robert Jude Testa
Saint Cloud, MN

Hailing from St Cloud MN, he personified the Scandinavian Viking. His blue eyes and curly golden locks garnered him many a broken heart as well as angry company officers. Word spread that he had a heart in every company. Jason's desire to socialize was prodigious and led to such novelties as the shower chair, Pepto-Bismol shots, and CCD with a hangover. Jason's interests always lay far from the textbooks, and his love of the Academy during the summer was notorious. His infatuation with death-defying feats led to rock-climbing, skydiving, bungee jumping in SDB's, and five ac-boards. Unfortunately it also lead to an extended stay at Canoe-U and three unused Airborne billets. Jason loved the unusual: snakes, spiders, unridden bikes, and pseudo-relationships on his terms. His most famous quote, "Can I borrow your car?" Good Luck, Jason. See ya at sea. - DW, RM, LH

Kimberly Kay Uhde
Johnstown, OH
Oceanography

Even though Kim had some insight about academy life from her brother, Jeff '91, she still found the rigors of USNA formidable. Keeping a low profile her plebe year, she worked diligently to successfully meet the challenges of the next three years. "Join the navy and see the world" has certainly been prophetic for her. She sailed to Bermuda and Boston; toured the Pyramids near Cairo; celebrated July 4th with the Russians and returned a "Blue Nose" as a Yorktown (CG-48) sailor on BALTOPS '92; and tested her stomach in a F-14D. The great outdoors was Kim's second home as much of her liberty was spent hiking, camping, or skiing. A proclaimed music lover, she was often found strumming her six string, plucking her banjo, or playing the piano. Best of luck, Kim — you excelled in a place where many merely survive! RC, SH

David Colin Wallis
Queensland, Australia
Marine Corps

From the jungles of New Guinea, via the Outback, Minnesota, and Fun One (LOVE CHIT), Dave introduced us to new levels in pronunciation (Wah-tah), logic ("I'm Right" statistics), and fine cuisine (Vegemite on toast). He didn't go out much willingly; but when he did he went everywhere, including the ladies' bathroom at Griffins - "Amy are you in here?" Hoo-Yah from the start, Dave preferred boxing over dancing and basketball over Brenda - "DAAAVE!". When he joined us in the spring of 91, Dave failed to mention his ball and chain from Boston. We can't wait for the wedding since it took four of us to propose to her. Who's that cute blond on your headboard? The Golden Girl? Who would have thought that this Greek Adonis would be so terrified of JT's harmless snakes. Well David, just avoid criticizing Brenda's driving and you'll be okay. "DITTO" - JT, LH, RM.

25th
COMPANY

Frank Mahlon Bronson
Billings, MT
Navy Pilot

We thought Frank was braindead plebe year. Famous Naval Sayings 1990: "Sir, I'll Find out sir." Bronco came to USNA, in the vanguard of 9 million marching idiots. Plebe tennis saw the beginning of a wonderful love-hate relationship with Coach O: Frank loved to hate him. Outsmacked in Jablow's squad, Frank was undaunted in his quest for professional excellence. Frank demonstrated an uncanny ability to fall asleep anywhere, any time in less than six seconds. Hey is he dead? Youngster Year: Frank learned the finer points of music from Furball. In the fine tradition of Evil Knevil, Frank demonstrated his prowess on rims and in the bushes. 2/C Year: Team Captain --increased exposure to Coach and lots of fun. 1/C Year: Who's on Third? Frank didn't even get past first. Didn't tell Coach where to go; dropped him off instead. Good luck with your Navy career, can't wait to meet your daughter. JMP, JEO, TCH, JDP

Ryan Todd Carron
Edgewood, KY
Navy Pilot

Ryan--AKA Buck--came to us from the great land of Kentucky, land of great booze, fast horses, and even faster women. What else is there in life? Remember surviving the year of the Brown Hornet and still keeping the good ol' boy values that make you the essence of the Eagle. Weekend trips to UVA, Beer Hunter!!! Trips to Baltimore and Washington for the purpose of, shall we say, better views on life? Saving your Bone from the horrors of being picked up in the bar by old, fat women.... Never Have I Ever...(thud). Once a heart-breakee, he turned into a heart-breaker as he finally learned the victory of thrilling. Now you're off to gun with the best. No, I ain't going down on the border, but if I can find a clean shirt--I might. Take care rY, see you in P-Cola (and sooner!) CQH--Bone,DSB

Michael Andrew Carter
Rock Hill, SC
Marine Corps Pilot

Mike was a quiet plebe from South Carolina, eager to please- and avoid the spotlight. Unfortunately, this led to the Saints Come Marchin In Massacre and the infamous Cromwell Room Caper. Is there a drummer in the company? Many owe MC their lives as his cooler head prevailed in tryaning times. D&B MO's more than made up for his busy schedule. Besides, 4 straight Corps titles were nice. Youngster year came and went with Mike realizing that Astro was TOUGH. Hammer was a regular contributor to the Quote Log, sharing his philosophies on old mountains, wet water, trolley, boodie, and the local bubble. Firstie year brought 2 XO's, MTA, and responsibility- Jazz Jam, McGarvey's (Alice), G-town, NYC... Quantico's doors are open for him; he only has to decide whether to use his head or not. Mike's USMC future will be blessed; Dad is always there with him. CPD EP

Christopher Paul Dean
Oxford, CT
Submarines

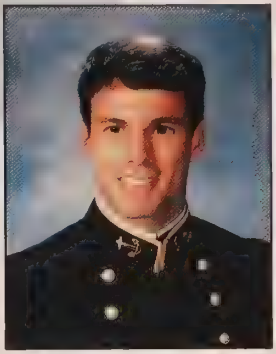
"SHUT UP; I'M PLAYING MY GAME!!" That's all we seemed to hear from you plebe year--typically when we weren't supposed to. Youngster year brought life with Phil. Dean always offered optimistic advice to the room "Give it up. You're just going to fail." Easy for the lone group 3 major to say... 2/c summer and government vehicles brought out the romantic side of our little Don Corleone ("Hit her!"). It was never just a room, it was an adventure! Clown survived swim class and comearounds with cajun-plebe ("BOZE squadron, sir!"). Dino doesn't have to like people though; he's a warrior. Firstie year brought the wisdom of Dean...on driving ("I'm revving up here")...on alcohol ("drink more")...on football (Giants??). The home stretch brought "3 Monts" and [used] wings in the shower, decorator mozzarella, striper sword practice, and the PCR. Thanks for keeping it light, and have fun diving deep.

Robert Vincent Doherty
Plymouth, MA
Surface Warfare

Rob Doherty, AKA STINKY, NIFTY, GRATEFUL, SWIFTY, S.H.T.B.R.D, DISGRACE... The Vin-man definitely developed his foreign relations here at USNA. From his "CUBA" experience to Svetlana DA DA DA-ING her way into his heart I wouldn't be surprised if he moved away to Sweden after completing his SWO-NUT calling. For four years Rob was trying to figure Where he was At, wallowing around trying to find the perfect oriental relaxation technique. I guess Stinky just got tired of grab and go and Ocean City Amazons uttering "Why doesn't he just pass out". Yes I believe he's found LOVE and I wish him the best with Coverdale. These past years have been a ton-of-fun Rob, and we'll have a blast in Newport/fleet. Thanks for all the laughs (The Balcony?), hockey memories (That poor Westchester goalie), and advice. RTM

Allan Dojillo Escobar
Dale City, VA

David Gillette Fagen
Saint Petersburg, FL
Surface Warfare



From Sun to Snow and NAPS to SWO the path taken is long and slow. Many downfalls and needed breaks have resulted from chances I take. With each day survival can pay. Soon sails will set as we get underway. Plebe year and throughout many had doubt. All others pressed that I needed little rest. After many reports and lots of support, the light shines and the white blinds. The cap may fly with a twinkle in my eye, but all is not done. There is a future to take on. Sailing All-Americans and National Champions are all a part of me as I take to the sea. Right from the start I have made it an art to come from behind and boggle the mind. What the future holds we might not see, but one thing is for sure and it is me and the sea.

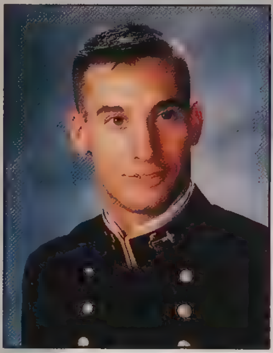
John Formoso
Bergan, NJ
Marine Corps

Midshipman Formoso had no comment on his four years at USNA.

John Patrick Greene
Lewiston, NY
Navy Pilot

One thing is certain, no one racked as well as Pat. When the going got rough (must have been often Mr. History), he racked. When the going was good, he racked. Remember the quote - “Rack or Kathy Ireland?...RACK!” How ‘bout the youngster cover fiasco? “Geez Pat, whatever are you doing?” Well, only the car seats knew the real answer. Remember DJ Laz? You loved my latino music. Then 2/C cruise out in S.D.-more QRT for you, especially when I tried to dethrone you as Brigade Champion. Yeah, TJ, what a city! NOT! TAXI? CHICLAY? 2/C year arguments w/TST, and a new love for both of us-JOY! 1/C year-nothing but rack, no money, and stupid computer games. How did you manage a 2.7 QPR? Well, as they say, well rested, well tested. Good luck out there, and don’t sleep through aircraft movement, buddy. Fly Navy! RAR

Chadwick Quincy Hixson
Laramie, WY
Navy Pilot



Chad came from the hills of Wyoming with the call of the West and a cowboy twang. After making the rounds at NAPS, he came to the Academy as a motivated plebe pioneering the STUDY STARK NAKED CLUB and a brief career as a gymnast. 3/C year saw the first of the trips to UVA where the legend began. Remember the riots we started at the Speed House and the Chi Psi brotherhood (Sure, you knew the way back). 2/C year saw the nickname “Boner” and the good times of Billy’s, stoggies in the window, and a certain wild unmentionable from Oklahoma. Don’t forget the Stonewall trip and your tolerance of a true American Indian. 1/C year saw the frustration of a certain wet Battalion Commander and someone who tied the lariat tight around you, for once. Check your six buddy and see you in the skies. RTC “Buck”

Todd Charles Huber
Rolonda, FL
Navy Pilot

0400—Hube in the Shower. Popp’s pal. 3231 Study Club. Leadership came early—Plebe CC i.e. screen. Kim was true love.
Youngster year: Skippy and the Ice Queen made for an interesting time. Hube has always maintained a keen interest in the cheerleading squad. Football bruises and Motrin. Hube brought home some aquatic friends of his own. Movie theaters and Jersey have always been good. Pan, Pan, Pizza, Pizza. Second Class year: Todd found a date with more stripes than he had, and it wasn’t Fahey. How’s the grass behind the Chapel?
First Class year: Laura who? Finally bought stock in the cheerleading squad. BZ, big guy. Stripes galore. Frat? Doesn’t count cause he’s a big striper. Why Navy Air all of a sudden? Miss Saigon brought Hube back to his senses. Have fun turnin and burnin and maybe you’ll get Switz in your sights someday. FMB, JMP, JDP, JEO

Alicia Maria Lynch
Cerritos, CA
Surface Warfare

No, Sir, I don't have a twin sister here—Why didn't you greet me?—Because I don't know you, Sir. We don't look anything alike! Your knee/shoulder is about to fall off—swim anyway...200 fly—your favorite! Morning practice—NOT! "I'm freezing!" Gimp lane, Puerto Rico (Me-me's, MGD and Milk?!?). Who's singing? Grynch! Canoe U's gerbils. Sara's—What's for dinner? #1 Food #2 Spaghetti! Chocolate doughnuts, Cherry Coke, cookies and M&M brownies...still 115 pounds. Youngster Spring Break...Disneyland, Miramar, Volleyball on the beach—fun in the sun. Dancing at Propeller's. LuLu's, in the Hall. Is it OK to spin here?! Wow! This tastes like Hawaiian Punch! Who's Visa is this on? Another Bridal shop/crusade. Cerritos! Can we say fraternization? Have fun with WSS—no basketball teams! It takes two brain cells to complete a thought, please don't lose it. You're the best Nerwin, Too. MJC, ERS, GW

Robert Vernon McMillen
Cypress, TX
Marine Corps

You chose the Navy because the day you enlisted, your 17th birthday, the Marine Corps office was closed. Then, after BOOST you made another good choice—USNA instead of the University of Florida. (You must like those challenges!) Then you picked EE as your major! Gee, Rob! But you are unique, probably the only EE major ever to have a GED, or the only midshipman for that matter! You didn't let that stop you from partying, though. How about your party-buddies? If it wasn't Luis, it was Christian scaring off the ladies. What about the Hede Jinx? Speaking about Hede, so who is really older?! Daytona, South Padre, and Hawaii?! Well, in the end, you will be remembered not only for your great smile or sense of humor, but those stinky smells you let out when you were drunk and sleeping on the bottom bunk.

Robert Troy Morris
Wells, ME
Surface Warfare

Arriving from the Great State of Maine with his propaganda about "The Way Life Should Be" and his fleet of rebuildables, Rob quickly monopolized 8th Wing, although never the winner of the pole position competition. He went from being company DAPA (please, show us the way) to company NAPA rep, keeping a supply of body parts to late model imports in 6150. Other than a falling driveshaft and an uncooperative window pane, he fixed it all. Out in town, he was a big hit, keeping up foreign relations in the tradition of his idol Maverick. Whether playing the French Connection or walking down Abbey Road, he was never afraid to display his Irish heritage all over. The Boys Townies we leave behind will miss his Wednesday night returns and his hyperaccurate coathangers. The Tisdale got a steal, and Cali will never be the same. See you in Newport, Chief. RVD

James Edward O'Harrah
Trenton, NJ
Submarines

Little Jimmy Jr. came from the scenic state, I'm your roommate. Ted duties, sweat, Ted 209, and battery back up made for a humorous plebe year. Though away from home, MOM was never far.

Youngster year, TED joined the Three Stooges. Second Class year: NAFAC shook off the apron strings that had threatened to strangle our little Jimmy for his first twenty years. Myrna, Birdeggs, LT on the beach, and chicks with kids, helped Jimmy blossom into a true man. Ted quickly endeared himself as Gestapo Agent and fry Nazi in 25. First Class year: Amy IV, just like his mentor. Stripes eluded TED, no matter how far his nose ventured. TED, you can stop smacking, it's too late to get stripes. In the end, TED leaves USNA as the most improved player on the manhood team. Good luck in nuke school and we hope you find true love, on your boat. FMB, TCH, JMP, JDP

Joshua Michael Payton
Ashgrove, MO
Marine Corps

Capt Napalm flew to USNA from mighty Misery after NAPS. Even a broken wrist couldn't slow down the mighty Charlie Man. Army bets. Furrball was ten pounds lighter and smoother. Why are you wearing sweats? Plebe year Capt Napalm dove right into the academic study habits that would begin a career of unparalled academic excellence. Calculus II and III were so nice, Napalm took them twice. Napalm's famous last words: Stereo on my side of the room? Sure, bud. Summer leave and a passionate last weekend before return of the brigade, Napalm returned with stars in his eyes. Carolyn+AT&T stock+afternoon rack=ADM Lynch. 2nd Class year: Keating + geography=lots of flaming. 1st Class year: Reveille--NOT! Formations--NOT! RACK--YES! The Marines are very lucky as they will get a great officer and we will miss a true friend. Keep in touch. FMB, JDP, JEO, TCH

Jack Delbert Perrin
Elkhart Lake, WI
Marine Corps Pilot

OH Delbert, where should we begin, your mouth or the closet? Gramps. Beers with the REG CDR. False teeth. Flustered plebes. Elbows on the table. no watch standing. 3231 Study Club. Plebe year ended UNLUCKY!!!! Youngster year: Sep pending. closets, mouths, card games. Wow, what a guy! Get away from the sink. Second Class year: Jack found GOD and she changed his life forever. But it won't go far, only firsties have the cars. Jack found aquatic life in his shorts. First Class year: ball and chain. maybe 24 hours of freedom after 25 May. Debt: Just a little, Hair, even less. A three man room: NOT! Who is that fourth roommate, the one with the whip. UNLUCKY--PART 2. THE ROUNDSINATOR. Tropical fragrances and superfund sites. Not till you're married isn't so bad, because SHE's back. From USNA to Shannon, still in prison, big guy. Hope she likes the Marines. NUKE--no dice! FMB, JMP, TCH, JEO

Eric James Peterson
Fairfield, CA
Marine Corps Pilot

Bringing Golden Sunshine from F'Town, EP arrived with dreams of water polo and gold wings. Condiment Man soon found his new surroundings difficult and living with the Bear proved his mettle. Youngster year revealed his math weakness and forced him from Aero to GE, a switch that paid off in spades and stripes. Good summer cruises were unknown to him; YP's, an AOE, and a NON-aviation cruise... no wonder he decided on USMC air!! On the homefront he could always be found leaving quotes in the Room Log on everything from laundry day to rack patterns- an occupational specialty. His romantic flings were often memorable and every girl that met him "liked him." Unfortunately, occupational hazards led to headaches with LCDR Cheese, days without whom were celebrated heavily. His critics are eternally grateful for his sobering guidance on numerous ladies through NYC and Georgetown. MC & CPD

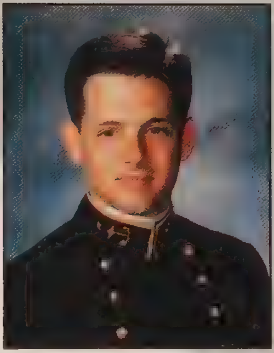
Danny Todd Pidgeon
Jermyn, PA
Supply Corps

Midshipman Pidgeon had no comment on his four years at USNA.

Richard Alex Rivera
West Palm Beach, FL
Navy Pilot

"Heeey there Schuaves." It has been an enlightening four semesters with the little Floridian fella. It started youngster year with the room with a view. But Rico's snake prowess had preceded him and I could only take notes and watch in awe. There was Anne, Allison, Heather, Andrea, the other Heather, and the infamous Vicki. 2/c summer together at PROTRAMID and PAC-2 in San Diego. "We cannot get any tanner than this!" 4th of July in Tiajuana and the rhythmic Brazilian volleyball fans. Ac year and the midnight arguments. Second semester and the NFL split the three-man room. A one semester sabatical from each other firstie year but we returned in force second semester. A good year for you though. Seminoles won it all, P-Cola is in your future, and you got in plenty of quality rack. Best of luck to you Midshipman Rivera and keep those gyros aligned.
JPG

Brent Droste Sadler
Woodbridge, VA
Submarines



High atop Mt. Fuji the samurai windsurfer sits with his "five foot long ratan sword". One of the great late night sumo wrestlers, his battles against Artemis (the moon goddess, from opposing Mt. Olympus) and the Dentist were legendary. Study Stark Saudi gave him a chance keep his eternal supe's stars. Meeting the big B. on our plebe birthday would forever haunt his path over the next four years. A ring and a debutante went hand in hand for the big one then got pushed out under the door. From plebe year to firstie, the SWO god became a bubblehead. The mini-van king is going from driving one big boat to another. He is the only permanent member of the Cox fund to Japan. A highly intelligent and loyal roommate, the three years went speedily bye.(NOT) Hope finger-prints don't all the look the same anymore. MJS. Sayonara.

Michael Edwin Sharp
Queensbury, NY
Nuclear Surface

Ashley Garrett Steele
Imperial Beach, CA
Surface Warfare

Nathaaniel J. Strandquist
McHenry, IL
Surface Warfare

After four years by the Bay, Nate's greatest aspiration is to be a true Irishman. Sorry, pal, that takes more than a pint or two of Guiness on the weekends! But while the struggle for heritage rages on, Nathan's chosen path has yet to be set before him. From Marine to SWO to (Chaplain perhaps?), his choice has been a difficult one for him to make, if it is indeed made as yet. It's too bad he can't make a career solely out of having fun—he'd be set for life! Come what may, however, he can count on his family and faith (another CMC staff meeting in the room?!?) for support. Good luck at SWOS, on the mighty USS California (good name!), and in all you undertake.

Michael James Supko
Gardnerville, NV
Navy Pilot

Mike came to USNA from the 99.99% pure, uncontaminated, pristine waters of Lake Tahoe. One of the "Top Gun" movie generation, who has wanted nothing but to fly since his hormonal teen years. Some would say he hasn't yet quite gotten control of those same hormones. He is, and I quote, a "Lady's man." One thing cannot be argued he is fiercely loyal to his friends, and this will undoubtably be a highly prized characteristic in the fleet. His dedication to being a naval officer goes deeper than first impressions. Against the advice of family and friends, he decided to come to the Naval Academy. (At this point, some would wonder at his sanity.) While at the Academy he has done just about everything; Airborne, Mini-Buds, and Plebe Detail. Now he's headed for the fleet, so Captains, hide your daughters!
BDS

Cynthia Lynn Talbot
Mercerville, NJ
Medical Corps

Tight lipped Jersey girl who refused to answer rates. Chopping Guru. Onto summer with Russian Vodka and Swedish overnights. Back to Mother B for a little October fireworks. What did we get on that inspection anyway? Finally speaking, us three Tonnefun, Tugbutt, and Switzer! Down to Kings Bay with a lot of sun and beer. Second class year me in my apartment, you with the peep show in the mirror. Smokestacks, dreaming of Malibu. Outside Harbor Nine, what lushes. Two man room, finally. October 17, 18 magical days, Griffin's windows needs windex after you. 10:30 bedtime on the shower floor and no the shower does not flush. 6152 trash can needs to be retired. Endless visits from Stinky. Service selection, Med Corps is in for a treat. You went from not a word to the big mouth of 25. Alphabetic compatibility means one last act together before goodbye.
GOOD LUCK! NCT

NAVY
HOCKEY

Nicole Carter Tonnessen
Bonita Springs, FL
Surface Warfare

Straight out of the sunshine state Tonne Fun tried out the fleet first, but decided to try the academy. From testing her tolerance at the dining in, to writing messages across the room on NATS, she never had time for a pep rally. 3215 Participate. That doesn't mean belching into goat court. What was that fight about? Some sheet poster, you should always be so spirited. Company Commander? Fun PCR. Just don't puke in the house. Remember Malibu? Too bad you never saw THE FINGER. Finally a two man room. Fantail safety observer. Try not to miss the garbage can, even though you can always pick it up off the floor. That was some smart running on the mile and a half. Can't believe its been four years. From foes to friends its been long, but we finally made it. Just try to stay out of the mens head. CLT

Anthony Artamus Tucker
West Windsor, NJ
Medical Corps

Artamus, occupying the Mt. Olympus of 3213. Room weirdness. Goat Court, "Aqueduct!" The I-90 violation while CMOD. Then youngster year, Lewellyn, and the great Color Company chase. Stealth Youngsters of the backshaft. Disco Splashdowns. 2/c year and Mad Dog 20/20, "Hey Ryan, $2.66!" Rooming again firstie year on 6-1. Boystown "parties." The Billy-Beroux, and Billy-Beroux II. Heads up, Randy! Driving back from Sade. Consistent overachiever, especially academically — "I should be able to get a 3.8 at six weeks." Yeah, whatever, and 12 weeks and finals, too, right? Marine pilot, subs, finally "I'm going Corps, Medical Corps." What was it, 11 lab write ups the weekend before finals? "I wanna be a...doctor!" Good thing they didn't look at your firstie year QPR! U.A. Tucker, "please report to your company area." Woody-T, "Napster With Attitude." One last Spring Break in Florida. Sorry about 2nd semester, they made me go! MES

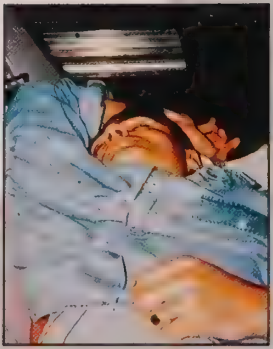
Daniel T. Turnbow
Mercer Island, WA
Surface Warfare

Dan hails from Mercer Island, Washington— which, according to Dan, is God's country. (God must really like rain.) "Doughboy" spent the majority of his time at Annapolis chasing Rex up-and-down the Severn river in a small boat with 7 other boys who look just like him except they have body hair. Since Crew isn't a major, Dan settled for Oceanography, by way of Ocean Engineering. Dan excelled in the core courses of Volleyball and mixology. Nothing is ever Dan's fault, especially plebe room standards, the car-from-hell, drinking at McGarvey's and elsewhere in uniform as a plebe, D1W1's, stat rape at Fell's Point, vandalizing Duke, and spending Firstie year in hack. The only thing that is Dan's fault is getting whipped by a beautiful townie from JMU. After three years as a pilot wanna-bee, Dan realized that his skin was falling off and business school called, so it's off to the Gator Navy with him. Will he be a SWO Admiral or a Fortune 500 exec? No matter what he ends up doing, '94 can count on Dan making us proud. -CBW

Christian B. Williams
Loganville, GA
Submarines

Chris still hasn't recovered from Sherman's March, nor has his home state. As a varsity hall-rat, he could rack with the best of them. A real warrior-at-heart, he was a force in company sports and drill. No matter how hard you think you have it, Chris had it harder. Although Chris never completely blew off his studies, he found time for Plebe drinking with "Snake", live in the finals pit, get push-started through Philadelphia on a multicultural jalopy ride, and redecorate Cameron Indoor Stadium. Chris is quite a ladies man as some young girls at Fell's Point and some Women of the Severn can testify. Whether the women are civilian, commissioned, or just ugly, it's a wonder Chris "The Coyote" still has both of his arms. Amy's in, Amy's out, but Chris finally met his equal in Mary. These budding young socialites must have been separated at birth. On his way to becoming the next "Mush" Morton, Chris benefited from the finest CO the Academy will ever have. Chris's potential for success is limitless as long as he never forgets who owns him. -DTT

26th COMPANY



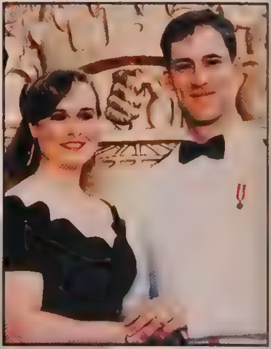
Oscar Daniel Avila
Stamford, CT
Navy Pilot

Oscar Daniel Avila-Navy Pilot
Stamford, Connecticut
Arrived: 02 July 1990
Departed: 25 May 1994

Capricorn
Other identity: Cheetah, T-Rex
Mortal with no special powers.
Strengths: Keen eyes, ability to see "a fly on the flag post."
Weaknesses: Becca, women, money, and fun. Susan Elizabeth Annable is awesome. The world knows that too; thanks to you. Mr. Carefree, spendthrift, "That's okay, I'll put it on my charge card." "Hey guys, I'm not drunk. Look!" "Hey O, drink up! I'll drive!" "All I wanted was to see her in a bikini" "Oh God, please... please make it stop" and I'll kick you again too. "Frankenberry-oh my God, what was I thinking." That's all it took to make life a bit bitter and miserable. Snake. Found a diamond in the coal field at JHU. Where's that man in the boat? What do rabbits do 18 times per day? Can you get a Jeep stuck? JKT, JMH, RMJ

Todd Gregory Brill
Ardmore, PA
Surface Warfare

"You're a smart boy, Todd, you ride in trunks with Furman." The times we've had. Stop looking at me! Army/Navy games. Neil's sweater. Montgomery Ave. Cheesesteaks. Train rides. Griff's? I should've slept with raingear. From 105lb crew stud to 340lb Rugby letter winner. RU2 Brothers. Katherine, going once, twice.... I hope the sixth goes farther. Cadillac-Man. Stitches in arm, Beer case on the head, Form-2 on desk. There goes another spring break. "Brill, why do you hate me" BJT. Why's it brown? "It's a good night for a ..." "Todd, we're across the street." Credit-Card weekend. Booze Crooze. 2/c loan, 1/c go-kart. You're using my shampoo!!! Stewardess, I speak jive. Peacefrog & Maddog. Brill, What's your QPR. 2 COOL 4 SCHOOL. Jim, Jeff, who nose? You've contributed so much to the Lucky Bag. Copeland Beware. This is the end, my best friend, the end. Scorchy Blah. Love ya. FATZEL.



Tobin Garret Butler
Margate, FL
Inter-Service Transfer

Tobin arrived at USNA with salt crusted all over him, and was stuck with me for the next three years. Living with Tobin is an experience which I will never forget, though things have quieted down some since youngster year. Still, for someone who claims descendance from butlers to the Irish kings, Tobin certainly doesn't do alot of cleaning. But that's OK, because after he gets married, his wife will do all the housework . . . not! Actually, Melanie is a very nice woman, when she isn't being obstinate, or telling Tobin how to dress and what to talk about. Anyway, between trips to the Ram's Head (will he ever finish that card?), the B & O museum (never did make it, actually) and Hard Times (how much is Rob being sued for?), I can say I've learned a lot from my roommate. Whether that is good or bad, only time will tell . . . KAH

Philip Neal Campbell
Red Oak, TX
Surface Warfare

Moron! And now we come to the fifth Knight of the Round Table: presenting Sir Philip Neal, Guardian of the Sacred Rack. Professor Positive came to us from the Deep South (a strange phrase... I find these people anything but deep) having grown up in Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Hey, isn't it Phil's turn to turn off the lights? See him irritate the big aimless goof!!! A quick DASH up to Halifax (I SAID, THERE'S LAND IN THE WAY!) and a nearly broken leg were merely precursors to a broken jaw. Enjoying his role as a "well-rounded" English Major, it took 0530 PE makeups to get Sack Boy to excel physically. "I'm gonna beat you..." Although a burgeoning psychologist at heart, ENS(sel.) Fart Blossom will whip those Charleston reservists into shape first. Good luck to you and your wonderful fiance. Wait! How do we work this dang microwave?!? :) MAH

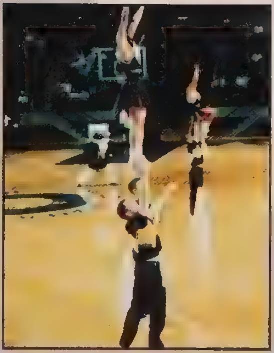
Robert Sinclair Catten
Charleston, SC
Supply Corps

Excerpt from a poem entitled "Mother to Son"

Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
It's had tacks in it, And splinters,
And boards torn up,
And places with no carpet on the floor--Bare.
But all the time I'se been a-climbin' on,
And reachin' landin's, And sometimes goin' in the dark
Where there ain't been no light.
Langston Hughes

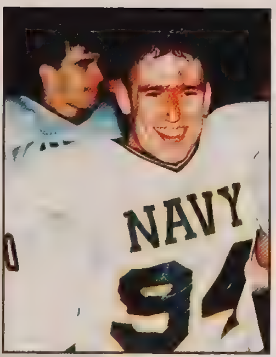
Eric, thanks for helping me keep my sanity. I know that you will do great things. To ALL of my friends, let's move to the next level with the desire to achieve and pride in our accomplishments. KEEP UP!

Cat

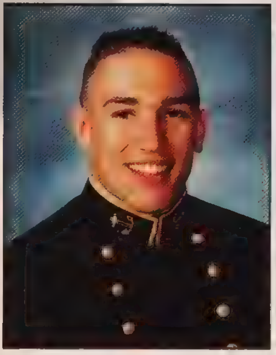


Jeffrey Mark Cooper
Orlando, FL
Navy Pilot

Jeff came to us as an Underachiever, and Proud of it, Man! He revealed the mysteries of creation, quarks, and Avogadro's number, and participated in Everybody's Favorite Game Show... and that was just Plebe Summer! He had a REAL PLEBE YEAR. A bench-warmer, a manager, and an overweight lightweight long before he became a cheerleader. Youngster year began in a stolen penthouse on 1-3. Army Week, we stashed all the booty. Second class cruise, he uncovered a dark secret. Be quiet, Coop. In Big Stix, we lived with the Troll. No pane of glass could stop him. 6-1 will never smell the same again. He put up with my whining when I was a cripple. Firstie year we ended up in the Air Force room. Nelson proved a prophet when Jeff became Chem Club Prez. Mysterious item brought back from A/N. Proud Member of 2%, still plays the TG theme. SOK



Dearcy Paul Davis
Harrisonburg, VA
Submarines

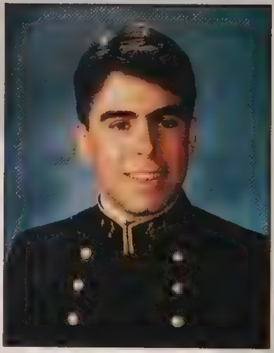


PD, Snakes, Small rolled in from the 'Burg, as the ugliest plebe ever. Brigade Plebe of the Year (sweat). "I'm so in love with Katie!" Youngster year brought life with CBD and PNC. "Phil, go to Steerage or we'll kill you!" "I'm so in love with Brenda!" Over the wall, in the hall, scratch marks on your back. DC: no problem, but KANSAS? Mech E. all night, every night... 2/C year, "I'm so in love with Zach!" Detail: "Who's that in the bushes?" MUST LIFT! Spring Break: What happened to that Bahama Mama? The Bronco's dead!... Close call with IHH... 1/C year, Orgen and Hube in the wardshack, 150's: battling in the trenches, the PANTS... 21st: it took 6 of us... Fahey's 21st: it took 6 of us, XO again. Only you could make 2=0! You've been a great roomie, friend, and brother, I love you, man! -CBD TCH

Charles B. Dockery
Lockport, NY
Marine Corps

Auschwitz Boy! Outranked plebe year by 4/c Rizzi and Ostrowski. You went from 125 to 175 during your career as D'earcy's roommate, with a stop in the middle for 150's. Quit crew to gain weight, joined 150s to cut weight! Couldn't get a date for three years, I love you—No, you don't. You look parched, but I'm going to have to cut you off. Devildog, Bulldog, the 1000 yard stare, and the anti-girl stare. He's done 'em all. Hey, Phil, gimme a steerage run. No. Life with "My three sons." Atlas was always there for any problem, only problem was, he'd tell everyone about it. He lifted and lifted, but still his arms weren't any bigger than Sackboy's. A foe to all darksiders, you survived Small's women, "PEEEDEEEE!" You'll be great at whatever you do, wherever you go, big guy. DPD, PNC, TGR

Michael William Gleeson
Vancouver, WA
Oceanography



Our Playmate this month, Michael Gleeson, hails from New Hampshire, Virginia, Washington state, Guam, New Guinea and Inner Mongolia. One of the 46-38-50 Naval Officer's favorite hobbies involves waking up frightfully early in the morning, tromping out into the woods and sitting on a rock until he gets cold. Occasionally he will spice up his tranquil practice by killing small, woodland animals with a weapon from his family's vast arsenal of Medieval war-making devices. Most days, however, Mike can be found in his think tank at the U.S. Naval Academy, using government property unethically, writing bomb tracks and making cool-looking satellite pictures with his computer. He is a contributing editor to Bow Hunter, Spin, and Private Eye magazines, one heckuva roommate for four years and a guy who's future, if he has any say about it, will always be mostly sunny with highs in the upper seventies.

John Mark Hackel
San Jose, CA
Marine Corps

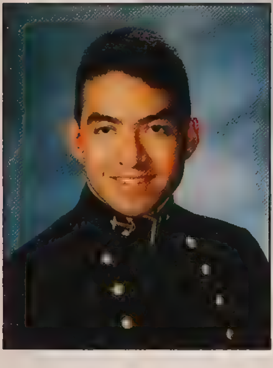
John Mark Hackel-Marine Corps Ground
San Jose, California
Arrived: 03 July 1990
Departed: 25 May 1994

Alias: Kevin Hagan, Smackel, Dave the Janitor, John Granola Tree hugger becomes Marine Nazi! Hey Smackel, she is an Intelligent Woman isn't she? So, how is Cristie? No, really I'm saving myself! Oh Michelle, Chris, Debbie, Jen, I mean Naomi. "Oscar, they were perfect!" Mr. Homebody...he uses no lines, except "So, where do you keep the cookie dough?" "Damn it Oscar, why do you like messing with my head ... ha, ha, very funny!" "So where did I go wronnnnng?" hamade, hamade, ... Patricia! "Uh, um, I got your Jeep Stuck! ... Well, get it out ... No, no, I got it really Stuck!" "Um, John I've really liked you for these past two years...I just wanted to tell you that!" Response: "Well, Yeah,...about Sunday School..." OPUS! A-TEN-HUT! Remember, 1st child has our names. Sue's Awesome! ODA, JKT, KAH

Kevin Kirk Hagan
Oklahoma City, OK
Special Operations

Kevin Captain Kirk Hagan, alias John Hackel, you Klingon bastard... Hopeless romantic, turbo intake man, slave to the material god. Favorite hobby: marathon driving, followed closely by devotion to "The Boss". Hero: Winnie the Pooh. Kevin always struggled to remain cultured amidst the morass of technical courses and training that is the Naval Academy. No wonder he became an English major (sleeping habits had nothing to do with it!) A lover of comfort and all things beautiful, Kev will end up next to a roaring hearth in his English cottage, smoking a pipe and reciting Shakespeare and Monty Python to his children. The snake boots, the hint of Southern blood, and a craving for the UK will always stay with him, as long as he doesn't get detonated in EOD! Kevin will be forever happy if he can end up the quiet hero in someone's cartoon.

Matthew Arthur Hawks
Bellevue, WA
Submarines



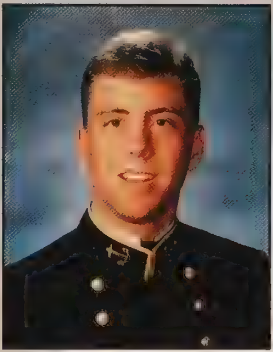
Matthew Arthur Hawks - Nuclear Submarines
Bellevue, Washington

Alias: rosenHawks, pizzaboy Velvet, you stud! Whatever happened to all those women? Opus! The Submariner from Seattle, he came in and played ping-pong ("Hawks! Hawks! Where are you!") all plebe year. He disappeared into his books for the next two years, and reemerged as a 3-striper (What!). Almost. The man who could account for every penny ever loaned by him ("Hey Phil, do you remember that 37 cents I loaned you last month? I need it back..."), he was the only one who got chow packages all the way through firstie year. Love those sugar cookies! Cheers to the man who couldn't dance or sing, but somehow kept a woman (not always the same one) during his entire tenure at Canoe U. Fudge Is Not Just For Kids You Know. Magnavox. MOTO. If it was obscure, he could quote it. Good luck to you, bud, and don't drink at command functions. PNC

Kylan A. Huffman
Aptos, CA
Surface Warfare

"He was such a quiet guy..." Kylan came from some little tiny hole in the wall in California (Where is Aptos, anyway?). Kylan is an unusual sort — between visits to the Master Chief and the Moon Cafe he really made Chris sweat (I'm glad Chris didn't read your Winkler paper.) Stop the music is no longer a trivial pursuit, YOU try to stop Beethoven's 9th while braced up against the wall. VGEP was good to Kylan, it was kind of like school, with a Naval Academy option. Ol' One-Way really made my time here worth-while with trips to Hard Times and the Sign o' the Ram. Besides sending my shoes to exotic places, it's been great. I figure we're about even money-wise, Kylan... oh yeah... do you remember the night you spent with JLV???? *chuckle* (Lowell, Indiana??) (Captain Peet didn't like Winkler??) (Homo-what??) (Ramsheadhasprettygoodrustynailseh?) TGB JWS

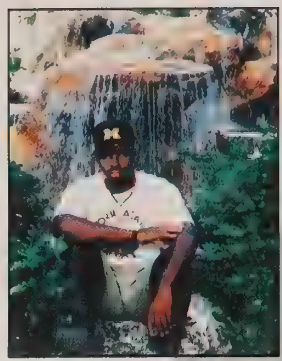
Richard Martin Johns
Lakeland, FL
Submarines



Richard Martin Johns-Nuclear Submarines
Lakeland, Florida
Arrived: 02 July 1990
Departed: 25 May 1994

Alias: SpindlyMan, StickMan, Pupae, Furman Disciple, Johnski. "Hey, Oscar! It finally happened!" Never forget the Osc/JK anatomy lessons. Area of operation: Booze and babes. Mr. Casanova at JHU, and they know it too; especially, Renee. Cathy...well you're lucky I haven't met her! We think he's made out of air, or at least GAS, and that's why he's so, uh, aromatic. So says the Admiral: "As I was, they're not YPs, they're mini-destroyers." Sink/shower = Urinal. "The only car I'll ever own is a convertible." CRASH!!! "Oh, it won't cost that much..." Did you ever buy Clay Davis some new shoes? "Hey, heh...heh, heh. *SIGH* Good night, Cathy...*MOAN*" "Hey Mom, guess what I did?" Response: "Not in my house..." Hey Rich, so who would you hire? Friends or more qualified personnel? Good luck! ODA, JMH

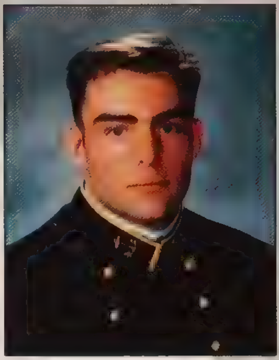
ICHELSON HA



Eric Mushon Jones
Cleveland, OH
Surface Warfare

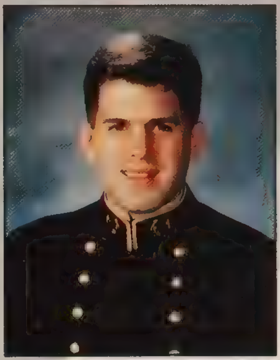
I won't say a lot about my stay here because it doesn't really matter. I will say this: many who are grown up in age are immature mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. Many adults are still children in their beliefs, attitudes, and actions...old enough to eat meat, but still must be fed milk...there is plenty meat to eat that they don't know, much to tell but they can't hear it right now. The road was long, and many didn't make it: Kraehe, Broadway, Rodney, Skinny, Mo, and so many others. The ones still on the road carry the dream: Lock, T.D., Red, V.O. and the rest. To those I leave behind, "You can go as far as you can see." A STRONG shout to Cat-Daddy, who continued on when most others would have quit. Anytime, Anywhere, man. Bringing the belt home, I TOLD YOU BOOOYYY!!! E.J.

Neil Patrick Keegan
Falls Church, VA
Surface Warfare



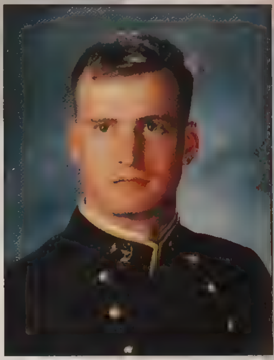
In the blue corner... Keegs - SchoolBoy - The Stinky-Pinky. A toast to all the schmoozing that we have done over the years. Sorry for the hell weekend. Just mute them. What a face to wake up to. We've done better since. Dewey Beach. Getting the nice girls who just broke up. Cops. A handle of this a handle of that! PIGS, PIGS, WE GOT PIGS! You owe me a couple of dates, but thanks for the lessons. Sunday boat cruises. Strapazza's (I've had better!) Many movies- Siskel,Ebert! Hey, thanks for driving. Redskins and Orioles-- Blackberry julips. No se meta comego! Bundy don't ruin it for us! 4 years of Lax, Lifting, Running, Drinking. Great times and great memories. You're a great friend and a great person. Whereever we wind up, we always will remember the friendship, the good times, and the tough times we have been through together. --Michu

Scott Osborne Koenig
Rockville, MD
Surface Warfare

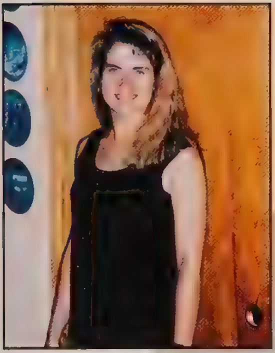


Scott came to us a bubblehead wannabe. Son of a Flag-type, he was the pro-knowledge god! The Sweat Grenade amazed us all! On Farragut Field, the cry of "Man Down!" was heard as the shoulder "popped", and joints went to heck. He was the favorite of Danny-D, not to mention Billy Brew, and a brief tumble as the Master Debater left a bad taste. Youngsterhood brought Stickman as a roomie. We kicked him out (thank God!), but nothing compared to the Driving Plebe and LaHiam second semester. Poor Scott. Shoulda beamed up. As second class, Suite 6124. Scott flamed on War Dog, canning him and Corn in during Army Week, leading to THE most hilarious midnight relief. Scott didn't sign what? Oops! My bad, Chekov. Firstie year saw GDore quite a bit. Go SWO on the Thomas S. Gates! Then his legacy: We'll miss you Arthur Dent!! JMMC

Christopher W. Lovell
Elmer, NJ
Marine Corps Pilot



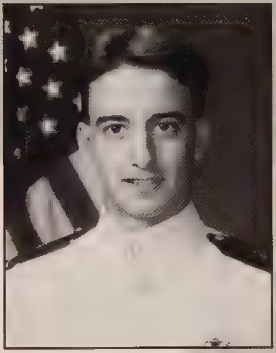
"Captain Genius"
Thanks to his Parents, the Grace of God, and a few forgiving professors, Chris graduated.
Reported: 2 July 1990
Departed: 25 May 1994...
Hated It.



Katherine Ellen Pruitt
Martinez, CA
Surface Warfare

Everything about KT said California, and that was an understatement. How could we go for an entire year without knowing each other? It finally took us probs and stats and slow physics with Sarah. Or was it the fascination with men in company which drew us three together? Youngster year made us friends forever. An unforgettable PROTRAMID, with highlights at Quantico. I'll hold you up anytime, anyplace. Dancing, bars, beaches...And oh, the men. They were the men with no hair, great backs (some were even, yuck, hairy) and sometimes funny accents. We love your contagious smile, your love of life, your cards for every occasion and what was that perfume? How did you ever survive four years of silence and a roommate who went to Leavenworth? After a little warm-up in 26 and a workout with barBells, your future now looks truly Brilliant. For us, Katie, this is only a beginning. ":)" AJM & SEL

John Carroll Renning
New London, WI
Navy Pilot



John Carroll Renning - Navy Pilot
New London, Wisconsin
Arrived: 03 July 1990
Departed: 25 May 1994

John came to us with high aspirations to become Navy's Rookie of the Year, but he gave it up to become our company's stud muffin. "Hey, Women love this hair!" So his girlfriend has an eleven o'clock curfew and drives his Beamer (but let's remember he met her as he was hitting on her mom). Rooming with Ostro & PD plebe year was an experience, so was smoking stogies on the roof: Um, escape plan? - Ellingbone's squad... In his four years here John has travelled around the globe, from Coast to Coast, and to the DARK SIDE! BZZZ! BZZZ! SWAT! BAGies wanting to join you in the shower? I Ball -- 12th company!!! Fortunately, Miramar's O-Club brought him back into the Light... Midshipmen are underworked and overpaid! "So, where is Mr. PIBB?" By the way, who got the CHAZ? ODA, CBD, JMH, JimmyT

Tristan Giovanni Rizzi
Hampton, NH
Surface Warfare

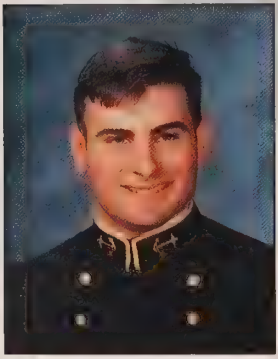
Tristan Giovanni Rizzi
Pensacola Florida (and just about anywhere else on the planet)
Navy Surface
Arrived at 170lbs departed at 210lbs...Navy Grub?
TR arrived from NAPS ready to cause trouble. Why else would anyone drive a MASERATI on the yard plebe summer!! Gave Chuck a real plebe year, Borrowing parts from other peoples cars with Mike. Three cars on the yard - who would know? Rack rippers anonymous - 45 kills. Neil & Spence who else would have roomed with him? Beating Hawks into submission as a roommate? Is she watching a braille T.V.? Guys I tell you my car will be done soon..I hope. Capt Peet you call those arms - these is arms. Good luck with Bev - if anyone can tame her its you.
WILL HE MAKE IT...DEFINITELY

P.S. They're ALL here for MY ENTERTAINMENT ha ha ha

Mark Eugene Spencer
Windsor, IL
Civil Engineering Corps

"Bumble", "Fivehead", "Fatcer", "Spedcer". Too many nicknames to count. Hey Mark, how do you do this problem? Liquid wax fights with Johns. Flaming carrier landings. Spence, wake up. Knocking down mopeds and smashing car windows. The trip to Hood. Protramid-Spence don't let go of the rope! Whatever happened to Wilbur? Who made Mark Company Commander? Finishing the keg by the fire at the Stadium. What have you done with all that money you miser? You've managed to cruise through meche, doing no work! Chipped tooth, bloody nose, broken hand, stitches in leg. Acrobatics on Griffin's steps. "Hey, don't mess with him, he's drunk" (Fist to lips). Traded in track for rack. Champion of tact and understanding. You always had the answers, Spence. You kept our minds straight. Good Luck. We'll miss ya. Fatzel & Fatboy.

Marcus Antonio Startzel
Strong, PA
Submarines



From the coal hills of PA came Scorchy. Plebe year, off to a great start on Neil's boat! Changing Capt. Spite's alarm clock. Ronny never got a C in performance. Youngster year shoulder surgery, Too Cool For School Club, Nags Head and Jack Daniels. Weekend trips to Penn State (spilling beer from the balcony and that hard floor). Furman, Bartkus go CIVLANT. 205 and cut! Michele gets a ring and a date to the chapel. 2% Club. The stand-up game. Firstie year brings 73vette, three stripes and responsibility for Fatzel. Happy hour at Griffins and Wed. nights. Finishing the keg at tailgators. Money and dolphins are taking Spedzel to Florida. Um, what? Stop poking me in the neck! Can I play some Doors? I can feel your gaze on me! "I don't know...I just don't know." P.B. You've become a brother to me, thanks for everything. God Bless. FATBOY

James Kiet Tran
Northglenn, CO
Navy NFO

James Kiet Tran - Navy NFO
Northglenn, Colorado
Arrived 2 July 1990
Departed 25 May 1994

uh, uh, uh huh! Women: pregnant German nannies, bell-bottomed Crawford-look alikes, Oscar's hook-ups (and downs), French Taco Bell, 4-digit phone numbers, hanging with the Moos at JHU, computer dating? Mr. Casanova himself, JK is known by the women of the Brigade as 'That Guy.' Roommates: Oscar & John, Rich, Tobey & Bilan, Spence/Wilbur. The Beamer: Stud-Mobile / Car from Hell (with the passenger-side shower). "Drink up, Os, I'll drive." A strange combination of Bruce Lee, Kermit, Beavis, Fred Astaire, Doogie Howser, Milli Vanilli, Julia Child, Hemmingway, Rambo, Cousin It (Hey guys, look at my hairy nipple!), and Hugh Hefner. "A-ten-hut!" "You kicked me! Twice!" "Hey Os-Grab one!" Be careful with those Southern Belles in Pensacola, especially those sporting pierced belly buttons. Good luck, and see you in the back seat. ODA, JMH, RMJ.

Jennifer Lynne Vanduren
Alexandria, VA
Surface Warfare

Jennifer Lynn Van Duren
Alexandria, Virginia
Arrived 3 July 1990
Departed 25 May 1994

Our favorite BAV with a passion for light colored lingerie, Jen was always on the parade deck! Through broken jaws, knee surgeries, and several face-plants during formations, Jen could always sing "Yellow Bird" and "Yellow Ribbon" in a hearty Viking bellow. Her intimidating war cries attracted the best of the best out of VMI, and she and her brother's brother rat are now absolutely inseparable. Don't ever ask her about trying to park her Saturn on the top of Everest. From crew to brew, Jen diligently worked to perfect her Griffins-to-Bancroft relay time. With her vivid war stories, Miss Potty Mouth earned her role as "One of the guys." So, where are those girls you are going to hook us up with? Best of luck Jen. If he tries something, remember: Grab, Twist, and Pull. Go SWO! ODA, JKT, JMH

Earl Young
Lutherville, MD
Navy Pilot

"Squirrel" go to GB2BAN and hit the deckplates running. He then became dead in the water during ac-year... "Hey Ostrowski, I'm gonna...," "Go ahead, carry on!" "One of those torpedoes is you" "Aren't you a plebe?!" "At ease!" - Black "N" - Need I say more? For someone from Baltimore, you sure didn't go home much. Since you did so well Plebe Summer, why not do it again, right? "SHUT UP, Earl, we're trying to sleep!" (CBD, CWL) Well, that straightened you out for 3/C year, right? Alcoholics cruising in the Cutlass (what a machine!), the Courtyard... 2/C year brought 26th Company and Progress Checks, "Look at MEEEE!! No, look at MEEEE!!" - "Hey, Chuck, your Mom sent me cookies!" - "Hospital Point?!" ... 1/C year you blew off Cooksey, became Uncle Earl, Thanksgiving, "Pass the turkey!" Somehow you stayed small. Remember: BE YOUNG! HAVE FUN! Good Luck Squirrel! - CBD

27th COMPANY

David Scott Bartell
Farmington, NM
Navy Pilot

Dave came to us as General S. Swartz from NMMI Institution for the criminally insane. Plebe year's fencing team calling delivered workouts and the query, "You're a poker, Bartell?", and we first saw squad table smirks & hand-talking. Youngsterdom brought freedom and wind-tunnel-tested hairdos. 2/c year began with defection to USAFA and the 1st "leg" of his tour de force of the three academies. Fencing went to rugby to full knee reconstruction, reducing "Tom Platz legs" to mere mortal levels. Firstie year culminated with his country dancing career at County Line and the first "special girl" that lasted more than two weeks. Post graduation P-3 ambitions may be crushed by allures of fighter-jockdom, but till then remember nights at Rams Head, Army-Navy, & service selection at the Marriot: ask him about the bruise. It NEVER could have been the same four years without you. One more thing Dave, you're still two behind...RTC, JWH, Zeus.

Sean Patrick Boyle
Orefield, PA
Surface Warfare

There have been times, dear Warrior Dog, when I wasn't quite sure if I would ever have the chance to write this for you. The veteran Eagle Scout from Allentown, who made us laugh with impossible stories and sang us songs that we'll never quite forget. Somehow, without your painful idealism, and twisted humor, my four years by the bay wouldn't have been the same. To the great white wonder, I wish you fair winds, and following seas...

Rooney.

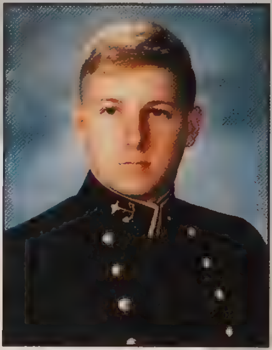
Vique Caro
Woodlands, TX
Surface Warfare

The antics of Vique Caro will be remembered by many for years to come. Oh, where to begin? Funny how you always seem to wind up neck deep in espionage activities. If it isn't opening his blinds to take a peek at the president, it's covert Russian/NIS operations during 2nd class cruise. Vique, a little advice, don't ever share government secrets with somebody who can't even speak our language. And what is your middle name? Rico Suave, Humpty, or how about Wingman for all the guys you left in the barren streets of New Orleans? (Boy, it sure is COLD out here!) As for the flavor of the week, did somebody order Swedish meatballs? Vique, is it me or does your car tend to attract falling trees, guard rails, and large creatures of the forest. (That baby must have been at least an 8 pointer!) Good luck Beaner!

Kimberley T. Cowling
Baltimore, MD
Surface Warfare

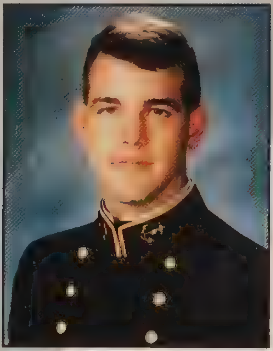
Basketball studdette extraordinaire. When are you going to dunk for us? Maybe when you stop brushing your teeth and taming that nappy bush... You earned your plebe year reputation of rack hound--in the locker room, upperclass rooms, behind the desk, on the desk--oh wait, that was 2/c year. Where is that mouse anyway? Ant paper--definitely. Got used to the gas--especially the clean ones. Singing in the shower. The dictionary. Montel...here she comes. I'm giving you three years tops after graduation. You learned how to carve a pumpkin. And how to throw oranges--a feat every swarrior should know. Yes, I know it's your song, but can't you at least figure out the words before singing it? I've learned a lot from you, and I've got a lot of great memories. Don' leave me, Kim, don' leave me! Good luck. It's been a great four years. See you in Newport and Norfolk, DLM

Carl William DeGrace
Orange, CA
Surface Warfare

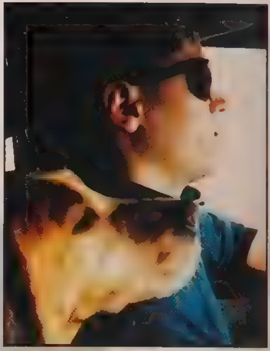


King of cannons and captain of Navy's rack team, Carly Warly is often found in his nocturnal state. Woodstock and his friend Thumper the (frozen) rabbit have been known to occasionally venture forth from 10-FORWARD LOUNGE in the wee hours of the morning to go for a trot in Halsey(1.5 miles to be exact). Slayer of mice and consumer of chow packages, Carl has also been known to make late night forays to the wardroom to view self help tapes on the VCR. Carl's political correctness is an example for us all and his ability to get the gouge is truly amazing. Gumshoe DeGrace is a veritable highway of information (rumors) of dubious worth. Good friend to all, good luck in San Diego. PLD

Homer Rainey Denius
Melbourne, FL
Surface Warfare



Homer--that's his real name. Florida this, Florida that...Spring Break plans anyone? Maria, I love you...check your e-mail. The true Whiskey Kilo, but still unsuccessful: as far as we know SHT monkey. You may have quit nicotine for 24 hours, a Homer record, but you're still steeped in ... Don't burn too many bridges with a 21st pie wake-up, you never know when you might end up in a big red puddle. The score: girlfriends 1, leave periods 2. From sailing to Marine Corps to SWO...like dirt bag to X-hole. I'm sure surface warfare won't keep you from launching chemical warfare, only try it on the bad guys this time. Parental Anniversary HO. European exploits between brown outs and not enough time to comb your hair. Who will ever forget the tube sock ring dance trick. Homer I'm going to marry you. Possibly irritated, always flirting, never devoted. Fair winds, following seas. JDD & co.



John Donovan Denney
Seattle, WA
Special Warfare

J.D. came to us from the meanest frat at UW a dirty old man with a big head and impressed us all with tales of debauchery, if you've got 5 hrs for a story. "Mr. Fashion" quickly picked up rugby and 200 bucks to sleep in Balt, although LB/SH was always a problem, "Who invited her?" and LB was never impressed by any of us "You did". His record as company EO rep, hook CO, & brigade public defender was untarnished, more than we can say about his career as Jedi, hunter, or New Orleans navigator. This SEAL would be lost without his "life", but he did learn you can't put a square peg in a round hole. Maybe you're doing it wrong J. The Beast was certainly a good buy for skitchin, hiding secret agents and offspring, and revisiting 1977. Hoo yah wife-beater wearer, roommate beater, and sister breaker! - RPM

Brandon S. Dominguez
Corvallis, OR
Nuclear Surface

Plebe summer ushered in the eternal drill refrain "Pole!...Dominguez!" and stories of alleged underground produce racketeering. The intrigue grew Youngster year with images on computer screens (when assembled), "California Dreamin" and a "Town Meeting" convened at his abode. 2/C year, however, "B" found himself with new roomies. Although they found much unbelievable (welcome to "Thunder Dome") they accepted his peculiarities. Eventually, the room became a happy place full of laughter and comradery. A glorious ARMY WEEK, a chance encounter with the CDO just prior to one PEP rally, time with her and much more. "B" evolved then, and a better part of him was found. Firstie year expanded his horizons with the exploration of music, love for the dark drink, future duty closer to home. Always remember the good times and the things that are really important. "Success means nothing unless it can be shared with others."

CWK, PEF

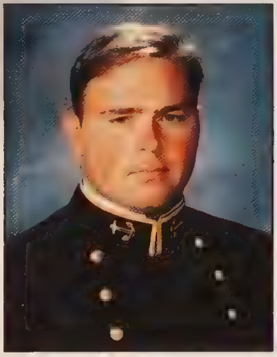
Patrick Lee Donahue
Montrose, PA
Nuclear Surface

You take the Night Train to PENN St, not to visit your girlfriend, but to fight with fences. If you're not hunting, you're fishing, and if you're not fishing, you're swimming with the fish. If you're not eating bacon, you're chasing down donuts with coffee. Oh, battleship man, your spirits were not mothballed with the aging dinosaurs. You made the transition from wall-flower to platoon commander in less than five minutes. You put the P in P.D. and Carl's desk drawer. You may sweat things a lot through your geekers, but it is not because of the socks, just a lack of exercise. These are some of the memories we have of you. Good luck making the transition from sail to nuclear power. Go SWO! JDD RPM CWD

Philip Espinoza Flores
Aurora, CO
Surface Warfare

Phil came from BOOST with his attitude firmly in place. After quick demotion to MIDN 5/C during Plebe Summer, Phil began his journey at Navy. El Jefe never lacked a quick tongue, good for biting one-liners and unique greetings ("What's up DOG, loose change, pocket lint...?") Youngster Year brought prospects for finding "young" love in Dahlgren. After saving her from Rico Suave, Melissa was his for life. As their love grew, so did his waistline. So did his magnanimous generosity, matched only by his mooching ability. He has the luckiest nephew in the world (who drew those pictures, anyway?). His extravagance knows only the limits allowed by Visa (and MC, Discover, Am Ex...). Too bad being Batt DAPA didn't prepare him for the night he announced his engagement ("You guys don't have enough money to get me drunk!") Wanna bet? Take care CWK BSD

Kevin Partick Hamilton
Bowie, MD
Surface Warfare



Hambone came to us from the bustling metropolis, but not so far away Bowie, MD. Chewy with a chronic itch? From the 10-0 NAPS season to plebe football to the Chaump Ax youngster year, Hambone was...Hambone. Through late nights, darts, cigarettes and bottles of Oozo the barn in 4th was best. The BIG 21, the strip in Bawlmur. The Hambone family picnic full of horseshoes, boy beer, and Mama Habone's cooking. We all realized why. 2/c year on the haunted 6-1 saw the reunion of Smelly, Messy, and Numb-man. Ham climbed the tower, got the owl to scare Smelly; the owl brought bad spirits which we couldn't recognize. So we spent time in Mithcher being stupid. The bad spirit's went away; ring dance was a good time with fine wine and women for all. 1/c year with the LS Freebird and CO. Ham and Max were the good neighbors. The Sand Pebble: "What the hell happened?" Through good and bad there was always the constant HAM. Take Care, man. See you in the fleet. -Soda

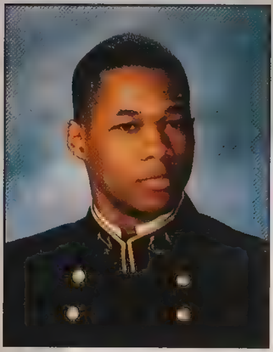
Jeffrey William Howard
Bethesda, MD
Surface Warfare

Jeff first came to us with 20/5,000,000 vision, power vomits, and a lifetime total of 241 stitches. Though Mr. Subtlety may have started off down the path of righteousness, he soon befriended all the folks Barb warned him about and went on to win "Most Improved" on the B.A.C. scale. Youngster year and the Annapolis House brought out the more "natural" side of Jeff, and he was never too proud to share it with T-Court. He also found true LUST down on cell block 3-1, thus earning himself the title NFWLH. 2/C year finally found Jeff a captive audience, a drag queen, and a tour of Baltimore's Red Zone. Firstie year brought Jeff his new found calling of plebe barber/lover/philosopher/cheerleader. Jeffra, we all wish the BEST to you and all those SEALs you'll soon be leading. Take care, we wouldn't want to do it without you... The Guys

Christopher W. Kelson
Sioux City, IA
Surface Warfare

Christopher... AKA Clark Kent, Superman, Naked Man, Wolfman, Tounces the Driving Cat, and on occasion, Chris. Plebe Summer? No problem. He gained 20 pounds lugging the screen around. BALTOPS '92? A high speed yuke-fest in a Mercedes? Not little Chris! Breaking hearts in Iowa, Texas, Baltimore, and Holland... This guy will be driving multi-million dollar ships in the big drink!? He gets lost going to Taco Bell! Speaking of direction, good luck with your port selection... we know why you picked San Diego! It must have been Taco John's. Keep in shape (i.e. gain a few pounds) for the workout pool with CDR SEAL-Y. Your ethnically correct compadre will never forget you. Your roomie will see you in SD. Save some women for me! Thanks for all of the good times. May you always have fair winds, following seas, and Mexican food by your side!!! —PEF BSD

Victor Asa Lake
New York, NY
Surface Warfare



This "Poster Boy" from Jackson, MI arrived at U.S.N.A. a defenseless babe. He quickly mastered the skills necessary for survival including fending off nocturnal attackers with a computer keyboard. Although a landlubber in his previous life, he took to the water like a fish and soon broke Navy's record in the 40 minute crawl stroke. Vic doesn't like to complain, but he does it anyway, because it's just part of "takin' care of business". Because we all know of his fondness for cold weather, we were sorry to hear that he was forced to take a ship out of Pascagoula. His opinions were always of great worth, even though sometimes they were loud, in your ear, and unsolicited! You were always there when we needed a stanchion to regain perspective, you never seemed to lose yours. Fair winds and following seas. PLD

Richard P. Matyskiela
Silverdale, PA
Marine Corps Pilot

ROCK came here a naive 17 year old from Penn, and left a bitter old man. Not the best at drunken brawls, or camping, you can always try a headlock when you want a kiss...or maybe just a plebe connection. If you can't woo the women with your eyebrows, try the hot dog bun trick...it was a BIG hit. Rocket sled stunts are fun, but don't forget the D.C. acrobatic bitching in the van (training for Marine Air?) Switching to SPH after finding you yelling 'Frank' in a small box was a good move. Want some mashed potatoes? Don't cry, Frank might wake up next to you, or in line with Larry. The meticulous neat freak that you are, you took care of the plebe's long hair. Your judgement might make you an author, but also a best friend. You still owe $60 for your 21st. JDD & co.

Danielle L. McNaughton
Warwick, NY
Surface Warfare

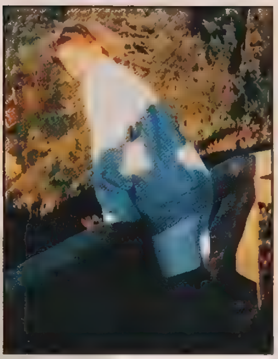
Well Dani...aka "Mouse"...aka "Stinky"...it's about time to move on and explore the world. No more orange tossing, grooving in front of the window, and no more dead pet moths during inspections. Regardless of how much we have complained about good old USNA, we have learned a lot...death and men come in groups of two or more, USNA Alumnists like to sneak in and leave small bottles of alcohol under your pillow, and one of us even learned how to light a lighter. So...what do you think about KP's pants? I'm glad that I have met you. I think that we have been able to gain knowledge from each other. Good luck in all that you do athletically (BZ—first place for your age group in the hoo ya marathon), academically, and socially (If ever you have a problem with your husband, lock him out of the house and make him say "I love you" before you let him in!!) Keep in touch, K.C.

Erik Torsten Nilson
Ridgefield, CT
Marine Corps Pilot

E, ET, ETN, E-man. It all started with a brown stained dixie cup, a girl at the mall, the Char n' Cross, Army-Navy at Smokey Joe's, the mugging, a tattoo, Mom's house, Erik stores, Ten's in Boston, the torturing of Carl, Gambier Ohio, Mickey D's, St. John's with Richie, a weekend in jail, F-Boy, Bleacher's, the T-Business, "I hate everyone, not you Cruiser," Aikido master, the new tattoo, the blonde bomb shell, loving his fellow man (2 days), Jeff's mysterious jumping beer, Daytona, Miami Beach, Uncle Andy, earrings, "I am twice the heterosexual that you are," the "Babe," Cape Cod, general B-A (ask Quigs), "I'm an —, but at least these guys like me," hunting, strippers, "My Ring dance date is the best one here," tailgater chef, keg gargoyle, Albany, stewardess, girlfriend's apts., their roommates, "Love them until they say I LOVE YOU," and it ended with eight bald heads and a couple six grands. Cruz

Maria Joan Pallotta
Parma, OH
Marine Corps

From Northwestern's "elite" NROTC unit came Maria Joan Clare Pallotta with her liberal persuasions and hobbit feet. Affectionately nicknamed "woman" by a certain 2/C, she quickly found home amidst the crew team. Never content with unrealized potential, Maria made creative, if lethal, additions to Halloween candy and her "5.0" Mustang. (Nice color, though.) Christmas brought wish lists, and Ring Dance saw kissing her brother and severe intestinal distension. Government-funded facial excavations and a strict diet of cereal and worms (the former proving to be infinitely more digestible than the latter) led to crew team captain firstie year. Famous for her patient, easy-going attitude (NOT), she proved the old adage that, despite size ratios and HRD, it takes a coxswain to navigate the channel. Service selection led to USMC Ground, but wherever the future leads, MJ's strength, determination, and spirit will always make her a winner. JWH & the boyz.



Brauna Rosenberg
Girard, OH
Surface Warfare

Young and innocent, Brauna had never uttered a four letter word before she arrived at USNA, but it didn't take her long to be able to swear with the best of them. Her second greatest love was running and running and running. Cross-country nationals- what a way to start a collegiate career. Roamer's table...Isn't your cover a little big? So what's a kiss and a smile? Along comes huggy bear. How deep does that submarine go, Brauna? Youngster and 2/C year a blur... 1/C year and privileges - WARNING: Objects in mirror (i.e. seawall) may be closer than they appear. CAUTION: Watch for sharp objects on desk. At least you got your 4.0. Almost time for service selection. No more intel? That's okay - Marine Corps will do. Or maybe Spec Ops? No, Surface always suited you better, anyway. The best of luck to you. You're the greatest. SAC MLB

Christopher P. Slattery
Essex Junction, VT
Surface Warfare

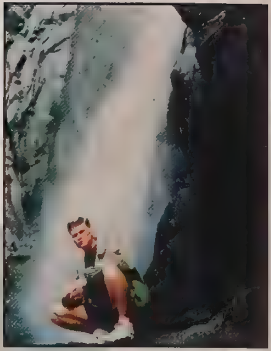
Splat has grown a lot in the four years by the bay. He has gone from the innocent preppie from Vermont, to an experienced man of the world. We always loved hearing about Vermont's Ben and Jerry's ice cream, and that no matter what the cost it is still the best ice scream in the world. Two things Chris was always known for was his love of music, and cars. He could be counted on having more knowledge then anyone ever wanted know about both, although we did appreciate all the miles we got out of the M-3. Especially the escapades into DC, and Balt. You have been a great roommate for four years Chris. I wish you the best of luck in the fleet, and with those odd ball dates. I also hope you continue to have those special kind of relationships, and, well, it's ok, because you like yourself. Warrior Dog.

Andrew Soterakis
Miami, FL

Uncle Andy, Soda, or any of the other nicknames you can get from Soterakis came to us from sunny Miami via the fleet and NAPS. He's an uncut version who knows a few important things in life like when to take a golden shower, its a one-way street, sometimes a coffee bean is good, and Mopar forever. Guitar playing friend of Bernard's, the Major, and just about anybody who likes to go out drinking or watch Scarface. I mean it's a Challenger, and it may have a few years on it, but it's a creampuff. Plus, Sara likes it. Done a lot over the years--the Naval Yard, Miami Beach, New York, tailgaters, and the list goes on...but this salty, Greek, gearhead, reverse logic thinkin', whiskey locker keepin', jolly guy with a Peaceful Easy Feeling is alright with us. E-man.

Michael Lee Sweeney
Sheridan, WY
Navy Pilot

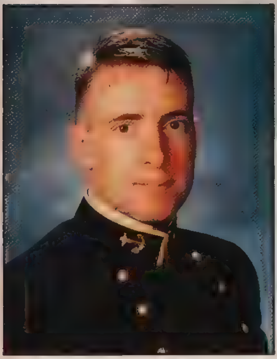
The only things Mike Sweeney brought with him to the academy were simple Wyoming values and a change of clothes. Funny how a short span of four years can change a man's life. Mike has impaled himself with his lightsaber along with the best of us. First came the Camaro, and then the girl of his dreams, then went the Camaro for the ring of her dreams. Striving to get back in the black has been a long and painful road. No stone of money making potential has been left unturned. Would you like twisty bread with that, sir? Mow your lawn, sir? Buy some soap, sir? Let me go nuke, sir? If money grew with disgruntlement, Mike would be a rich man. By the way, Mike, Employee of the Month always looks good in a fitrep. Good Luck, Stacy, your work is cut out for you!



Robert Enlow Treis
Visalia, CA
Surface Warfare

"Happy Halloween Ladies!" From the land of fruits and nuts, we present to you the only computer science major that couldn't install electronic mail on his own computer. Perhaps he was spending all his time in computer class contemplating his ever changing career preferences, SWO, Nuke SWO, SUBS, NFO, then back to SWO. I know he threw dice on the table at service selection. Too bad his destiny placed him on the same ship as the Village Idiot. Instead of buying a car firstie year, Rob became the proud owner of the super computer system, which became the greatest arcade in al Bancroft. The next time your obnoxious laugh wakes us up, we're killing your gerbil! Oh, by the way that's EI not IE, and Jose Cuervo goes down better when chugged, not sipped. Good luck!

Lawrence Hebert Young
Las Vegas, NV
Navy Pilot

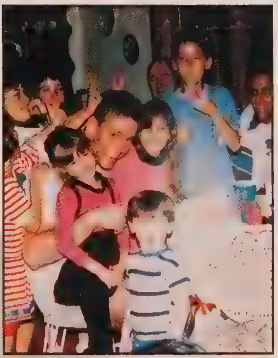


Larry, MR. 92+2, you came to us late after an unexpected two year vacation. That was alright with you though, we just pointed you towards the wardroom and weightroom and you were happy. Then we got to know you and found how quick you were with a smile, and an insult. That was alright frat boy, you got yours Ring Dance. Firsty year was one accomplishment after another. You were the first to brave the mad hatter, made it back from Norfolk in one piece, and fought the smell of the room like a champion. Well, Alamo boy 6 years by the bay two 6's, two 5's, and a 4 didn't stop you. Good luck, Fly high, and keep walkin white bread. HRD

28th
COMPANY

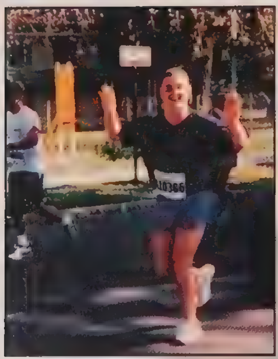
Brenna Carrie Baker
Hacienda Heights, CA
Surface Warfare

Bren, the sun-loving, bar-hopping, valley-girl talking gymnast came from Hacienda Heights to take the Academy by storm. The California girl hated being far from the beach, surf and sun, but made up for it with the bars, boys and attitude. Poli Sci. Validation. Da weed. Excuse me, may I touch your..? The Do-me. Griff's. LuLu's. O'loughlin's. THE peanut. O-4's. Singing lessons. Toe drag. Apt C-3. Part deux. Non-conducive study environment. Welfare? Head problems. Fumer? Harem. Digger. Class A con-locker. Crab Tree Falls. Mice. Slugger. Bar golf. Chic-a-bow-wow. Tahoe striper retreat. Blackjack queen. Brew-baker. UA She doesn't have a brother! The buck-tooth guy? Free beer, gotta do it! Coming close to finding the Marine within herself, Brenna chose to be a Fine Naval Leader! The laughs have made this place bearable! Keep the attitude and in touch! Good luck and we luv ya! The Gang.



Lance Stewart Barnes
Sarasota, FL

Lance left Hugh and Sarasota behind for a career in the Navy. Late light Lance attacked plebe year like an A-10 Soviet plane. He wouldn't sacrifice his physique for football. It's the whey. Just one more coat of wax. Leo joined the Berger family, and became the giant of the household. His love affair with N. Pert launched a great music career as Bam-Bam and his band "Go Fish" played for crowds of nearly 50. Stu never abandoned his great sense of early 80's fashion and chEEsy music. Lance categorically denies learning to cook from Ernbo. Athens is lucky to get such a loyal friend and a great man. Always there when you need him, Lance is the person you would want next to you in battle. If you wonder where Lance will be years from now, he'll be at football with his trusty bookbag. SES, MAN, JDB



Scott Andrew Beltz
Wheeling, WV
Navy Pilot

Scott, Scooter, Sea Time, SWO, Red-headed step-child, Dusty, This fur covered, barefoot, old man came from the back hills of West Virginia after a detour in the fleet. Youngster year we were able to pottie train him, but still couldn't get him to wear socks. I GRUBBED IT! DON'T HURT ME! DON'T HURT ME! HEY GUYS, CAN I HAVE MY SHORTS BACK? ... PLEASE? Sir, He SAID he left. 3 plebes adrift. You fly, I buy. I think I——myself. She didn't tell me how old she was. Marathon 4:18, mile 1/2 DNF. Locking the door. BL and the keg behind the tree. I knit more... Hairier than...Is a frog's... I'd rather use the sink anyday. Floss. Free balling. The boat, the babe or the girl back home. Posting numbers. MESH! 15th militarily, what the ...? Guns. Package. Stinky feet. I'm pretty! Righty tighty... Lefty loosey. Chicks dig you and so will P-cola. The Gang.

Gillian Brest Van Kempen
Evanston, IL
Navy NFO

B-13 our Northwestern youngin' arrived butch headed and spunky. F.D. Davis. After plebe year (what plebe year? artist/bookworm/youngster jg) came YIP South/Love Boat and The Love Chit! Transplant to 5-0 or no, it's 5-2? NO lecture (Coach P.) didn't work when 3/c Xmas brought diamonds. Back board/hands board 2/c year was no more board. Fly boys from HC-8. Whoop — Marathon partner or...? '93 Adjutant? 1/c year = ALL SNAFUED. Do not fear - B-12, CoT, Varsity EE are here. When it rains it pours! Geekin' on Thankx at LuLu's with mids and a MICKEY Xmas! Senioritis with Killians mugs, greatly increased yet still weak tolerances, moo-moo sticks and wine bottles at Harry's. Lush. Men/stoopid boy ones 101. Yeah. 23. We wrote it. Chickabowr. But I'm from Chicago, I can drive in the snow. We told you not to go, Geek. Please God give her patience and a fairytale. b-12, al, dm

Alexander Bullock
Lanham, MD
Surface Warfare ED Opuuon

Looky arrived in Annapolis with hopes of "becoming the next David Robinson." It was a good thing that he picked up boxing because he found out plebe summer that basketball at USNA was not his cup of tea. Plebe year was a breeze for him, until everyone figured that he got hit in the head too much. He brought youngster summer in with a BLAZE and a reassigned cruise. When he wasn't moving we were having fun. As he heads for the land of the rising sun, I wish him all the success in the world. Knowing him has made me learn not to laugh when your roommates pillow is flying out the window. Peace RDW. To all my bros: "E", Cat, Jerry, Beave, Ben-o, Seanny and the gang C-Ya and stay together!!

Thomas Jerry Dixon
Fairfax, VA
Surface Warfare

At NAPS, "Mr. Dixon" was a ladies man- the consummate Mack Daddy. His tradition continued at Navy, but he became partial to tender juices. After a Black N, Tom stayed off that sauce. The "dog" was in fine form during my 21st birthday, he made sure the cops didn't get me for the "pulling down." Tom has his troubles with a certain someone- a circus ensued, and he eventually earned a Black N star. Despite the yellow sweater, Tom's a good man, and barring injury, he would be the Navy track stud he was in high school. "Mr. Dixon" is quick to criticize, but with reason, and if he can, he'll offer some help or advice with matters. The self proclaimed "boy" is not the jerk some think he is and will be a best-selling author in no time, provided I don't get my book out first! KLC.

Cortland Matthew Esch
Rome, NY
Submarines

Esssssccchhh. Spring Break in New York with three feet of snow. Battlefields and meals on wheels. All the fun you had on the Hudson; and the Esch Memorial kept in your memory. "I'll never go nuke!" From the M1A3 Abrams (Nuclear Propelled), to Army MP's, busting your butt for VGEP, and turning it down for nuke. The Battle "E" and a boomer pin. Frequent flier miles from Medical. Squash managerial duties routinely blown off. Squash racquet meets schnoz. Remember a certain mall in Pensacola? Darren 54, Esch 0 (racquetball). Nihongo wakarimasu ka? Firewatch stander extraordinare. Don't mess with my scanner! Plebe Detail '93 and love at first sight. Company Commander youngster year. A murderous commute every afternoon to D.C. You know... you're allowed to grow your hair out now... A bald, hairy guy with a heart of gold, stay hard and watch your rads!

James William Harrell
Jacksonville, FL
Surface Warfare

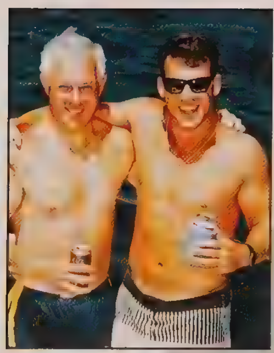
Sloth, Sweet William, "My Nemesis". Bill's life at the Great Boat School was dotted with memorable events such as the "Traditional $1.50 movie and Taco Bell run" with Hunter, JP, Mattie, Dixie Thunder, James Beam, the Good Captain, "The Grand Mariner", John Daniel and A. Martini; making JP's life hell, weekly inspections of JP's musical taste, late-night guitar and fribbing sessions, Scorched Earth, Corvette vs. Mustang, "Paddle of Justice", "The Neutral Zone", Glock vs. King Cobra, watch during the "night shift", walking in a line abreast, and testing the masculinity of the company. Bill's most important goals while here were to teach JP the "Sweet William Fundamental Theory of Life" and that his "big-bore manstopper" would outshoot Dixie Thunder's anyday. As he drives his OHP from Mayport, he will always remember the words "Full impulse power, damn you!" Good luck my friend and smooth sailing. Poco, Poco. M.J.P.L.

Jack Hunter Hawver
Reston, VA
Special Operations

"I just want to say one thing" - First Down Copenhagen- Take away this ball and chain- UVA- Mandy (not)- The Stanger- Mr. Evan Williams- A bottle and a movie, please- "I lost my wallet"- Pensacola and the big hill (Jack Ruby)- The chick with the kid- Miss UGA (what a time, huh?)- Risk till 3, tetris till dawn- Scorched Earth and hurt egos- Ho chi min- The trip to N.C.- Your best friend, Colonel Riply?- LCDR McBRERGER- TEAM 4000/5000- Boots of Duck- The night, the fight, the bite- Is sloth funny?- The cellular phone of abominations- The big BZ and Big Chicken Dinner- Ring Dang Doo- the tattoo- pizza for Wilman- The Connells, ice cream, and conduct problems- Rubberneck- Blip, Blip, Blip- The Corps NOT- Becky, oh yes, Becky- Now, the ring- What next? G-luck my friend. It certainly has been colorful- Best wishes, Dixie Thunder.

Daniel William Herlihy
Stoughton, MA
Marine Corps

Dan (Dough Boy) Herlz, the Baston talking, crew rowing, comp sci major whose computer still doesn't work (go figure). McCreary and the "pia". Where were you youngster year? In the Severn during spring break 92. Read another SEAL book. You would have had a 4.0 if you'd ever turn something in. Crew maniac, turned into weight room fanatic. O'loughlin's. Harry's Buzz. Bar golf champ/Dan, they stole my damn card! Can unsat's go out during the week?? Nice/What first class cruise! What was that surgery for?? Sweet car. Psycho chics. Scamming on a certain sister's friends. Musical roommates plebe year. Fells Point, getting back by 0200. Crab Tree falls. Being harassed by BB. The outcasts of 6-4, where do you live? Who's your other roommate? I got to quit drinking... so I can get my tolerance down before spring break. You'll be green yet. Go SWO (NOT) well ok (but I'd rather) GO USMC. The Gang.



Duncan N. Ingraham
Portsmouth, RI
Surface Warfare

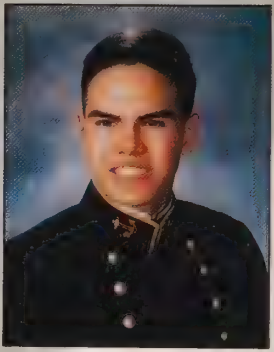
Coach, Duker...whatever. been here for 5 long years. A born Swo dog. Lives with the Lapdog lover. Always in trouble. "DID'NT HAVE IT!" Gayblade superhero, Bosley of Duke's angels, weight lifting at night, bathrobes downtown, heartbeat optional. N.Y.C and R.I with Lapdog and Bigmac (sorry you could'nt stay Mac) CANCUN...THEN DE-TOX. LAPDOG, GOOD LUCK WITH B.B.

Brent Colston Kinman
Athens, GA
Submarines

Brent left the land of Dixie to serve his country, but the South never left him. Big Daddy came barking but will leave studying reactors. Dixiethunder puts a lot of trust in his ammunition because he loads it himself, and all he wants is a big-bore manstopper. Memories we have shared... Shea...beauty pageants...Social D, Connells, Rubberneck, Pensacola, "I don't like flyboys!", "Here's Charlie facing the fire!", Stop biting me! We'll never forget that summer on the 4000 chain gang with Master Chef. If I was half the man I used to be, I'd take a flame thrower to this place...His feelings for this institution can be found in his ring...

I just want to say one thing, Brentius, you have always been there for me, and without you who knows where I'd be. You are a great friend, I will never forget you, God Bless...

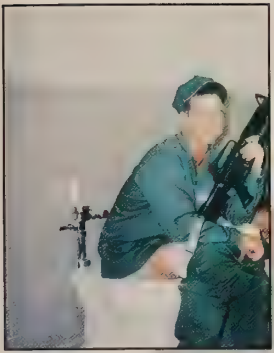
Maxwell Joseph Luter
Tylertown, MS
Surface Warfare



Plucked from the Mississippi simple life and the family hardware, I mean plumbing supply store, Luterus Maximus was thrown into the fire with America's finest and forced to face many of his own El Guapos. The Luter Log and other instruments of justice aided the pistolero in his journey. A man's man and a woman's ideal, Max impressed all with various talents such as a performance of "Ice, Ice Baby" with an original dance step. Athlete by design, Shadow intensely trained for a fit trigger finger. With a Brigade of his own special friends, P. moved easily among social circles. Though feared by many, Mad Max was a lover not a fighter and charmed many a young lady with his modest, soft, and easily managed demeanor. A sincere and faithful friend to many, we all wish him the best. JWH

Angela Renee Luzier
Tampa, FL
Navy Pilot

Angelic as her name would sound, this Jimmy Buffett listenin' sailor made waves all the way from Tampa. Plebe year brought FID, disrespect and Ocean Engineering validation. Watching TV in Luce Hall? Oops, fry. Only TV after taps. After that "Wach"ed year, came many-a-weekend at G-town. Winston's, the Do-me, Lauritz and roommates (nice!) Camp David-Marines 5-2? Bailey's and ice cream. So tell me, when WILL you and Russ get married? Club Metro and Rastaman (ah, winners). Second class year-Hey, where are my U2 tickets? Group 10 fun. Firstie year-she might turn 21 before graduation. Bermuda. Bald headed blue devil? or will it be Coronado. HC-8. The 6-4 affliction. Sterno. Service Selection: BUDS. Though you have achieved your life-long dream of being a pilot, remember not to keep hamburgers in drawers-yuk! This fly-girl knows no boundaries. Good luck in all you do, keep in touch and keep smiling! BCB and BVK

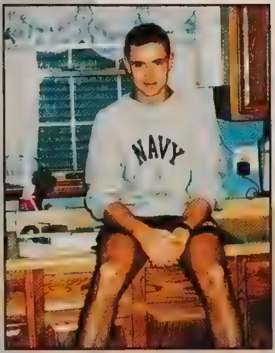


Michael Andrew McAbee
Palm Beach Gardens, FL
Special Warfare

The laid back man from Florida cruised through plebe summer with a smile. I'm going to get your classmates McAbee! Youngster year and SEAL Team 7 started you down the path to SpecWar. Sub-21 Trips to the Pub/Cellar every weekend. Briefly joined the chain gang for his 6-3 head call. I don't know where I parked my car. 6th wing armory/ barbershop/ snake pit/ phone booth/ love shack/ ATM. Beavis and Butthead. Easy come, easy go. The man of a thousand shoes. Got a dip? I'm quitting/stoppin. Whatever. Chick magnet, you been doin' some stunt flyin? Hey, I like what I like. No distance kept Mike from adoring females: Richmond (Thou blind fool), Frederick (Me and Joe), Radford (Lisa, oops). It will never be the same, but we will never forget the times. Don't worry about getting wet and sandy, it all comes out in the wash. SES BLS MAN

Darren Franklin McClurg
El Cajon, CA
Surface Warfare

Darren. Click...click, click....click, click.....click. Slight shuffling. P-l-o-p. Ahhhhhhhhhh. Good P.I.V. Darren. "Like I've always said Adam, well rested, well tested." Take a note to the movie repeating roommate's committee, El Cajon, Ca., Dear Sirs, I've received my full sized imitation Sean Connery room- mate. As you know, this is a very fine roommate. However!, once again you've blundered both to the repertoire and tactfulness of him. What must a red-necked Virginian do to receive an A in Drama, go see a play - I should hope not. Aaannnddddd, because your a swarrior at heart, I felt the wisdom of Prof. M. would be appropriate, "Be sure to do your routine work, r-o-u-t-i-n-e-l-y." And finally, in the words of a m....t Baptist fundamental-ist, "May the 'charis' of God be upon you." - MESS



Robert Adam Messer
Manassas Park, VA
Nuclear Surface

Kohai, you are like the wind, and I, like the lion... You speak your mind on matters of fundamentalism... but I, do not hear. You snore as you slumber... and I, do not sleep. You're a gunge-pup gone SWO, hoo-yah in haze grey/ A four-eyed nuke swarrior - who's come a long way.// There's a hole in your swing. More spring training for you./ Your average needs help, and your base-running too!/ Think dramamine, coffee, and doughnuts - exotic ports of call. Take care of the little truck and the Golden Groundhog. Stay suave and avoid high maintenance... For a skinny guy in a dixie cup and sailor suit on I-day, you turned out to be the best of roommates, a leadership inspiration to us all (tongue in cheek), and the closest of friends. "Thus, therefore, ie"...all the best, Yol Bolsun - swohai.

Debbie Sue Miller
Stuarts Draft, VA
Marine Corps

Debbie Sue (Cheeseball) the southern talking, hip shaking, gunge pup, left the metropolis of Stuart's where?? to be all she could be, a jar head. Although she fainted once... twice... over plebe summer no one will EVER wake her up before 0600 to read CSORM again. Bridges. Self-defense. Handcuffs. 23. We wrote it. Butch. Bar Golf. Halloween 92, Ropey met a Dragon Slayer (kitten). Whipped. Thursday night 9 o'clock. Chartruse (I want a rematch!). Did you really shave your head? 0-4's. APT C-3. Part Deux..excuse me. You ruined my life. Don't mind us we're just bringing back our Mid. Basketball no, crew no, track, maybe, aerobics... ok. Marathons. Yut yut. Jimmy Buffett. Century club. Groft sass. Pay per view. Biker chick. Stary night talks. Crab Tree. Crazy, I was crazy once. Purrr. Blue Moon Revisited. Climbing fences. Non-conducive study environment. Welfare? Happily ever after with Scott and the Corps! Keep in touch. The Gang

Matthew Adam Nanes
Brooklyn, NY

From the streets of Brooklyn, Matty showed up as a scrawny little kid and left a muscular Jarhead. But sir, I have three roommates. I got you last. You have to take the derivative. The youngster who never slept. The silkiness of the poncho liner. Our homecoming dates, "sEE-ya!" Half-a-brow, the Jet's dance, life of the party in the Volvo. 21 on weekends, the Cellar, the Pub, the Subaru. His moves on the dance floor: The look, the grind, and the tongue. Times spent in the Whale at Fell's Point. Matt categorically denies ever spending a holiday at home. Livin' with the Great Santini and SD Willy. Gen. Zais and Oh What a Night. Dixiecups!? The tailgate Bud-Man. You are a great friend and a good guy. You were always there for Sarah and Ernie, and thanks for sharing them with us. SES, MMc, LSB, JHH

Frederick Janney Regan
Bethesda, MD
Marine Corps

Fred, The Lapdog Lover!!!

Steven Edward Schairer
El Paso, IL
Surface Warfare

Shyer, the singing casanova from El Paso. Once locked-on, he's now one of us. "Thou blind fool love...," Shyerl broke hearts from Orendorf to Annapino, yet retained his love in Clifton. Keep the pot hot. H. Ross Schairer, the T-shirt king, the intramural God. How about an ice cold Textbook/Manual. Remember, "A shake for breakfast, another for lunch, and a sensible meal for dinner." Our "C"harismatic performer brought us Tailhook in '92, and Beavis and Butthead in '93, unselfishly donating the proceeds to the brigade. The twirling pen, the coin across the knuckles, the disappearing napkin: he always has a trick to impress the ladies. TOP SWO categorically denies any contact with the SPHS girl at Friendly's. "She had the phobia...they all do." —You were always loyal and always there...you're the kind of friend we'll always be able to count on. MN, AY, MMc, LB

Thomas Alan Sheppard
Camarillo, CA
Special Warfare

Shep, the straight-laced saint from the shores of California, was gradually corrupted by his everloving classmates. Plebe year and we got stuck with morning fumes from salty. 3 plebes adrift. Fudge. Blue and Gold with your honey. You still owe Matt dinner. What do you mean the boat sank? Pummel pummel. 10lb block "Of course this is all theory and no application." Wishlist... Cindy?, APK, leather chaps. Tommy the Turtle. Marathon- 5:30?, D&L's gross talks. Bar Golf (later at the Lagassa's) Puking at Lulu's. O'Loughlin's/ Harry's. The eternal DD (until BL's B-Day). 1/C cruise brought advanced alcohol training with the hooyahs at minibuds. Smoooth. Chartruse (you can't hang!) I'm coming to harass you. Tahoe striper retreat. Ring Dance and 40 below on the Chesapeake. Cheese. Bon Appetit. Wine tasting. Rohkay. Put it on my card. Where are my rice crispy treats!? This is only the beginning. Get wet and sandy. The Gang.

David Brian Snider
Cincinnati, OH
Surface Warfare

David, sac boy, Brian, Lewie, Eugine, Marie, etc... Snider. Top Gun? try top side of a LPD. Aerospace? Join the rank and file of history majors. Street rod? gimme a break. JuJuB eating, IROC driving Strambolie? please. Whipped. The only May wedding in the gang. Bill and Dave... that room sees less light than Alaska in the dead of winter. But Sir, that pasta really made me tired. Buy a CD from this decade. I really am James Dean reincarnate. SIR, sick in room or stuck in rack. You earned a Ph.D. from your time spent in medical. Signed out of class for a hangover. Hot pink light covers... lightning bolts on a jeep? Too bad you never made it to plebe quarters. Who says your friends don't bag on you? But we wouldn't do it if we didn't know you could take it. You're a great sport. Good Luck with you and the misses.
The Gang.

Bert Lee Steele
Fort Myers, FL
Marine Corps

Bert, the worldly wing-tip wearing, chic chasing, good old southern boy from Georgia. "It is but a small price to pay." Doink, sir. Canyon man. Inspector Gadget. CO of Medical. GQ. DV. Biff and Chaz, Gonna get bigg? Mr Black book/Midn Roladex. Delta frequent flyer, Too bad you were only sat one semester. Crab Tree Falls. Tahoe Striper Retreat. Velcro tie. Power puking backwards at Harry's, "I was inverted." Buzz. Judo wrestler. Poli Sci, QPR High? No, no, no, You. "You're sisters?" 3 plebes adrift. 6th wing armory/barber shop/ snake pit/phone booth/brothel. O-course stud, how're the hands? Blue Moon Revisited. Summer school-WRNV. One hit wonder. 723, watch your hiney. Beltzy/the keg behind the tree. Bar golf/beware of BB/Tom, can you wake Bert up? Breast-of-chicken? Hey Joe, get me a slurpee. Corps to the bone, you'll get there yet!
The Gang

Minnesota Ave

Jennifer Lee Whereatt
Shoreview, MN
Navy Pilot

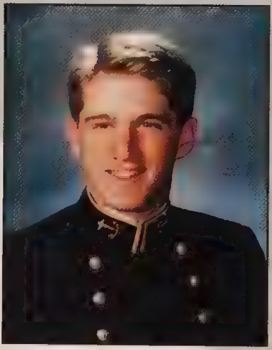
Jen, the soccer-playing, non-hangin' Scandinavian rode in from Shoreview. The little Minnesotan found new worlds: that of EOE, Strawberry Hill, and most importantly Jeff. Her prince appeared during detail ('92) and swept her away (SB '93). Hi...Let's go! Callahan's cute. "I have no grace, sir." Bad influence. Spitting on mirrors. Groft Sass. Venger the fearful. Toothpaste. Friendship beads. Apt C3. Little people. Dananana. Bar golf. O'loughlin's. 0-4s. Starry night talks. "Excuse me, could you please pull-over..." May you live 1000 years, and us 1000 less a day. For to live on this earth without our friends would be such a rotten day! DSM. ESO. Gunny, you made it - 2 cases!!/"I know I failed that"/TM/"park here, it's OK"/grey duck??/crosswords/sewage engineering/the PIER/lefse/BWI shuttle/UGLY Sam - pretty Comet// ever get bored-come work for me/// thanks for the talks, what a great trip - AIM HIGHER! AEY

Adam Elliot Young
Ridgefield, CT
Special Warfare

Ridgefield's favorite son entered USNA under the impression there would be no math. During plebe year Adam quit chasing the JV cross country team to become a more well rounded midshipman. Youngster year saw Sere-man having a bad hair year with the bouffant. He found his true calling and formed the highly covert Seal Team Seven. Relentless workouts improved his right bicep to nearly 30 inches after the Air Force Homecoming game. Adam chose to tone it down a bit, so someday he might see his elbow again. Submerging himself into EOE, Adam did enough work to earn a degree and two cases for himself and his sidekick. His hard work paid off, and Skipper's dream of a Seal billet became a reality. Adam's success is no surprise to either his loving family or his close friends. Destined for greatness, the Seal community will receive you with open arms. SS JW

29th
COMPANY

Scott Edward Armentrout
Lancaster, PA
Special Warfare

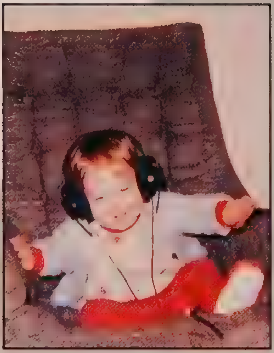


Scottie, MonChiChi, Fish, Trout, Tuna, Candyman... Threats of killing upperclass. I wanna be a SEAL. With Yogi came Supt's. Virginia NOT! Millersville - drunk - Not Scottie, pure as the driven snow. Floyd's class F@#k this!! B in Equal Opportunity? Ms. Mississippi? Remember Mickey's and getting thrown out of clubs. Ana came - I love her, No REALLY I could be faithful to her. No Carina - it's "Ain't that a B__ch!" White Men Can't Jump. Be my POW - I only half like you, you're only half oriental. Ana left, then Heather - Where'd she go? She really messed him up! She used a screwdriver? Sleep with my roommate (Budman)! Bucknell? Kelli's party - 4in1 night? Minnesota/2 hats? Keep girls out of Smoke Hall, bathroom, and your room. I'm your's tonight! she's a MOM. Dance floor in Coronado? - nuff said. LT's son made him proud, good luck at BUD/S. VL FOREVER. SCH-WMH

Demian A.W. Bailey
Ashland, OH
Oceanography

Patrick Michael Burger
Roseburg, OR
Marine Corps NFO

Pat "SMACK" came to USNA from Backwater, Oregon where they worship calves. Plebe year "Sweat" received more grief from us than from the 2/C because he was such a tool: "Hey guys, you have to help me deliver the laundry, now!" Youngster year: nice chowcall. 'Gazer realized he was puny so he started lifting, "I can't get any bigger." As 2/C company commander he established himself as an adept '93 basher. This earned him his callsign: "NO-STRIPES". The year's highlight was getting up enough courage to ask K. out, but alas, it didn't last because she didn't have an HP. 1/C year "Big G" learned not to grab my wrist and in spite of Old Spineless got himself a room on 4-1. Best of luck to you roomie. Some day you may become my 'FO but you will always be my li'l w@o*e--so just sit there and take it! Get some! MJP



Joseph Paul Buss
Mooretown, NJ
Marine Corps Pilot

Michael Cary Davila
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

James, Ewen Hail
Houston, TX
Surface Warfare

Steven C. Hernandez
Bay Shore, NY
Surface warfare

MCD: Wapissh, Meowrrr. Need I say more? From I-day to present, Mrs. Ann Davila helped you get through this place more than anyone else: more than our walkmans plebe year, getting smashed at the 4/C dining out (3/c as well - oops to 2/c year), going up to Hood College 2/C year, no names, and hitting the D.C./Fells scene firstie year. There were times when I thought you were going to quit after coming back from a Hink-doggy-dogg comearound, or getting the awesome grades plebe year (thanks B-ball) - oh that's right, Calc II. All that built up frustration led to some kick-ass grades starting 3/C year, as well as some serious flaming 2/C year (yeah Hell shaft!). You've always been there for me, (2/C shoulder boards, grades over E-mail, rides, and food), and I will always be there for you. You're a lucky man Dav - make sure you take care of Ann, yourself, and your Nissan Z. Go Swo! ESR

Paula Elaine Hildebrand
Beavercreek, OH
Surface Warfare
Oceanography Option

William Mardis Holmes
Paragould, AR
Navy NFO

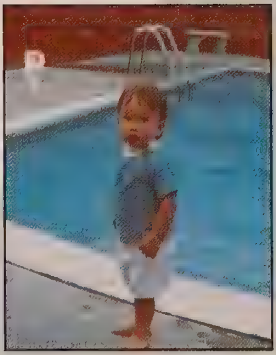
Jennifer Barbara Jones
Bellaire, TX
Surface Warfare

Michael Lee Kennedy
Mukwonago, WI
Surface Warfare

Mike "5.0" Kennedy came to us from the Wisconsin town of Mukwonago. An enlisted *$#! hot nuke instructor with tons of money and attitude. Oh, that's right lost that paycheck as a mid! Nuke $ soon turned to a lot of plastic (Daytona Beach with Mikey), and he began his ordeal as a middy. Then came Sheila, Jack D. a year's loss of leave, and finally loss of Sheila-thank God. Mike kicked butt as a mech when he decided to study, "man, I failed hard" spending many glorious weekends at Amy's with J and M- "Look at all those bottles!" "Tequila does what?" "I didn't pass out!" Again in Daytona, Mike met the one- June 4! Now, with the Mustang MLK will speed to SWOS destined for 5 year saltiness. "Gooby, the window isn't down!" Good luck to a great roomie and friend who saved me and C many times! Wha POW!-JPL, MJM, MJP

John Philip Langis
Gorham, ME
Navy Pilot

Johnny (Tom Cruise, yeah right) came from the backwoods of Gorham, Maine with his sense of humor, Charlie and chain, ooh watch that ice. Plebe year John acted as a mediator or referee for his room. He enjoyed his leave or lack of, man, shouldn't have had that shot or was it a Big Mac. In jump school John was a crown, sang cadence, and slept, sorry, ate at Burger King..now Gerald. John loves animals, which explains his scratches, midnight, get that cat out of my face. 2/C year Darth got his wish, a plebette trooper. The force with him, he found the locker room, hosp pt, Luce closet, etc. Amy's was fun, tied one on, Mr. John you look bad. John's social tact or lack thereof went well at clubs, sorry didn't mean to drop you. You've been a good bud, fly high. YE HAH! MJM, MLK, BKP



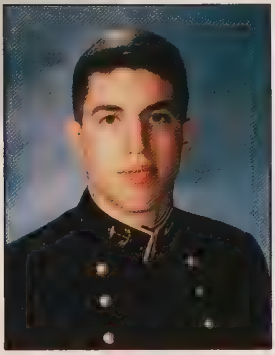
Scott Charles Lazenby
Rochester, NY
Surface Warfare

This upstate New Yorker from Rochester decided to come to the Academy to explore all kinds of ventures. He never devoted all his energy to one particular activity. His first two years were given to Lightweight crew and his final two spent in a plethora of company intramurals and fierce but friendly competitions. He prides himself in the fact that he may pick up any type of sporting event (from goggles to oars to footballs) and excel in the game. As a Second class his plebes will always remember him for his Saturday morning playtime. Some of his first class year high points were being titled the Navy Women's Swim Team's mascot for being their biggest fan and for lending his support from New York to Puerto Rico. Best of Luck dear. The Navy will be a better place with you in it and I will be there watching. -ELA

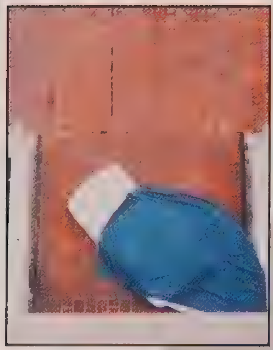
Robert Frederick Mason
Lexington, MA
Marine Corps Pilot

Mace -
The eternal quest for JJ. Drinking as a plebe? Motorcycles illegal? Lets go to Rams Head. Sorry I cant serve stevie. Why did you quit lax -> Darby! Libby my shoulder hurts. 2on1 NOT! Lets go to McDonalds -drive through- no they f*&% you when you go inside. Birth of the 3 amigos. I HOPE you had a good time at Hood. Bonfires and 4 Wheeling - What happened to your license plate anyway? Your not supposed to drive on the sidewalks in Bucknell. Then Red and 60 days/ year loss of leave/ 4/c Mason. Rob your going to hit the bus. Oh well there is always Rams Head #367 and Kelli. This is not good Mav. Stay out of trouble, NOT! Tell me It'll be alright. lessons learned A/N: chinese restaurant (no Stevie), Rob let me in, your supposed to drink AFTER the game, always let the bartender pour the beer. —SCH&SEY

Michael J. McGurr
Teaneck, NJ
Marine Corps



Oh, Gooby, you're not going to make me... Mike "toxic avenger" McGurr came to us from NJ. You're not Van Damme? Going to be in the backseat—nope, on the ground! Go USMC. Mech was fun for Mike—yeah right! "Man, I just got smoked." You wish. Another crown was he at Airborne—1 2 3 4 hey! Hot wings!!—waitress, a pitcher! Gooby went on to bigger and...better? Clubs in D.C. and Fell's; the phone number man. Keep workin' it—married chicks?—I think the favor gonna be done for you! Long nights at Amy's—no, not Lori's...place. The porcelain horse, not rack, Mike. No more bathing suits at clubs! Goobs is forever in search of Miss Perfect—Who's your donkey now? You need the clutch to start, Mike. Oh wait, window—I'll clean that up Mike. BOO YAH! Ah Yah Wha Tah! Good luck you fat... JPL, MLK, BKP



Sakura S. Okuri
Philadelphia, PA
Surface Warfare

The Man, the legend, the dream- how else do you describe Saki Okuri? This man had more females and female problems than massengill. He was a hopeless romantic who did not want romance. But wait there's more. Not only did he impress you with the ladies, but he also impressed you with his vocab and gift of gab.

Know that this english major would either baffle you with his tongue if you were male or swoon you with his singing if you were female. I have been with this man from the houseparties in Georgetown to the apartments of UPenn, from the shores of unsatness to the beaches of sub squad. Youngster streaker, My partner in crime, I wish you the best and give them hell in Swas or P-Cola!!

DFS

Michael Jason Perez
Jacksonville, FL
Marine Corps Pilot

Iron Mike came to us from sunny Jax and earned his reputation plebe summer as a PT stud--88 dips?! Plebe year it was Daytona with BIG plastic. Youngster cruise was spent balancing Ashley, Mysti, and Melanie all at the same time! 40 min showers?! Youngster year Mike traded Mysti for a broken arm and got "reacquainted" with Val. Thanks for PT-ing me on my chowcall. 2/C year brought out the flamer: "How many times have I told you about the pro-books?! Try it again!" Fieldball and a broken nose. "Maaaaate!" Many weekend flights down to Jax got a ring on Valerie's finger and a lot of time on 3-1. 1/C year: waterballoons and LATE nights--"Headphones, please." The best roomie a guy could ask for; I wouldn't trade these last 4 years for anything. Best of luck with Val and hope to see you out in the FMF. Get some! PMB

Brian Keith Pummill
Piqua, OH
Navy Pilot

B.K.--Go Navy Pilot! Go jets! Be quiet!! Got to study, on the rack, in the closet, under the desk. Blood flows better when in contorted positions. No, I wasn't sleeping, don't need it. Flame on those plebes! Full of hot air. Oh, nice hot-pot out the window? C'mon! Natural athlete. Start a fight and break some bones, or tendons. Pummill the other team! One-man Fieldball Monster. Academics--nose to the grindstone. Supt's List, finally! Firstie weekends--grind with other things, but didn't get played. Can hold the grades, not the beer. A girl in red leather. Girls like me, could it be the baby face? How do I get rid of them--get another! Yeah, Def Leppard. Airborne, almost, I earned it. Never give up--remember Kupetz. Never forget--be kind to your roommates, always check your shower, and remember the Third Law!
NRR,JPL,MJM

Nathaniel Robert Reed
Hockessin, DE
Submarines

Resonate had a rough Plebe year. Who was worse: the Profs or Hinkdog. What did you read on the front page today? How about that blue rim: "Nate knows...?" THAT'S JUST GREAT Mr. Reed! Youngster year, broke up with his computer and donned his turban. Raised his QPR more than anyone in the class. 'Roid could always make us laugh. Guns, Girls, and Going home topped the list! Supt's List! Speaking of guns, how big are your biceps? In the end, it was Nate's dedication and hard work which enabled him to achieve his ultimate goal: Nuclear Power and Submarines. Yes, there is more to parking than killing the engine. I can't think of any individual who deserved something so much! Nate, you were a great roommate! Someday you'll own a Sub and you can place your whole arsenal on it. Run silent, run deep!
BKP,JPL,MJM,MJP,MLK

Matthew B. Reimann
Cottage Grove, MN
Submarines

"Road Warrior" with a glass jaw finally showed'em how its done. Who did you say the boxing o-rep is? Remember to kiss them for me. I've seen the `face' before Melvin...and that's when the hotdog hit the cold water. "Yeah hang on to this, buddy." "Evening Admiral, I'm 1/C Buss we've met on several occasions...No sir, Buss...Matt Reimann's roommate? Yes sir, Mattie." Here's to Arctic Ops and Little Debbie...how many times did you fill the sink up that night? Commandant's directive: Underclassmen will not wear civilian attire on the yard...unless Mrs. Lynch invites you over for a quick bite. In all sincerity, Matt has made this place not only bearable, but enjoyable. He is the brother I never had. In a time where the quality of an institution may be in question, we need only to look at men like Matt to see the quality we offer this great nation. JPB

Eric Seiji Riddle
Colorado Springs, CO
Nuclear Surface

Eric came to us from Colorado Springs and immediately made his presence felt. The second class quickly got to know Eric. (Dias: Alright, who said 18th company was easy? Riddle?) Darce sure exercised those lungs as she made a habit of screeching "Ridddddllllle" at those choice "positive leadership" comearounds, etc. His classmates saw in Eric someone everyone could rely on: (ie. liberty early, Dav's walkman) Oops. Eric (the inventor of CHILLCON's) somehow survived plebe year without too many scratches and went on to a 3/c year full of lovely academics. Eric's 2/c year went up in flames. 1/C summer saw Eric headed for an XO slot on plebe detail where "Truth" and "Justice" (literally) reigned, and R.....a hit the scene. 1/c was full of clubbing in DC/Fell's, restriction (oh, that's riiiight!), and supt's weekends from his kick A#$ grades. Our nuc. sworrior will indeed go far. Thanks for all of the good times, bro. You've been an awesome friend to us all. MCD

Cheston Russell Riley
New Albany, IN
Surface Warfare

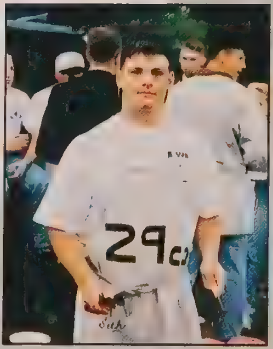
John Howard Rochford
Phoenix, AZ
Marine Corps

ROCH came from the desert. Roch made friends quick (w/ 2/c) and cruised through plebe year. OOPS! Sorry about the pants Don-rough dining out. Youngster year spades supremacy began. Late nights with computer games, THE PRINCESS BRIDE and WHEN HARRY MET SALLY. A true streaker. Margaret. ROCH's only tour w/ unsatness. 2/c year John started going to b-ball games. His integrity kept him out of the bars A/N weekend. Eventually 21 came and with it the beginning of the fights. How were the fajitas the 2nd time. Hey, did anyone see ROCH at the ring dance? Speedy at the O-course in Quantico. Firstie year John became JELLO man. No more b-ball games. Bottle throwing in G-town. Nice dent-did you get that 4-wheeling? Overslept at the Meadowlands. What's your # at Ramshead? NOT! SEGA! And yes-the 'BOYS won it all again.SEY

Deatra Marie Thompson
Fresno, CA
Surface Warfare

Dee,
Surviving Plebe Summer and pre I-day haircut, with the help of clues along the way. Quick changes and a shoulder to cry on helped me survive. Then freedom and Youngster cruise!!! 2/C year saw the real Dee-finally. We have been through thick and thin. I used to think You were weird... now I'm positive. Who else would join my escapades? Remember N.C.? Too much fun in the sun with Erin, but the horses were nice. Stealing/adopting a family, Sahib- the one we wanted to forget, the candy-man who couldn't forget you, starting the hair color of the month club. Is it Jenn or Dee with red hair today? All nighters in San Diego, sleeping in Taco Hell. The big 21- can we make it up the mountain drunk? Remember, "It's alright to be straight!" p.s. stay away from Elvis & marines!

J.A.M. & peanut



Seth Edward Yost
Wellsboro, PA
Marine Corps

Storyteller/Streaker from the sticks of PA. Rams Head #364! Nuff said. Will any of your plebe roommates graduate? 1/c year you stopped sweating. 1/2 barrel for Talbot? 2/c year, SB, "Don't throw the snow!" Mom found your ring when the snow melted. First break together, it snowed, it always snows. Will it snow in Panama City? 1/c year, tailgators, best ever! Did we see any games? Somebody had to guard the keg! The Marathon, I didn't "Look as bad as that guy!" You cheated! Unorthodox use of Icy Hot! "Stay out of my circle!" 7 on 2 - more than we could handle. Got your beer at Cheers, of course it snowed! 2nd semester, came back in great shape, Pudge! A/N weekends, all four together. 4/C, Chinese restaurant. 3/c, room to ourselves, wonder why? 2/c was kind of a blur, learned something 1/c year, STAY AWAY FROM THOSE CRIPS! NO MORE E-5'S!-Mace

30th
COMPANY
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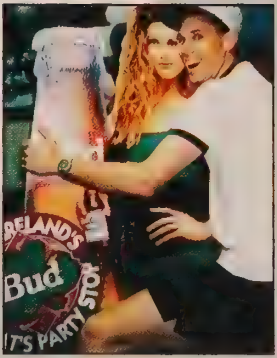
David Courtland Baker
Glen Burnie, MD
Navy Pilot

"Baker,...where's Baker?!" "Shaving." Mr. Frye. Baker's dead. BAKER***. Easter Break 91'. Plebe Chemistry. The M-word. Warm mayonaisse milkshakes. Barnacle Bill the sailor. Spring Break Surprise in Cali! "I guess we're gonna be roommates." Army week. Splash-downs. Top Gun quotes. Greaseman in the morning,..."OOOHH NNOOOOOO!" KFJH. Nabia's back. Got anymore books to read?! "Why are you doing your laundry?" "Hey, do you still have those videotapes?" Boats and EE homework. Ring Date Dances...lost in Baltimore. Booze cruise and Bonnie. Plebe Summer '93. "Clean what up?" Hometown summer swap. Jet skiing and body surfing. "Damn you bourbon, damn you

Helen Marie Bloom
Birmingham, AL
Aviation Maintenance Duty

Bloomer! You came from Alabama to grace all of our lives with your Southern Belle refinement. Listening to your 100 MPH stories about Carter, Michael Patrick, Joy, Bonnie, Mac, Christopher, Mrs. Bloom, and Papa Bear were hilarious! From plebe year ("but sir, she likes to sleep on the floor...she's Chinese!"), Jack Daniels, our top 10 lists, "Sweet Home Alabama" to living in the batt study room to PROTRAMID watermelon to firstie year ("I spent the night at this house in Woodbridge!"), and country line dancing. When a certain guy stole your heart, the rest of us missed out on your sense of humor because you liked to push TAPS to its limits! That's okay, though, because in return for your kindness, we taught you how to curse! Thanks for all of the great memories and the laughs. USNA will be lost without BLOOM stories! You're the ultimate cheese! NWL, KCB, MJC

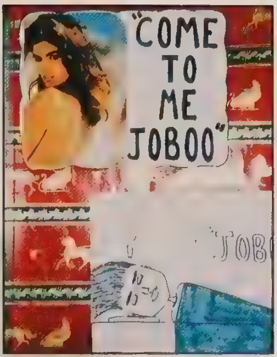


Scott Thomas Bracher
Malverne, NY
Navy Pilot

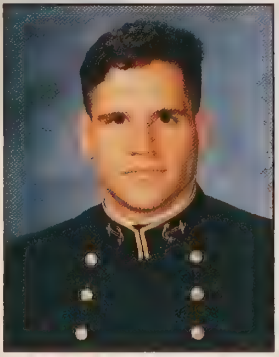
"Where are you from...where??" "Racks have to be made already?" "It's chocolate, not chawklit!" Running back from Bishop. PBJ for dinner, too much homework, go for pilot instead. Cannon ball. Scooter's squad. "Take the wheel, Scott." Flying fish. Life, chicken noodle soup, hot chocolate. "Dis me, Dis me, this is Boned, over." "I wanna go dancing." "Whose pants are these?" Liz...bad move; 2 years. Outrunning Annapolis police. Darts. Hack. Nabia left 2/C year. "No, I didn't throw the water." DAC. "I was eating a peach!" "What, for a field trip?!" 94 days, 3 weekends, swollen bank account. Thanksgiving--"you're the hook." 3 stars and 3 bars. Late night Oreo run..."My hat!" "You haven't packed yet!?" No bags till tomorrow. "We're in Ohio!" "I pushed you down?!" "Get in the shower!" King of whining. From Cali, NY, and nowhere, from I-day on you've been a great roommate and friend. TAB & DCB

Todd August Brown
Lake Isabella, CA
Surface Warfare

"Brown! Brown who?" Shoe shining parties. Racking through Chem and Saturday mornings (on the deck). Ping pong on Easter... created a monster. New Orleans golf course. 15/94 sign. Kristen's surprise. "Todd, get up, you've got to go to summer school." Jobu: "dress me!" Jade Tree. KFJH. Hobbledoogaa! Topicalities. No money. Chub. Chocolate syrup, baby oil, shaving cream, peanut butter. "On top of the book shelf." Smut. Ring date dances, quadruple fistin', tray of wings. Plebe summer passion. Splashak. Early morning jet skiing...breakfast at Cheryll's. Streaking the beach. Shark to N.C. DooDoo's dilemma: which of three? Row, what do you remember? Dancin'; the Cellar. Puddle in the parking lot. Rte 2 stop lights. I'll lift hard NEXT week. Drivethru kegs. Bucket o' Beer. "Where'd who goooo?" "You WON'T do it! From the first day on, we wouldn't change a thing--someday you'll join us, in back if not up front. DCB & STB



Joseph Alexander Buck
Savannah, GA
Supply Corps



JOBOO...YOSEPPI...8 POINT...ELVIS...A.K.A.LORD VADER...Who could that be ??...Why it's Buck and Carlson,..."Sean wake up, wake up, there's an emergency." Where Joe?? "I don't know but there's one somewhere"..."Joe, shut the window."..."Joe wake up, go to practice...no, you go for me"... Never forget those Airborne Ops on 7-4, Undercover Ops on 2-0, and those crabs from Dragon Moon...Bad Mexican...ALOHA, Jose' C.,at Hernando's Hideaway..."I lost my mind in Kings Bay,Ga."..."Svetlana Boiganskia, kiss your tobaggon goodbye."..."I think you can go get him now."...Don't worry he's a professional, Tri-Athlete....Sure let's go to Charleston,SC...Kelly, who??? 3 miles in BASS shoes... And soon to be co-owner of THE FLAMING W--A or some other appropiate name...Vaya con dios....SMW & CJC

Kristine Colburn Burks

Los Altos, CA

Inter-Service Transfer

Kris comes to good ole USNA to be a great naval officer and she wimps out to be a zoomie. 94 SIR! What you don't LIKE the Navy??? Who can ever forget plebe summer...94 SIR! White works mistake, beenie mission, Um Bop Bop! Mr. Hammack said...94 SIR! From spastics to cheer Navy, Hello Dolly...Kris has done it all. 94 SIR! Dancing...Crazy Horse was well crazy? You stay up way too late studying. Systems isn't that important. Plebe year Panama City...Sorry HMB's chem left you alone. You're culturally enriched with your new found love of country. Key West was a blast. Sorry for getting everyone sick. Thanks to Amy, you noticed your EE lab partner. Even though we never see you, we are so happy the candy corn found her waldo. Good luck zoomie! We love you! MJC, HMB, & NWL

Melissa Jo Cherwin

Roselle, IL

Supply Corps

Nerwin, Chicago, Nermal, Mel--Melissa's too proper for our city girl from Chicago. You educated/entertained us innocent types with your music, "Yo yo yo, baby pops, SIR!", dirty jokes, and upperclass ratings. Bring my wire hangar where at what time? You almost escaped the "Bone Board"! Bum shoulders kept you from your first love and talent, swimming, but your love for sports (or maybe hate of drill) landed you first string on the soccer team, and in Anne Arundel hospital for a God-sent mangled knee... Go Corps!! We'll never forget your softer side though... "The Little Mermaid", M&M man, your love for dancing...spinning in the Hall, Disneyland, Propeller's, Lulu's and along the California coast. 2 brain cells to complete a thought--one's MIA. We're drinking whatever YOU'RE buying! I think it's Hawaiian Punch! We love you!!! KCB, HMB, NWL and AML :)

Chris J. Claiborne

San Antonio, TX

Marine Corps

Jose from the Naval Academy...For someone who showed up a month late for Plebe Summer, you sure did catch on quick. It must have been your great relationship with your squad leader. Evils in the City of Sin(P.C., FL)... Just ditch it...Airborne(we don't salute uncovered)...85 kilograms...The Cherokee...Reveille at 0655... Youngsters with Attitudes...Sebastian and Tigger take on the North Shore...Summer School(squared)...Protramid: we lost our minds and blew off the Admiral in Kings Bay,GA, found out what there isn't to do in Savannah and got arrested as BRIAN SECURED THE HOUSE...Black N...The Talon(135)...Finally got over a 2.0...Summer School(P.E.P.??), GTMO with the w--as..."Chest and Arms Baby"...You christened rm 5161, Kelly's BMW, rm 4209, trash cans, heads and the Cherokee(21stBD)...in every way...POSSIBLE.

JAB ES NL KP MW PD ES SMW

Jeffrey Deron Clark

Mendham, NJ

Surface Warfare

Jeffrey D. Clark: Stork, Fur-Back, Schnoz ($450 mistake), Snake, I love Julie in the elevator, how far to Newport honey, try booking your own chick, please shave your back and your butt, how did you get that gum disease, Even Flow, Bunky IV, Honor Lovin (4 stripes in Paris), Fountain of Farce, Ken's 2 for 1 special, 48 year old (something to be proud of), not bad work in Dant's Library though, thanks for the great couple of weeks with your ring dance date (YEAP), In training, yeah right!

10:00 "I'm going to the Bunky", Lightweight, Dirty Dogs, wash those feet, Whacker,

Daddy's little boy, Jody, Lindsey, Julie, you're welcome, you are still the man (who are you kidding), The PIT, sorry about the mess, you only wish you could be a part of the TRILOGY, Basketball -- nice try at being a Varsity Athlete, Softball King you LOSER.

AJP JAS BDJ BHS MIA SK

Michael Sean Garrick

Orange Park, FL
Navy Pilot

Mikey "I love the ball-and-chain" Garrick. When I'm drinking, women of the world beware. I don't discriminate on the basis of race, religion, size, or areas of the body you want to pierce, and Georgetown is my favorite hunting ground, so look out here I come. I'm also a very sympathetic person. If you're snoring, I'll see your snore and raise you ten octaves. Memorable moments: "Mary will you m.....Oh, you want to break up with me (dohhh). Don't fret though I bounced right back and got another "ball-and-chain" in a couple of weeks.
Favorite drinking spot: Lulu's, but only if I'm there 45 minutes before yuking on myself. (Don't tell my mom though, she won't be too happy with her innocent little Charlie Brown.) Favorite past time: Saving roommates from jumping on grenades...NOT
Best attribute: Being able to float an air biscuit without knowledge of it. " I think I ...., but I'm not sure."
Best skill: "Just get me in uniform, and I'll be sober." I guess that's in place of water and an aspirin. ACL

Leroy Runge Gilbert

Orlando, FL
Submarines

"Roy, just keep talking, and eventually something useful will come out." Strange visitor from another planet, Roy was sent here to make us wonder. He has a sense of humor unbridled by a scintilla of tact, an ability to sleep 14 hours a night and scrape by with a 3.45, a true gift for suspense ("Will he make weight this time?"), and an affinity for smooth reflective surfaces. Three years of Orlando rowing left him ready for plebe summer (Did he practice his brace before he got here?) but unprepared for Annapolis winters and the ensuing care packages. His Academy time has been marked by an extremely painful recurring injury and probably the bravest Blue and Gold stunt ever. To no one's surprise, we discovered his true identity when he exited the phone booth on Halloween. The SILENT service? 'Taint no more! "You don't understand, he's my brother!" TB, HZ, CK.

Michael Raymond Hede

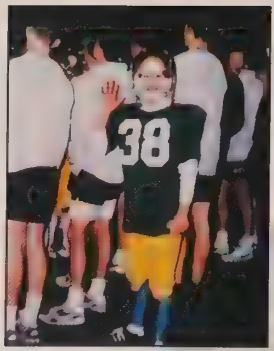
Petaluma, CA
Marine Corps

Mike Hede: the nose, TV, Batt Commander extraordinare. How long have you been in the Navy, Hede? "All me bloomin' life...and I ain't kidding, SIR." Boot Camp to Diego Garcia, NAPS to USNA--how many haircuts have you gotten so far? Quite an attitude you've got there, you must be prior--how 'bout bracing up? Football hero from Peteluma, CA--"Hands Hede." Mr. Flexibility--is that a spin kick to the groin, or the knee, Mike? Nice car--fastest 1/4 mile on a flat I've ever seen. "You like my groovy shirt, guys? I've had it for years." "Turn off that funk music, Joe, if it ain't Motley Crue, it ain't worth listening to." Ricco Suave, you are not: What are you staring at, Mike? "Leave me alone I'm workin' someone on the other side of the room." The USMC's got a good man. DJS, ACL, MSG.

Bradley Durant Juhl

Herndon, VA
Surface Warfare

"Back to life, back to reality"...Started with Scooter...swimming saved your butt with him, I picked up the weight for you. Hood; too much to drink;tried to manhandle that chick. Living with Meat was o.k. but then you got me, who can ask for anything else. Never found a girlfriend, but some can live without??? you know irony can be ironic sometimes. whoaaa butternut, never get your melon tweeked. restriction and of course alcohol tables. dippin fool....long live little man, what's my name, uhhhh?, beauty. Snowboarder! "I don't see the hill, Brad." "And they're off!" hey ladies it's me, Dahmers, lady killer...wasted in Bowmans class (screw whats his name, knew more than him anyways). gotta get the bags. Get us down! Newport then San Diego(blondes maybe one will be shorter than you) same ship.
JAS JDC AJP BHS MIA JCM SK
DCB XYZ
XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX



Nancy Wing Sze Lo
Childress, TX
Nuclear Surface

Nancy came to us from Childress, Texas, chinese with a southern accent!?!? Was the free education worth it? Your Beenie roommate loyalty chase, to flying off the top rack and hurting your leg, but breaking your arm?!?! LO WHY DON'T YOU KNOW? Oh the places you've slept...the shower, under the desk, on the desk, on the floor (but you are chinese, so that's ok). The hours you've slept. The things you ate...radishes, beef jerky, and ungodly amounts of MSG with chopsticks, At least the love chit left the better half in company with us so we could still enjoy your wit and smile. You've come a long way from waiting tables in a one stoplight town and the butchers in 3rd wing to a long-haired XO princess and one of the first Nuclear Power Swo Goddesses! Good Luck...and go angles and dangles! HMB, MJC, KCB

Adam Christian Lyons
San Dimas, CA
Surface Warfare

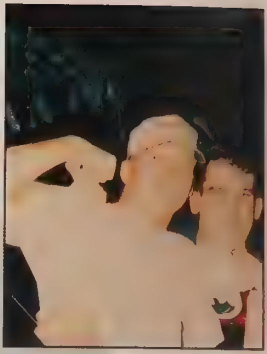
Adam Lyons aka: Lyon-san, Adman, Metal, the Lyonator--four great years by the bay have drawn to a close. "Hey Makella, did you clean the radiator?" "DUKEY!!!" Get that nose nugget? "San Dimas High School football RULES!!" I think he's with Joe Clark in the library. "Is Bracher in this class? Oh well, boned again!" I have three words for you, SUCK IT UP!!! The South Street Shuffle--here comes an officer, Adam! "Okay, okay, I'm okay." Recons across Dorsey Creek--"I think I might be a Marine." 60% casualties--"Doooooh, think I'll be a SWO!" It's me, Ed Grubermann! BOOT TO THE HEAD! Sports Fans, need I say more? Music from Led Zeppelin to Black Sheep. Hey Adam, your Jeep isn't amphibious is it? The man of "confined" messes. Feeling DRY Adam? Rackina has been much better to you than Liz ever was. Blah, Blah, Blah... MSG

Kevin Scott Mattix
Portage, IN
Marine Corps Pilot

"Mattrix", "#20",..."And the punt is...BLOCKED FOR A NAVY TOUCHDOWN BY NUMBER TWENTY...KEVIN MATTIX!!!" Kev, I admire your courage, drive and motivation. I wish that just once I had been able to take the field at the Meadowlands or Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium like you have had the opportunity to do many times. We've been friends a long time and as football players and now Marines we think alike. I wish you the best of luck in the Fleet and in the Air...#35. D.B. PRIDE...MRH

Now on a serious note: Football...Systems Engineering...FCA Pres...Always in the wardroom...When did you study?...Wait a minute when did you sleep?... "Pole vault eh? you might want to loose some weight."... Kevin...turn off the alarm! Kevin, let me out of the con-locker! Kevin...you're talking in your sleep! You went through many roommates, but it's been great knowing you--you've been a good friend. DCB

Survivor of MIA, AP, MR



Andrew Jason Payne
Fort Washington, MD
Surface Warfare

Andrew J. Payne: Massacre at the Green Turtle, Beauty, Pansy, Is she really your cousin, Romancing the Plebe, Five Stripes..game over. Zywicki's Thirsty Third, Szeliga obviously has something you don't (the big V), Finished up in 30... moved to 20, was that all??, Truth or Dare in the Pit, never could hit the curve, the baseball house???you wish, lose the attitude we're tired of it, its going to be a new experience having to pick up a civilian chick (Im guessing you'll like it better), Eastport Bridge Leap, LuLu's Rumble, Jump wings and Red wings and Brown wings (ummm good), the what skins, Frank Reich back to pass...TOUCHDOWN- you lose sucker, REapplied stats, Payne Szeliga Vanyo: the trilogy (all I ever wanted was to be loved, is that so wrong).
JAS JDC EE BDJ MIA BHS SK

David Joseph Salmons
Ballwin, MO
Surface Warfare

HAMMER...FINKLESTEIN...THE SALMONATOR...STINKY...THE EE GOD...KELLY'S @*!$ TOY! "I'm going to try and be more positive this semester" (Yeah Right). "This majors class should be pretty kool, it's not too hard" (Isn't that what you said last semester?). "Somebody told me he's a hook prof..." (Hello... McFly). "The Deputy Vice Honor Chairman for what?"...."No really...she's just a friend!" MESSAGE: DAVE CALL KELLY A.S.A.P. O.B.S.T.C.R.!!!! From 4.0 to Go SWO thanks to a EE major, the brain surgeons at Nuke Boards and weekend honor boards at Grandma's house. Good luck in the Fleet Dave (another doughnut sir?).

P.S. Watch out for Ammo ships.

Joseph Anthony Soltis
Gladstone, MO
Surface Warfare

Joseph A. Soltis: ex-Marine, ex-Seal, ex-Nuke, ex-Aviator, current SWO. Sealtis, Swotis, Blobber extaordinaire (actually she's a bute), Human Punching Bag, Joey Baby you drive me crazy, Happy New Year...where's Joe?, Sandy my darlin' you hurt me real bad/ you know it's true, owwww my eyes!, which way to Meadowlands stadium?, whose your daddy, what sorority is this, Eat My Pie?, Happy Birthday Joe, why are you all wet?, Love in a Bathroom stall, B---Lips, Its a shame about Rey, Condom, what's that?, Jennifer 8, Sponsor Appreciation Nite, Sittin' on a Dock all Day, i love Lenny Kravitz, Ken's Illegitimate Son, The Pit, Uh guys I got rejected..again, Hack, The Farmer and the Dell, Whole Man Multiplier, Drunk tables, Nice Mom Jeff, Whoa Butternut, Krusty, Eating out in 4259, Sir...I quit, Que?

JDC,BDJ,AJP,MIA,BHS,JCM,SK

Bryan Hunter Szeliga
Riverton, NJ
Surface Warfare

Bryan Hunter Szeliga: Sleepy, Only member of the Fab Five who didn't get to play,
Women before friendship, Yeah I can Snowboard, "It's only fair that I get a shot", From Guido to Mophead, Slower than Molasses on a Cold Day, Are you goin my way, get you stuff out of the closet, surfing in January in Annapolis, C-side hockey...drill exempt, another package in the express office for mama's boy, will the last fifty orders of merit please report to the Commandant's passageway, snowmobiling in the woods, Danny must have been great...ZZZZ., sleeping in Brownlow's..., Payne Szeliga Vanyo-the saga continues (no, we're just good friends), why don't you just move in with her (V)?!! Where you been? Friends Always before all else my BROTHER! Don't ever forget it! JDC JAS MIA BDJ EE AJP SK

Michael Joseph Thiel
Madison, WI
Surface Warfare

Mickey Marvin Walker
Orlando, FL
Surface Warfare

The following has been my guide through the trials and tribulations here:

Often your tasks will be many, and more than you think you can do. Often the road will be rugged, and the hills insurmountable, too... But always remember, the hills ahead are never as steep as they seem, And with faith in your heart, start upward and climb till you reach your dream... For faith is a mover of mountains - there's nothing that God cannot do - So start out today with faith in your heart and climb till your dream comes true. (Helen Steiner Rice)

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

(Philippians 4:13)

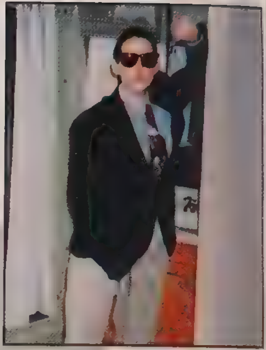
I'd like to thank the Lord for getting me through this place and my family and friends for their support.

Sean Matthew Whitlatch
Havelock, NC
Surface Warfare

Whitty...Fezzig...Mr. Schnepp...A.K.A. Not only the President but a member

185 to 225...Crew to Pistol...Pistol to Rugby...Rugby to Rack, What smells???..""I ran my High School"..."No sir, She's really my cousin, really."..."Mr.Buck took my shoes." Joe:"What the hell are you doing?",Chris:"Sean, are you o-kay?",Sean:"I missed the desk"..."What do you mean you don't like Tequila?"..."Let's go it's all you can eat ribs at Buddy's."; "My god you want more ribs!!", said the waitress"... MOUNT (vb.) St. Mary's Whitlatch style..."There's a cop right here, no over here." ..."Don't forget that Boat's exam."..."Left, Right, guard rail, Left."..."F- Tape '91, wanna hear it."..."Gummie Bears" ..."No, Sean, Slim Fast is not an appetizer."...What do you mean you're broke, AGAIN..."Taps; where's Whitlatch? ...in the HEAD."J.B. & C.C.

31st COMPANY



Deanna Leah Adams
Bartlesville, OK
Surface Warfare

Dee came to us from Bartlesville--or was that Bartles and James--via Naps. Do the words "Don't know much about history" ring a bell? After a year of pulling hard, she left the boathouse to chase other interests!?! Academically, Dee was ready to pursue Aero..no, Oceanography..no..no, General Science. She should have chosen COMPUTER science, since she shows such an interest in it. Her ability to hold her liqueur (ha, ha!) gave her an up close and personal encounter with those clinging dust bunnies. "It takes an experienced man to handle her correctly" was her quote to live by. It was a long time coming, but Dee found the ship of her dreams???--LHA-2 Saipan. Thanks for all the great memories as a roomate and a friend. We love you. -JB/JAS

Anthony Edward Arzu
Highland, CA
Surface Warfare

Wolcott Dean Baird
Springfield, VA
Marine Corps

The real clock-breaker of 5-3 (sez Joe), you may have seen this masked madman running through the halls of Bancroft (or in the icy Severn) wearing his three-piece birthday suit. "Better get out of the rack and read the book, the paper is due later this morning!" After living the Star Wars trilogy, this most distinguished member of the triumvirate proved to all who the emperor of The Dark Side really is. And with his receding hairline, his dome is shinier than Darth's. He claims to be bad at sports. "Honest, I've never played." But he never fails to humble us all, any clime, any place. Ever eat at Mike's or Chili's? Just keep your face out of the trash can after morning quarters and you'll be a legendary officer. To the best roommate a guy could ask for, good luck Duke. MGS, MTB, JHN

James Patrick Balet
Schenectady, NY
Marine Corps

The Beet, Jimbo, J&B, Ballet, BeetHead. That Damn ridgeline on your head. "Hey Jim, Richard was..." "You're Done" "I'm not talking about it." Rosson looked just like you. Brigade Disc champions. Uncle Mike. "If this pen hits the floor." The Book out the window. With Calc a 'D' for Done. Mech E, are you sure? The Prone sleeping position. JEN Called! West Civ Final, "Jim wake up we're late". Oh well, we still got A's. Apple Cider, it's not too old. The couch, The National Review, Jim Conservative? NO WAY. The reason you study so much, you sleep in class ALL the time. Your own room in the Library. Your Birthday, UGGGGLY! Pushing your weight and more in the marathon "He's so gentle" Denison and the Hat picture. From driving your cover out of King Hall, to Leatherneck, Just like your brother. ERR! Your quite a guy. DOB PBD MCB NPF ROB DCC

Robert Owen Ball
Towson, MD
Marine Corps

Volcano, Volcano Bob, Bob the Volcano all of Bobby's nicknames seem to have one thing in common. 4 years on the swim team, not one day in the pool. Too much time with Nick turned you into a flamer. JT Wallace/ Rathbun (borderline criminal, Furley wanted you to have a lawyer?) YOUR BIRTHDAY - don't touch me - sleeping in your dinner. Ram's Head record? There's two naked guys in your pool. Your mom is really mean (steak dinner). What are you doing for Spring Break? Too strong? Bobby that drink is clear! Who's got Volcano watch? Annapolis to Key West to Annapolis with Gunn. Purdue girl. McGarvey's girl. Your really goofy bark. Do you ever NOT wear white-works? I'm gonna' rub my @#$! on your head. Did you ever study? Midshipman date of the month club. The pentagram. Drill. The best is yet to come. Errr! PBD MCB JPB NPF DOB DCC

Douglas Oliver Bird
White Pigeon, MI
Marine Corps

DOB- (Petri Dish) Who is that bald guy in my room? We're late! Oh, my God, we're late! Who from Second Squad has taken a shower? Schuette & Schutte, is that deck done? Where's Bird, at crew practice? You tested positive for what? Doug, I ate your cookies for dinner. You got a chit approved for what? Is your rack pregnant? The bird costume. Need a little something before you go out there? Restriction. Do you think you have a problem? The 9:30 Club. AlcTraMid. You got a car, cool. 2/c room rigged for max rack...lava lamp...my best friend's SISTER?!? What ever happened to Cheryl? 3 of us were 21 at mess night. You want me to check for ticks where? How did you get one there? In November? Your brother's pitching where? We only have two days! 31st Co. Rep. First to 100 at Ram's Head. Hey Bobby, wanna grab a beer? JPB DCC PBD

Michael Currey Boyd
Portland, OR
Marine Corps

McBoyd, MookMan, Pterodactyl, Cliffy- the rich man from Oregon. EE, that was close. 3 roommates out of 5 gone. Davie? Nuff Said. Torturing Jones. X-Country. The workacholic. Why didn't you get a Rhodes Scholarship? All your profs bone you? Youngster year: handball, swordfighting, flamable shirts, sword drill and outstanding grades. That Plebe Summer bulkhead sure was expensive. El Rancho stew and Richard, Chicken a La King and Richard... The first night in Key West. How do we get back? The last night in Key West. Where did your clothes go? Ohio. Nice hat, nice earring. "I think Mike would be happy with..." Late night desk dancing. UPenn and Ben Franklin. Sugar cookies at Ocean City. Coronado, nice car, Night & Day Cafe. A little restriction never hurt. Why were you late? Mom, about Army/ Navy weekend... Liquid cocaine, The Jäg, Mad Dog... PSM,IRT,FYI,LMS,FORAC. A born SWO, hope to see you in Quantico.

JPB PBD NPF ROB

Michael Thomas Brahan
Fountain Valley, CA
Surface Warfare

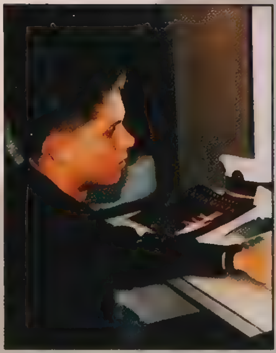
Homework, Crew, and Denise, not necessarily in that order, pretty much sums up your life here at USNA. A devout Catholic from Cali, you came here with aspirations to do great things. And great things you did. A member of the Triumvirate, you nearly drowned in your SWEAT studying Mech E (4.0), buying new cars, walking to formation, etc., etc.. Long live Gumby and Tuffy the Titan. Words cannot describe the admiration we have for you. "The fact is that whether you eat or drink, whatever you do, you should do all for the glory of God." 1Cor10:31. Mike, you epitomize this verse, and that is why I love you like a brother. May the good Lord watch over you and Bless you in everything you do. Take care, we'll miss you! WDBIII, JHN

Jeanne Marie Buchanan
Manderson, WY
Marine Corps

How did a true-blue cowgirl who had never seen the ocean ever make it to Canoe-U? However it happened, she sure set the place on fire. Jeanne came to play hoops but spent endless hours at the boathouse instead--perhaps for love of more than just the water (heavyweights, D1W1...). Surprise, surprise, our western wonder went from counting on her fingers to being a comp-sci expert. Firstie year found our little hoo-yah leading Bill the Goat- and later, the whole Company. "Well duh", it was no surprise when our jeep-driving (when it worked), beer-drinking bud stayed true to her mud-grovelling ways and went Marine Corps Ground. We're sure she'll love the Marines - the men, the uniforms, the men, the lifestyle, the men, and the adventure. You'll go far, girl. You're a true Marine right down to your skivvies. We love you. DLA/JAS

Douglas C. Campbell
Rockville, MD
Marine Corps NFO

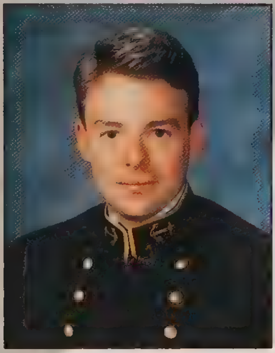
D. C. Campbell '93 or was that '94- Oh, you went to jump school, I guess that makes you special? Regimental tables, ROB as a roomie, the coke machine at squash practice. "Request permission not to bilge my classmate, Ma'am?" "Does she always look like that?" Your Roommates plebe year. Dirty D and the dugouts. The Black 'N'. How'da get dirt on your clothes, E-Course. The Beat-Army video. Va Tech, we're goin tub'n. A month aboard the CARON, well a week or so anyway. Classmates please don't buy all the Gummy Worms. The Cherry Blossom Princess. The Butcher, Jamie smell my hand, Two Guys Havin Fun. McIntyre. Buffet and the BookMobile and the car ornatment. Ring Dance and too much Peach Schnapps. How Much you pay for that car? Need a push? Key West to D.C., the snow's not that bad. Best of luck at Q-town and beyond! DOB JPB PBD MCB NPF ROB



Peter Ballan Dumont
Greenwood, SC
Marine Corps

Weasel, Ferret, Pierre, Calvin was the Company redneck, and chose USNA over the Foreign Legion. How did Pickett's Charge work? Petey's folklore. Imagine if we put a claymore in the door? Look at all that snow, and its sooo cold today!! Troy, NY would have been much nicer. Fabio, Sarge, Dr. Chi. "This [belt] will help you learn about the Honor Concept." Which sport are you doing this week, tough guy? How's your shoulder? Hey Pete, the bathroom's out that door. NL302 MESS Night-"Mike, Shoot me!" Key West how you sprained your thumb. GRUMP-O-SAURUS. 1/2" of hair, 10 minutes to style it? Civilization-I can quit any time! Where are your parents from? And you call yourself a rebel! How's that Jeep holding up? It's been an education on the South. You're fixin' to go to Quantico, best of luck (you'll do well with 6 tours in NAM under your belt). MCB JPB DCC DOB NPF ROB

Noel Philip Fagan
Ridgewood, NJ
Surface Warfare



Noel P. Fagan- You from Jersey, what exit? "Mr. Fagan, what do you want to Service Select?" "Medical Corps, Sir!" Could it go anywhere but up? Youngster year brought a roommate and a half, or something like that. Way to take one for the team. D&B Rocks the House. Way to go Noel, the most popular cymbalist of all time. The Porsche, a Camaro would be better from Jersey. "How much for an oil change? A new clutch? Engine mounts?" At least it still runs. Greenwood, Leslie and the crickets. Second Class year- THAT TIRE! The Furl and Due Process, the skis, the tacks and getting air. The Leftist Times. Who needs anything more than Enya, James Taylor and maybe a little Alice Cooper water music. Where does he spend his weekends? Who is that girl from Georgetown? Good luck up at Newport and beyond, your a true classic. JPB BOB PBD DOB DCC MCB

David Walter Fink
Skoki, IL
Special Warfare

Fink the hardest working person I've ever met. "I'm not compulsive!" Water balloons and getting maxed. Daytonna - Mike sure is fast. Get any letters from England lately? You know why I like this place so much-because I can do this. If they only knew, but we're completely normal. Prozak, ridalin, need I say more? Who's feet stink? Head butts, what happened to Stuff's wall? Key West. Hey, I'm faster and stronger than you. Who's Zen? What's Zen? Who's that naked guy in the pool? I see "we're batting with the big boys-no, I mean your nose." The Buffet concert and the book mobile. Who cleaned up the ward room floor? You said what to Carol? Only six hours a semester. Probably the only person in the company who could put up with me for two and a half years. You've been a good roommate and great friend, Gunn.

Robert Tilton Graffum
Grantham, NH
Special Warfare

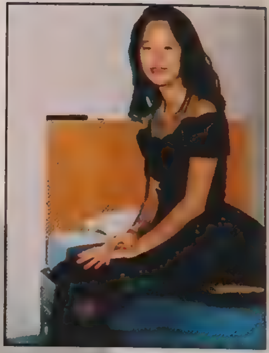
Rob comes to us from Maryland, no...Germany, no...New Hampshire (typical Army Brat). Who ever thought this crying, cover hurling, Stealth Plebe would end up a SEAL? "We have a Graffum in our company?" "Saturdays are good...girls are good." Sir Graffum, Knight of the Round Table, proved his drinking ability to the back woods of Annapolis. If you're ever up late in Main Office and you see a white flash streak by, it's probably Rob (Oh $&#@! We're being chased!) We'll clean up your trail of broken hearted babes and beer cans if you promise to hold the fort down in Coronado. Here's to good times and good rack. Always remember, "It's never as bad as it looks, and it always looks better in the morning", unless of course you never hit the rack. Good luck to a great guy and a true friend.
MGS, JL

Kimberly Camille Hurd
Colp, IL
Supply Corps

FleetMamma, KayCey, Camille, Beanhead, Ms. President. She came here from the country part of IL to be the one to speak for all of us (and go OFF if necessary). From those firsties knocking for you plebe year to your disappeances with Joel firstie year, and Lord knows you were forever being hurt doing something or nothing at all. Let's not mention the swollen (you know) from the 10m jump or the ankle I didn't break in Judo, let alone the helo on YP cruise. 1/C cruise showed you a ring that you would eventually wear and a man we all liked and hoped you'd keep. You showed 'em in Chicago 1/C yr as GC Prez (too bad you missed Bermuda). You went through SO MUCH, but this one is for your Grandparents. To God be the Glory. You're the Girl! To the NETWORK!! ETH & EJS.

Charles Thomas Jones
Kinnelon, NJ
Submarines

Lurch, Chuckles, Chuck, Charlie (just for mom's sake),the Kinnelon Kid (where is Kinnelon anyway). Reveille? I feel like I just went to sleep. Taped to the floor (the Plebe's were really impressed). Charlie, the knife, your rack, your mom, the LT. Trapped by a chair. The motel at Christmas (you'll drink who under the table). Chuck in a laundry cart. Double D, math tutoring? and April Fools! You bought a rental car? Good job driving in NYC, she just walked out in front. Medieval Times picture. The Rainbow Warrior. You bathe the goat by choice. Tuberculosis! The dumbest man on Supe's list. Do you still have friend's at U Penn? Moshing at Tech. We're tubing no matter what. 2for7 night what's on your leg's. Watch your head on the sub and say hi to Richard at power school. Reactor core the only Corps? We've never met anybody quite like you, and probably won't ever again, best of luck. JPB DOB ROB PBD MCB DCC NPF

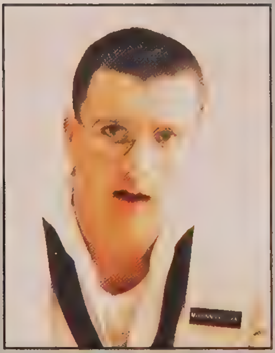


David Chul Hae Kim
Methuen, MA
Submarines

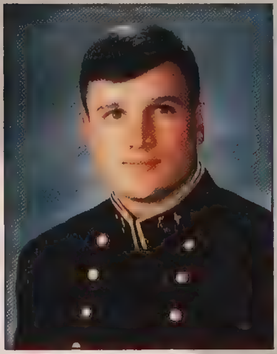
Dave tells us he's from Massachusetts. Judging by his English, I personally find that hard to believe. The "mung money" man will soon realize his dream of being a sub driver. Just don't volunteer for any more underway man overboard drills! You're an ensign now, we'll let you stow your banana. I know, "That's a baloney!" And this entry wouldn't be complete without mention of the DCA. Though I can't always understand your speaking, you have done more than you know for me. I'd still be hoofing it without your guidance. You expanded my horizons with sushi, kim chi and Bethel. In fact, it was at Bethel that you met the woman of your dreams. You've made a good choice, and God will keep you both happy. Though I don't always show it, I have great respect for you. You'll go far and deep, Dave!
MTB

Joshua Lasky
Alexandria, VA
Surface Warfare

Josh came to us from Alexandria via NAPS. His Academy experience has included--rowing for a year and a half, learning to break bones (the next Steven Seagal), perpetual UNSATNESS ("I learn the material, I just learn it too late!"), perpetual brokeness (there's always Keno), sleepless nights, and plenty of great times. His highlight has to be youngster year, when he found a Sleepless in Seattle romance and the love of his life (soon to be wife), Tami, she's a great girl and I know you'll be happy together! Youngster year also brought him a great roommate--we've stayed together longer than anyone else, probably because you're the only one who stays up as late and can be as big a ... as me! Always hardworking and a true professional (but I know better!), you'll be an outstanding naval officer. Its been great! RTG



Robert F. McGunnigle
West Bridgewater, MA
Civil Engineering Corps



R. Francis McGunnigle came to us from the crime hardened area of Brockton, Mass. (Actually, he lived in West Bridgewater, where "crime" meant not trimming the hedges and cleaning the pool.) He made a go at football his first two years here, but the coaching staff, with all its combined football wisdom (?) did not recognize ability when they saw it. Since then he has been working at the "gunshop", aiming at benching 400, which always seems about one month away. 3/C year brought sleep, restriction, sleep. 2/C year brought Diana, crustacean critters, and whats her face, (who cares what her name was!) 1/C year brought a car, many spare parts, and many more bills. It also brought Jen. Who woulda thought that even Francis could find a girl. And with love and time, she may even learn to speak and walk again, but she has been blind since birth. Just kidding. I wish you the best. I never had a brother till I got here.

Joseph Hock Chye Neo
Singapore
Foreign National

Hawk Chye came to us from Bedok, Singapore, a mere 13,000 miles away from his Luvbby/fiancee/wife Joyce. As the years went by, the Americanization of Joe progressed, until finally, after going to Chili's almost every afternoon firstie year, it was complete.
H ey Joe, "Did you break the clock?"
A man gotta do what a man gotta do.
W ill you explain to us one more time how gun sounds like glance?
Keep exercising-for cylindrical man is right around the corner.
C hants of "JOOOOOOOE NEOOOOOOO" ringing out at football games.
H owdy Doody? Do you? Do me? Do everybody?
Y ou don't have to wang all night.
E mail. . .enough said.
Here's to you Joe. We are going to miss you! WDBIII, MTB

Frank Meno Pelekai
Lemon Grove, CA
Surface Warfare

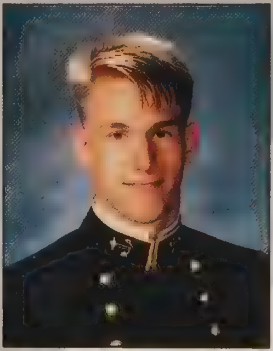
Warren Taylor Renick
Sarasota, FL

Ty. Never knew him at NAPS, and the stories of the Renick stare make us glad we didn't. How many stitches in your head? That was a pretty big mug. Ty, our locked-on guidon plebe summer. He's been a locked-on plebe ever since. Stealth Mid. How scared was Nick during Army week? All those troubles getting back into uniform Saturday nights. Thought you were in love after Herndon. Old Glassjaw. The Mad Bomber. Academic Officer. Furley's pet (or is that pet peeve?) How was lunch? Has Shaw gotten any better at batting practice? Been through many doors lately with Mouse? Nice jeans. What's that smell? Cancoon, swiming in the Gulf. Buy a new watch yet? That's just a cap gun. The gentle giant who terrified plebes. Category V makes drinking expensive. What's a grayhull? You mean SWO's go on ships? 2.000 and go! Never forget Gungalunga and Jibba!

Julie Anne Spencer
Silver Spring, MD
Nuclear Surface

Julie came to us a flaming red head from Cali, Kansas, Maryland and a quick pit stop in Okinawa. She will always be remembered for her affinity for green jello, Marines, the Quinnster and the moldOv(i)a man. Of course this is only when she wasn't breaking records at the crew house, or singing up a storm at Glee club. One piece of advice, DON'T FORGET to throw away your pie plate, Jules. Julie moved up from her Ice, Ice Spencer days to really knowing how to move. She always played the Chemistry geek for Halloween; but wait a minute, isn't that her major? Hey Smiley, what are you laughing at? The upperclass sure didn't know what a sour experience you had in store for them. Look at you now!!! You're one of the first WN's (Women Nukes), Baby, but don't keep the whole ship up at night!! We love you. DLA/JB

Mark Gibson Stufflebeem
Annapolis, MD
Navy Pilot



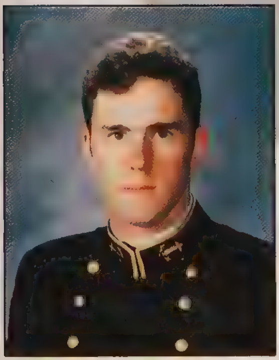
"Mr. Stufflebeem, do you grow red tulips and live in a windmill?" Tennis in the hallway: you hit her in the teet. "Ms. Green, pull my finger." DNEB REVO DNA KRAB EKIL A GOD. Endless nights sitting up and talking about RANDOM things. You have been a great friend and roommate. May the good Lord look over you and your Navy wings of gold!!! WDBIII

Despite his surfer looks and attitude, Stuff was born for USNA. "I've wanted to go here since I was three." Hailing from a family of Naval Aviators, it was only natural he pursue his true love--speed! Whether tearing it up on the waves or the slopes (making nationals in both), Stuff never lost his go hard mentality. You'll make the perfect pilot. Stay cool and go fast bro!! RTG

Sean James Valentine
Dunwoody, GA
Navy Pilot

I met Sean at prep school. I remember how excited he was when he received his appointment in Daytona. Ah, the bliss of ignorance. Or maybe just the drunken stupor. Didn't take Sean long to find his place at Navy. Hubbard and then Smoke Hall. Christmas break will never be the same. Good friends and lots of cheer that year. But he's used to spending breaks at Navy thanks to that wonderful sport called Crew. What class did you take in Summer School? Too bad wall jumping isn't a varsity sport. How about sewing those whiteworks? Rodriguez and Toleno. The hook squad mommy. Wish I could be the Fireman's pal like Sean. Remember to get a second opinion before you cut that cast off next time. Doctors hate putting on a second one. Sorry for interrupting study hour. Let me make it up to you with some yogurt. DUCK! Skiing sure is dangerous. Order those glasses for Pensacola. I can't see so good! LISA! Friends. Loo.

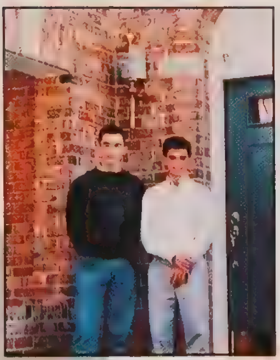
Jeremy C. Vanderloo
Hattiesburg, MS
Marine Corps



Alwin Ernesto Wessner
Peoria, AZ
Navy Pilot

"Grampaw" Wes came to us a salty sailor from the Mighty Mo'. You may have seen him in that Steven Segal movie. Of course you may not have recognized him out of his traditional V-neck, gym shorts, black socks and flip-flops. John Williams, Compudyne, and Wes can often be found hanging out together. From the first days of Plebe Summer and Midn 2/C Dickman to 1994, we've been through it all. Your success is an inspiration to all of us. You have made your life what it is. Nothing was handed to you on a silver platter, so be proud. Your gold wings are waiting for you, and so is a great life ahead. MTB

32nd
COMPANY



George Patrick Ball
Yorba Linda, CA
Surface Warfare

Joel Nathaniel Bartis
Venetia, PA
Marine Corps Pilot

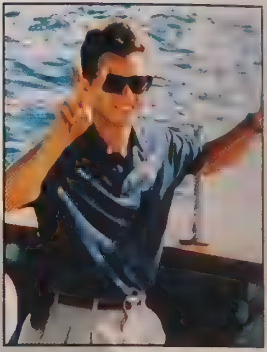
Joel came to us in the summer where he brought with him his humbleness, his reserved and carefully thought out statements, and his mild behavior..."I'm flexible and you can't break me." Thanksgiving, tag up, Spring Break. Care for some juice. Keg stand. Club Boca. Car ride with Sterling. Woop uniforms. No, we really are mids. No, we haven't been drinking. We have attitudes? 31/32 or were you last?... A new roommate? Baby I luuv!!! Did you put the wipers back on that car? Wardroom worker. What was he going to do, Shoot me? This isn't a witch hunt. I Really Couldn't Live without you 2nd semester...What died in you? Applications for Vermont and FSU? 4 years for what? Navy Nuc DORK. A year to remember. A drink with ADM. Al, or serving it to him. The right thing to do is? We had fair trial!!! There is more to life than this. Through it all you were a great friend. 10..JBMBPKMGEMGDTQDG MDB

Jeffry John Block
Fenton, MI
Navy NFO

Luber the traitor yankee who never could get the rebs to Detroit or the chew off his shoes. What went on tour stayed on tour, Hood chicks but not Roo. Trars and Taco Bell, absolutely. Only guy from Detroit with "real" cowboy hat and dreams of doing homework in a leather chair while listening to a surround sound system. This president of Tau Beta Pi would proudly chant "Secant, tangent, cosine, sine, 3.14159." Girls love this body (body by Block). He never could keep the dawgs off his rack but he was amazingly tolerant of red necks. Life subscription to money magazine. Thanks for all the cookies, good thing for us that girl was in love with you. Pain in the *** but good friend for life. Dare to dance the tide. E.B. T.F. P.P.

Marc Douglas Boran
Wilmington, NC
Surface Warfare

Marc came here after answering the questionnaire truthfully, come on only experimented? 4 years and several security checks later he's on his way to SWOdome. By youngster year both of us were in the cellar and up the creek with Ben(32/32), how'd you beat me? Tag team champs, bar hopping, police chases in rural Georgia. "Think he'll find us in this pasture..." An evening at Ram's Head as Cadet Boran put the spring back in your step. 2/c year you were condemned to the WARDroom. I always got us into trouble and you always got me out. Don't forget your $311 donation to Interrogation (Alumni) Hall. Marc, you will either drive ships or you will scrap the paint off them. "Is there any way we can graduate and not get commissioned?" Don't let your juggling land you in the Doghouse, Baby I Lu...would you do it again for a million $$, me neither. The days spent in Alumni. "I'll support you all the way, kaay..." I have my reservations, thanks. Hey, what are they gonna do, kick us out? I apologize for my ReCkLess behavior.10. JBPKEMMGGDDGTQ



Kevin Dale Borden
Menahga, MN
Surface Warfare

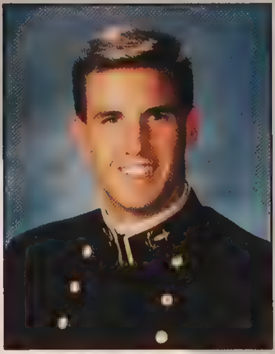
Kevin "Lizzy" Borden came to USNA after flying for Navy Airlines out of beautiful Norfolk with a disciplined spirit willing to succeed, even if it nearly wiped him out Youngster year. After a steady hitch to his classmate, Lizzy finally managed SATness once changing his major, which meant he could finally come out to play with the big boys on the weekends, but only if he wasn't sailing. As a good friend, Kevin's honesty is secondary only to his love for smooth sailing and cold beer, or is it cold beer and smooth sailing? By the way, when are you taking us out for that beer and wing cruise!? Otherwise, we may have to go camping at Pax River, or go spelunking at Mammoth with more 7-Up! You are a true friend Kevin, keep in touch...TS
P.S. After you finish building that damn boat, how about some Cricket at the Wharf!?

Eric Thomas Burton
Virginia Beach, VA
Marine Corps Pilot

Bub came to us from Virginia Beach--cruisin' in his Ford Fairlane with his surf board in the back--long-haired, shoe-less, shirt-less, care-less. His one year at Virginia Tech, including the luxuries of wine, women, and song, suddenly turned into rates, chopping, and chow-calls. These "challenges to his positive attitude," as he called them, didn't stop him from makin' the most out of this "institution of higher learning." He did, however, resort to more drastic means of obtainin' his old luxuries. Yes, Eric "I'll-NEVER-darkside" Burton reluctantly went to the darkside. After this, his red-neck Bronco was found frequentin' the Annapolis Terrace Inn instead of buried axle-deep in mud at Pax River with his uncivilized, yet couth, bubbas...

IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, BUT THE SIZE OF THE FIGHT IN THE DOG!!!

David A. Chlebnik
East Detroit, MI
Marine Corps



The man with the look, the chew, the man the babes can't catch. Harvard, Penn, even Brown can't stop this man. Some know him as the little man, but they fear the guns he carries. He's sometimes known as Captain, even Emperor, the man has it all. The Charles, the Schukyll, and Onandaga bowed to the man. Oarlocks have broken from his power. He has crashed and burned and lost some bets, but Cavemen are prone to make mistakes. Nonetheless, when you have a job, want to hork, or just need a friend, there's only one you want to call, and his name is THE MAN. -Val

Brian Lee Clark
Mulino, OR
Surface Warfare

Hailing from a moldy town in Oregon, "Grandpa" came to us from the fleet. Although he despises coffee and swo-nuts, Brian is a swo-god to the core. Youngster year, Mr. PT earned himself a name as a rack hound and couch potato. Being old as dirt, it was natural for him to study history. That x-mas saw us in Montreal and left me with a skeleton in the closet (or alley). Brian gave us a scare in '93 with the psycho hose beast he met on leave. However, the old sea dog managed to avoid being torpedoed. While in command of YP-687, Brian became the president of SAG (in more ways than one). With Gramps in the fleet, there won't be any salt left for the rest of us. I'll always remember you as more of a brother than a roommate. Thanks for all the good times. -SCV

Daniel John Colpo
Burgettstown, PA
Surface Warfare

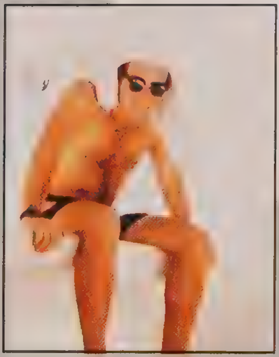
Dan, a western PA native, hails from the small suburb, Burgettstown. Apparently high school had more influence on Dan than USNA. He still proudly wears his Blue Devils jacket and hat, and frequently mumbles of his high school exploits with a mouthful of dip. If USNA had solitare, tetris, and rack teams, Colps would be a three sport letterman. Unfortunately, for Dan he has the highest per capita hair cut cost figuring he hasn't had one since plebe summer. He not only the president, he's a member. A man cannot survive on Jalapenos alone, Dan. He felt that his first three and a half years were uneventful so he decided to spend Spring Break 94' on restriction for "piddley sh!t" offenses. Senior year found Dan picking up the guitar. Look out Angus here he comes. AC/DC rules! We have a HUNCH you'll be a great SWO officer.

Garry Matthew Devinger
Waldorf, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

Dev, Squiggs, Devinfwac, Garry Devinger joined our "auspicious group" from nearby Waldorf, MD. It's a good thing i4t was nearby, Ronnie would have suffered otherwise. We all reaped the benefits of the Devinger house: 5 party balls (at least), naked knockin' on neighbors' doors, V-ball...Spring Breaks: lovin' "Red", where's Dev? (in the closet). Plebe year at Steve's with a BAC > .1. Youngster year on 7-3 playing guitar and snaps. You should have gone to ECU, at least you'd have a degree. 2 things about Dev: he's a great receiver (All World 150's), and he's not gullible (Moon Cheese). If USNA had Frats, Dev would be President. "Hootie and the Blowfish". Beer Golfin downtonwn Annapolis, "Fore!". A nice little Black 'N', plus the star. "Hey Luggage!!!" You're never going to the Fishmarket! "It ain't nothin but a rooty tooty!" As for the last 1.5 years, Every Emotion underwent a 311 degree turn. Dev, you're a soul mate and a team player, and through it all, we'll always be friends! 10..EMMGPKDGTQJB-MBDC

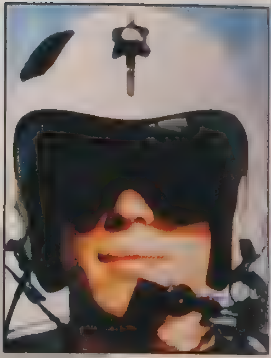
Jose Pablo Dominguez
El Paso, TX
Marine Corps Pilot

JPD started his career knowing not what he wanted out of USNA. After a certain stint at a prestigious ball, the future of 3/C Hotlips was mapped out in the Corps at the request of a decorated Colonel who stated: "make that man a Marine!". YP's, plebe detail, jar-head, and a big honcho striper billet were never too much to keep him from aerobicizing and training the rather corpulent members of the brigade in the fine discipline of passing the PRT. Through his busy routine Stud-muffin mastered the art of time-management which allowed him later to two-step his way into many a young maiden's heart and diligently juggle several at a time. Always willing to lend a hand, 1/C Speedracer enjoyed rolling his truck to get his shipmates to their destinations. Three years with JPD and I can assuredly say he will make a superb Marine Pilot. If they had only known back in that little ranch back in Basuchil, Mexico how far JPD would be flying... Vaya con Dios, amigo.



Francis Joseph Feeney
Fort Myers, FL
Surface Warfare

Frank Feeney from Fort Myers, Florida, entered good ole' USNA a little older and a little wiser than most of his plebe classmates. Ever patient trying to teach his "slow" room mate how to tie a tie, get a tuck, and drill, Frank sped through Cooper and Baldwin before running head-on into "Wild Bill" during fall semester. Plebe year saw the 11:11 dreams, an unforgettable dining out (if he remembers??), and a season with the 150's team. The next two years saw moves from George to Dev to Mitch but even the Major didn't seperate me from the old Feen-Dogger. Frank was a glee club member and a lifetime member of the 2% club. Yes, he is one of the few, and the proud, members of '94 who entered with a girlfriend and left with her as a fiance. Frank we're room mates for life, best of luck to you and Michelle. JRL



Tyrone H. Ferrel
Childress, TX
Marine Corps NFO

Cowboy, Trash, Dirt, Hole. Biggest challenge Ty had at USNA was telling people where he was from. Somewhere in the pan-handle of TEXAS. Rancher's son (the real thing). First guy at USNA to gut a dove (seagull?) in his trash can and cook em in the wardroom microwave. He'd like to find a country bar where they outlawed line dancing and played "real country music". Pres. of the Trash and Skeee club, he never could keep the bubbas out of trouble. Wants to be a vegetarian, chicken farmer in Ct. Comp-sci major, always wishing he'd gone Ag. Stubborn as a mule, hard worker, proud, loyal (Semp-fi). Lookin to make a difference. A little red in the neck. Would rather be plowing. Spurs in con-locker, fishing holes, pick-ups, chew, Vern Gosden. Rockies and ropers. Best friend a guy could have.
Dare to dance the tide. E.B.

Matthew R. Gibson
Springfield, VA
Surface Warfare

After leading the Bruins to the semi-final round of the state championship in front of 20,000 fans screaming, "Gibson, Gibson...", Gibbie left his little pond, and his admirers, to find freedom at USNA. Well, maybe not; but Gib is an athlete, and the wall wasn't high. Of course, Matt had to stop by NAPS, where the likes of 1st Sergeant burned memories in ALL of our minds. Bald, buff, ready for Division I and his 2nd semester squad leader. She was indeed a hook. After our most fun year, which was full of many Saturday escapades at Steve's (ever though your jeans had holes), youngster summer lead Gib to his soul mate. Debbie entered the picture and Gib left for a while, several times as I recall. Eventually he came back to us, and he lead the frolicking through the streets of Annapolis. Eventually Entering firstie year, Gib was sidetracked, but still messy. Interestingly, Graduation seemed far away, but we lead the way, Gib. 200 words cannot do justice to four years of laughs, tears, loves, and losses. Gib, you're a brother and always will be. EMPKDGTQGDDCJBMB

Jason Andrew Gordon
Dallas, TX
Marine Corps

GORDO!! Yes, I do need a roommate (I should have asked for references). Leathers competitions, lobster tan in Puerto Rico for less than a tanning booth, "Uh, who are the flowers for?", Plebe Detail degenerates to "Hey, everybody else is wrong!", a semester apart, another more prepared trip to Puerto Rico on a budget, random, hunted ring dance date, 90210-Melrose Place-NYPD Blue,-homework?-UNSAT, high-speed, granola wheels, interspersed with a couple of wild flings firstie year, I hope you can find the airport on your way out of here. You're really an exceptional individual, never one afraid to confront authority. This man participated in everything, just check his MIDNPERF. Nobody ever messed with you brother, I don't know if it was the 3hr. workouts or the repugnant odors (garlic, gas, blood, sweat or tears). Prediction: First member of '94 to say "That #$%@ is an idiot!" Good luck moron. --GMZ

David Evans Gwinn
Newark, DE
Medical Corps

The "grease man" comes to us from the state of Delaware (wherever that is). Gwinny was #2 on the football field but #1 in everything else. As a plebe, Dave was known to do anything for a dime and was the only person to use hair gel for other uses. This explains the stalagmites under his desk. Hey Gwinny, WANNA RACE? 2/C Year found Dave battling Darth Vader. Fortuntely Dave found a girl who could put up with friends like us. With Amy came improved personal hygeine, unfortunately his room standards failed to improve. He also decided that computer science wasn't hard enough and became a double major. Needless to say his interview for Jefferson Medical School was better than the drive there. Dave, it's take off cap, pump gas, REMOVE PUMP, then drive away! Army/Navy 93'--It could have been you! Really Look Closely in Alumni Hall to find out about Dave's firstie year. We all know that Gwinny will make the best doctor the Navy can ask for. 10

Rebecca Jean Ingraham
Portsmouth, RI
Supply Corps

Becky, Beckly, Ingy-came from the Newport beaches talking a mile a minute. Her big bro said USNA would be "fun" , forgot to mention muchelse! She came not knowing the difference between a CV/A-6 but she knew chow-calls. Even with a 2.0 plebe-year she always said it'd be worth it (thanks-ily,t). E-mail beckoned-redrover, redrovers end Becky right over? EOSL-Va beach or NJ? 3/c- #32 was lucky she was a loyal hoops fan while still looping it around the track and bringing her 2.0-3.0! 2/c-Naps detail-flamer Ingraham lost her voice-fortunately JH kept her in line. Remember the 6 night out? What questions! With Beck in the relay they broke records, with her hurdles she was ECAC bound. 1/c-300zx & outdoor Track Capt. Ms. Stars & Stripes still found time to cook/gossip/dance/drink & have fun. The walk to Main St. was fun too. After an Xmas cruise, she came back with a glow on her face(and hand). This year's been rough, but Lisa will always live in your heart. Newport will be a blast & our friendship will last forever. ILY, TAC & JBJ

Ward Alsobrook Jones
Conyers, GA
Marine Corps

HEY BUDDY!!!! W.A. Jones came to NAVY from L.A.--Lower Alabama. "Go south till you smell it, west till you step in it." Originally a '93er, Ward joined illustrious and honorable '94 and soon became the best d----d Ops man and friend a BattCdr could wish for. With the B.B. Ball and multitudes of blind dates, Ward always attempted to introduce his buddy to the perfect female (to no avail). Conquering Wolverine Peak on snowshoes, he took the wilds of Alaska by storm and left a lasting impression on the natives of the Great Land. Sheepshead. Hang a piece of black crepe paper from your nose...Go big or stay at home! Boot-scootin'. Try to not use your multi-syllabled words in the Corps, Terminator, your Marines will get confused. GET IN THERE!!! You'll always be a Maurer. I'll see you in the Fleet. BA

Paul Rene Kocher
Guagnabo, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare

Amber Michelle Lehning
Derby, NY
Marine Corps

Plebe or firstie JG? ask her platoon commander! Cards anyone?-why not climb in the window! See my tan? I was in a minefield! GULP! What happened to my Ensign slaves? Let's MAC to...Pittsburgh? Nah, VaBeach this weekend. Nah, Germany and Paris. Alas, the high life wasn't permanent...Send her to the ARMY! Amber LOVES the South! S'okay, she took it out on the plebes. Then 25 hours, possibly the only mid to try such a stunt. Juggling also...a guy?! Beware everyone, she flies too...and has a car! Another rough summer w/ the Danes, Swedes & Germans (no, Amber doesn't like blond hair and blue eyes!) and she finished the summer going vertical in a F-14. Back to USNA to finish that Music/ Japanese/German/EE/English degree, with more trips to Germany. Unfortunately, Amber selected...MARINES??! God help the Corps, they'll need it. Good luck, tomodachi.
--GM

Jeffrey Ryan Leuenberger
Shawano, WI
Submarines

Jeff Leuenberger came to the Brigade of Midshipmen via a tranquil little town in rural Wisconsin called Shawano. Even though Jeff was not certain that the Academy was the school for him for the first 2 years, the continuous stream of "Love letters" from his MANY admirers and his mounting successes convinced him otherwise. Jeff has excelled in both the academic and athletic arena achieving Dean's list 4 semesters and earning 6 "N" stars in Track and Cross Country but the one thing that he has NOT mastered is tieing his own tie. After Plebe summer and 4 years together, Jeff has yet to give me "the recipe" but always returns from cruise and leave with the most interesting stories (Hawaii and snow-mobiling fo the police). His service selection will now allow him to glow in the dark with the best in the Navy. Loo, keep in touch! Your friend & Roomie...Feen-dog

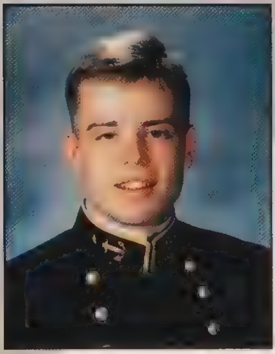
William Frederick Mann
Reno, NV
Medical Corps

Bill Mann came to us from the great Naval community of Nevada. After a run down I-90 plebe year, he was running the Marine Corps Marathon the next. Bill's brusque personality offered much to the world. The B-Cruise was the wildest ring night the Chesapeake has ever seen, followed closely by the E-CruisE the following year. VP of the Chemistry geeks. If Bill wasn't in lab, he could be found with his nose in the books and coffee in his hand. The late nights finally paid off. P-Cola will have to wait a few years. Go Corps, the only Corps, Medical Corps. -- KMA

Eric Pride Mitchell
Alpharetta, GA
Navy Pilot

This former student council president/ floatmaker came to us via prep school with his politicians personality intact and a high school girlfriend. Plebe year got rid of the latter, and life became a blast sprinting up the 7th wing stairs with SDB's on backwards at midnight. Mitch was a big fan of the Grease soundtrack, along with his pal Danny Devito (H.K). That's okay, nothing wrong with a wet face. Throughout four years Mitch has honed his dancing skills to the point where he is often the focus of many gawking admirers, or at least gawkers. He didn't wait to make an impression at USNA, as he showed his upperclass (K.W.) the goods unexpectedly, and hasn't stopped the display since. For his last year and a half Mitch enjoyed his most pleasant experiences at USNA, finding at least 311 reasons to philosophize, usually aided by drink and wearing his characteristic half open eyelid. Knowing you has and always will be a privilege. Heres to a lifetime of friendship, no matter where life takes us. We love ya bud. MGPKGDMBJBDGTQDC

Paul G. Prokopovich
Baden, PA
Navy Pilot



Paul "un pouf de cheveux" Prokopovich. So many experiences, so few words. Before I recall them all, I would like to say that my experience at this institution would have been incomplete without your friendship. Now let us begin: teenage girls in Rome, midnight train to Venice, ruined film and retraced steps to the Coliseum, Reg PE gear on the Metro (God we were wild!), intoxication in the Holy Land, dangerous slippery driveways ("Don't worry about it", said Paul), G-town days, did EVERYONE like Allison?, flip fantasia, I said "Let's go get him," and you really got it, "You're going to court for me!"(spastic women?), Luke from Lulu's, "I bet I can drink more than you"(if I REMEMBER correctly, I won), and the lonely heartbroken girls (Les and Luc). Your spirit and energy has been my inspiration. Good luck bud, someday you'll own the world-GPB

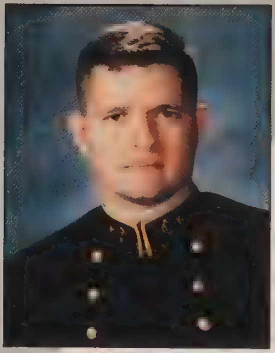
Timothy Jason Queen
Washington, PA
Surface Warfare

"The Monster" came to USNA as a highly recruited wrestler out of backwards Washington, PA, however, he forgot to bring his brain to Annapolis and joined the square root club after first semester. But he went home for Christmas break and came back with a semblance of a thought process and his deranged personality. Queener continued to distinguish himself from other mids throughout his USNA career. An accidental e-mail message to Ben, suckin in air and lettin it back out, a stint as a pyromaniac, weekends at Steve's, and the discovery of two holes showed us that Tim wasn't the average Joe plebe. Youngster year was passed with a lot of rackin and hackin, a new girlfriend, an upset stomach during Army week, and the misfortune of a lost sponsor. All that needs to be said about the last year and a half is v=ir, the rest is derived. Who knows what you'll be up to for the rest of your life but you'll make a huge impression on who ever you meet. 10

Brian Helmut Randall
San Jose, Costa Rica
Navy Pilot

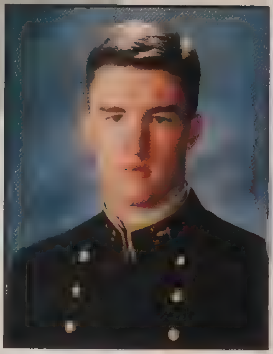
Fundamentally inspired by "Hot Shots," our flying enswine is another result of our treaty for the Panama Canal. After his birth in the Zone and a long dry spell, his drug lord father cashed him in to scientific experimentation, but not for long. Brian still remebers how he chanced the seas in that banana boat on his trip to Florida. Hours of minimum wage soon led him to a full year's subscription to the tanning rays of San Diego Naval Training Center, and through some error in processing, to four years by the bay. Helmut enjoys composing and playing on the piano, jumping out of perfectly good aircraft and closed windows, and claims to have a weakness for all German goods, which explains his summer journeys to Berlin, or was that Budapest? Whatever the case, our former Marine Corps-wanna-be learned something worthwhile, stay away from land nav, never try to not fall in love with more than one woman at a time, and flings with young frauleins in Egypt don't go well when you're a lesbian trapped in man's body... Salud, dinero, y amor, y tiempo para disfrutarlos...Fly

Troy Anthony Shoulders
Boonville, IN
Intelligence



Troy came to the Naval Academy from the FMF a salty, tattooed Marine who had "wrung more water out of his socks than most of us had ever had ever sailed on." He had already mastered the art of drinking, avoiding the rules, maximizing liberty. 4/c year consisted of numerous drinking, smoking, cussing bouts at watering holes around Annapolis (classy places like Hammerjack's, Fleet Reserve, The Wharf, and any other place with sawdust and a dart board). 4/c Army-Navy gameTroy fell in love with the Crusader Inn, Strombolis, and "big hair". Troy's tastes became more refined as the Academy filed down his rough edges. He hitEngland as a Trident Scholar(sure he's a Marine?!), started going to HB's for Guinness, proposed to a girl who didn't already have a kid, went Naval Intel, and learned to swim. 1/c he was pestering WWII vets on both sides of the Atlantic, sleeping in the LofC, or "writing his book"(watching TV at Leah's). We part ways with great sorrow, but more importantly with great memories. SEMPER FIDELIS! RGE & PMT.

Michael Richard Sireci
Pawcatuck, CT
Marine Corps Pilot



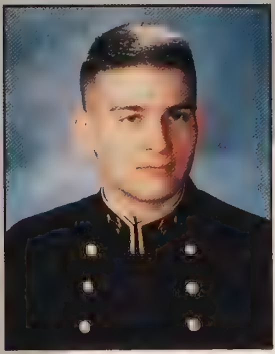
Destined to be a devil pup from the very beginning, Mike was born on the sands of Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, to Sgt Michael J. Sireci and a very proud, as she ought to be, Texas lady, the former Ms. Sherry Sells. Attempting to change fate, Mike actually thought about becoming a coastie, and I reckon he kept thinking about it throughout his 58 consecutive weeks of unsatness. Yet, Mike did not let his being academically challenged ruin his life. In fact, he almost found a use for the label on the monkey's fruit the night of our Plebe Push while at the same time earning his saber in the forces of Dark Helmet. Well, at least we can't say Mike didn't learn anything in Luce. Talking about weapons, Mike is among the best, if not the best, at practical situational shooting at USNA, that is as part of our pistol team. Mike's latest exploit is the country bar scene; he'll do fine as long as the gals don't see his flashy rice-burner. Nonetheless, I wish the best to the only non-drinking, non-swearing, non-smoking, non-dipping, non-chewing Marine I know. Always... JPD

Eric Brandon Smith
Norcross, GA
Surface Warfare

Shane Curtis Voudren
Montague, MA
Special Warfare

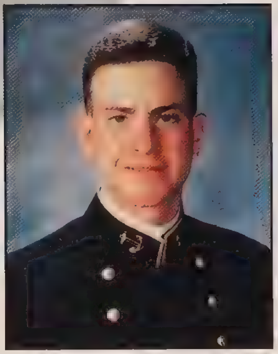
Voodoo, Voodwah. Voo, a redneck from a small New England town, amazed us Plebe year by becoming a Brigade boxing champ and going on to win Regionals with a broken knuckle. Champ 4 years running. His fighting skills and knowledge/ possession of numerous rifles and handguns will make him a formidable SEAL. Look out BUDS here comes another Voudren. His mother fed the company with care packages, just don't eat gambonies. Speaking of eating, don't eat any urinal cookies. As a lightweight drinker Voo's limit was 3. The women in Montreal won't hurt you, but hummers are expensive. When frog hunting, don't shoot the boat! Need to get in shape try the Voudren in room work-out. Voo and I are the Siskel and Eibert of the wardroom. Thanks for being there when things were rough. We have been more like brothers than friends and I wish you luck. -BLC

Scott William Wadle
Raytown, MO
Marine Corps Pilot



Having served as a Marine in Korea and Vietnam, Scott Waddle (O'Wadle) came to the Academy from America's heartland, Kansas City Missoura. Overcoming his wounds from the two wars, Scott was able to excel above and beyond at Annapolis. Rebounding from an unsuccessful engagement youngster year, Scott took a brief liking to the sport of "Bolin." Out of fear of losing his military discipline, he decided to take a vacation from the boat school and spent a semester at West Point. Upon returning, he found that the sky was the limit as he pinned on five stripes. Reality struck second semester when he was demoted to wardoom rep. Scott's dream of returning to the Corps came true one Saturday in late January, when he selected Marine air. Expect to see Scott in the near future landing troops on the beach of some third world country in his "brand new" CH-46. -PGP

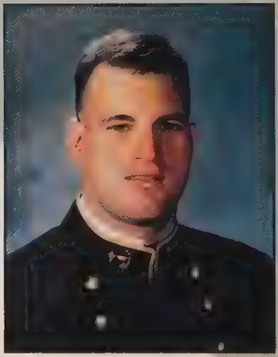
Gregory Michael Zettler
Fairfax Station, VA
Submarines



And you are..? And you're from...? Hey you want to room with me? "Z-Man," the 6-3 poster (sub)Marine, hailing from Virginia (sometimes), made his mark in 14 & 32 with his shiny leathers and ability to sit on his #%$ and go backwards better than the other guys on the team. His ice cream-peanut butter-chocolate syrup concoctions of Youngster year always gave him plenty of energy to get through those long, lonely engineering nights. Actually a NOSLOT worker in disguise, he also brought an uncanny ability to clean shower scum which will serve him well as a Nuc. Second class year came and so did the epiphany: Aero bad, General good. It was all downhill from there: 21, fast car, faster women, 90210, a phone (and a move to the dustbowl). Who says being a snake doesn't have its benefits? Thanks for the good times, putz. Prediction: first admiral of Class of '94. jag

33rd
COMPANY

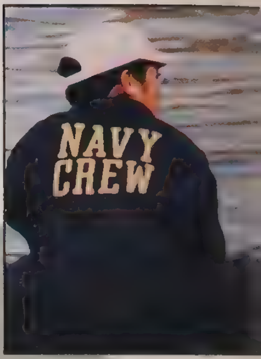
Timothy David Beach
Crofton, MD
Surface Warfare



Tim established his reputation in Annapolis during high school, and after NAPS returned to fame at USNA. Tim, they nearly weeded out every member of your "beautiful" NAPSter platoon, but you somehow managed to slip through. (You must hold the record for "Those left behind." Never forget Jimbo, Halsey, etc.) Along the way, you made things a little more bearable for those who knew you (and stayed on your good side, far away from fishhooks and tick checks). You may not dazzle us with your foot speed, but your wit is too quick for most to follow, and for some that's a blessing. You stayed out of trouble and managed to find a woman who could stand you, despite yourself. With a wonderful family like yours, I guess some good had to rub off. We all hope that you and Carolyn do "always get what you want." -CWB, Tip

Laura Ann Bell
Moosup, CT
Surface Warfare

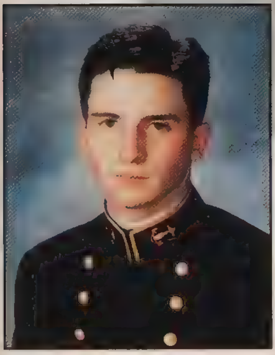
Flag-twirling TINKERBELL came from lovely Moosup, CT--obviously clumsiness was her signature! You spit water in my face!! Eat some turtle brownies and shut off the Country and Christmas music! Plebe year--exciting gifts (headless mice, PB/Shaving cream bombs) and Friday night pizza..followed by youngster year Slim Fast and Diet Coke! Laura loved the 1.5 mile, 10 meter, camping...and coupons. What a sweet tooth! Like some oatmeal with that butter and brown sugar? Onions--yum! Yeah, the love bug hit--HL, RT, BJ (busted!), KB, and of course TCF, the Red Rascal. Firstie year was the best--put the blue beast into a snow bank, no braces, becoming an Aunt (and sister-in-law??), and a one-way ticket to Pascagoula! I might eventually pay up on those birthday dinner debts. Remember, HAIR IS FLAMMABLE! May God bless you, Tinker. You're an angel. JFR(A)



Mitsu Choji Binns
Cincinnati, OH
Surface Warfare

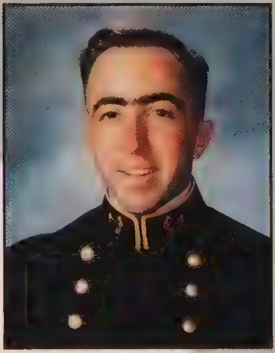
"I spent four years prostrate to the higher mind, got my paper and now I'm free." Go Navy Crew!

Charles William Brown
Riverhead, NY
Navy Pilot



Chuck--Hhhnghh...It puts a hamper on the attitude...ha ha ha geez, tardo boy, putting his thumb on the mouse and sleeping like a palsy. We couldn't talk our roomie into jumping...so his toothbrush took the "plunge" instead. Army/Navy fiasco with Holiday Inn second class year--the game got you balld, so to speak. Late night poetry got me through the hell. Usher watch because Corndog didn't like our room befor cruise. Firstie year--this is not what I expected. Getting lambasted by Corndog again for our room after Christmas. It took over three years for you to lose your halo, but it happens to the best of us...enough said. Poulet sauce. The Dant. Who would have thought that you could piss off that many people in so little time. I can't help it, I just love 'em. Off to fly...Good luck!--TDB

Gregory Michael Cohen
Central Valley, NY
Submarines

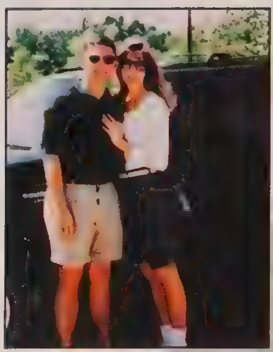


Droop doggy-dog drives to the beat of a different drummer, one with a Jamaican beat. Unfortunately, he doesn't drive very well, especially when he's operating on "unleaded" java...Sanka kills, coffee is G's lifeblood. Greg has experimented in finding the perfect brew as much as he tried to find the perfect bike. He loves fast cars, except when they're aimed at him, "He draws the foul." Physics may be "rote calculation" but no one disputes the way he derives emotion with his sketches. Greg likes to "take up arms against his pppprrroffessors", having had every bone prof but still ending up with a 4.0 2/c year. His travels have taken him to some great ports but none as en"gross"ing as the puerto de Rio Rita's. Despite being altitudinally challenged, G will never stop reaching beyond himself and out to others. Besides, it's all ball bearings nowadays. RCS/CMR

Peter A. Contostavlos
East Northport, NY
Surface Warfare

The Greek came from Long Island to learn that "...he can't hurt us...oh yes I can." Ocean E became history after Army-Navy led to the Fatal Attraction penpal. Wretching on CSTS didn't dampen his love of SWO or trivial geography. Fire drills didn't disturb his slumber, but Garth Brooks did. It's hard to wash your 2/C's car when it's below freezing. As a 2/C he proved he could haze with the best, so they made him Romeo company commander. 1/C year brought a world tour, local tour of female civilians, and a cushy batt honor job to complement his lack of classes. If he wasn't in a rack-coma or playing nerf hoops, the Tickler had him at Little Campus. CPP today, Cape St George tomorrow. "Loyalty above all else except honor" JRPIV, DCM, LPJL

Gerald Joseph Donahoe
Glenn Dale, MD
Surface Warfare



James Paul Dunn
Atoka, TN
Surface Warfare

JPDIII came to USNA as a lost Eagle Scout with a map. Excelled during Plebe Summer under Midn Capt to be Fusco. Got stuck with a hick for four years. Dreamed of Mendy (often) and soaring the blue yonder. Split leave between family and her. Armed with two sheets and a ring set out for BWI (although the flight was early) and secured his future bride at baggage claim after 8 years of courtship. Herd weekend duty officer armed with Piers, SSI, X-Wing, FPS Football, and a blue magnet he stood on the wall. His notebooks are filled with calendars counting down the days until leave and Mendy. A loyal cohort to the end, I will always remember him until my final days, and if possible, annoy him until then. I wish him and his love fair winds and following seas always.
Witt

Jason Christian Eaton
Waldorf, MD
Navy Pilot

Admiral came from all over: Navy junior. Started from Farragut and had 3.5 great years together. Plebe year: Ma'am chowcalls for Perry, first love thankfully forgotten JLD, "Who's conducting this come around, you know more than me" -Saddler. Youngster year: turning 21 in Florida: playing miniature golf, you drunk, Buffet, Cure, Genesis. Second Class: Christmas in Chicago, Harassment Hazing Bearden, Wittmaack Harassment Hazing Lindenberg, second love thankfully forgotten JG at Les Miserables. Skiing at Sugerbush. Spring Break in Florida: "Hold my ring and my knife," you drunk, third love thankfully forgotten Jackie, great drive back, Ring Dance with my cousin Amy, Buffet Disaster, CSTS with Major Ed: Great engine, near death by spinnaker. First class: Cats with Van Halen Drunk fourth love thankfully forgotten Leigh. Monday football: "Witt, did you thank him," SMIC party. Jason, you're an awesome roommate, stay cool, good luck, may the force be with you always.
TJM

Nicholas L. Edwards
Kansas City, MO
Submarines

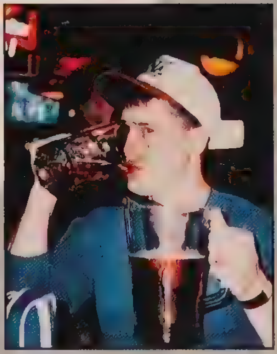
This proud native of Kansas City, Missouri made it clear when he arrived at USNA that he has only one Chain of Command - himself and God. This made him exceedingly popular with the upperclass, particularly M.F., Z-Man, and T.W. (good thing you didn't follow through with the plan to kill him - you've won the right to say, "I'm a lover, not a fighter.") Nick provided competent leadership in the Big Brothers/Big Sisters organization. He became a standout in Systems Engineering (BP2094, get on line!) His Midas touch continually turned disorganization into academic success. Too bad Midas never touched his rack - ever seen an obtuse hospital corner? Financial success will be inevitable for Nicholas Langston Edwards International - from the submarine community and from his value-minded investment savvvvvy (thanks for tempting me to bite into The Fruit). Thanks for four years of cultural edification and true friendship. APR

Darin Ardell Evenson
Missoula, MT
Special Warfare

So you want to be a Frogman?? The D-man came to USNA from the hard mountains of Montana via the Newport School of Obedience (USNA Jr.); looking dapper in the infamous Canoe U. catalog "cracker jack" shot, Ardell embarked on his aspirations of SPECWAR. Why SEALs Darin? "Trigger time." Headswell's motto: Semper me. But when the chips were down DAE was your man. diver, biker, & ski stud; Lance Romance; Amanda string-a-long; Pre-Airborne 3peat; squeak, squeak, Sir!; the phone connection; "There can be only one!"; Discovering naval love & earning the Purple Heart-db, 1st Comstock, then school of fish. i'll be there for mont24+. SS birthday extraction; Sweet Briar strike mission; He is buckin' you up!; McSorley's God; Empire State stairmaster; Post Service Select rackmaster; Meaning? Pertaining to?; 8429 AOs; McCranie's idol; U've got great legs; We love ya man. Be safe & get some--budda, budda! -SAS, PEH

Terrence Patrick Gordon
Nogales, AZ
Marine Corps

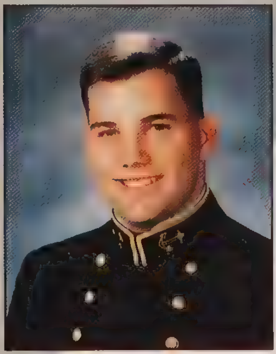
I have been with Tippy for five years battling to make it out of NAPS and USNA. Everything has been one WAAAACK after another WAAAACK for us. Luckily he had such fine teachers (Chi & Gilless) that he was able to make it. He says that he's from Southern Arizona, but we all know the truth (south of Arizona). I will miss the nights of conservative studies, seeing him sleep with his eyes wide open, throwing books to stop him from snoring, no one in our room for fear of safety, and admiring the beauty of a Canadian Mist. Maybe now he will no longer suffer from that nagging problem of DOODADS on his shoulder. Never have I met a guy so universally liked. It isn't easy to find a friend that you would trust with your life. Tippy is that kind of a friend. God bless and best wishes, Gundy.



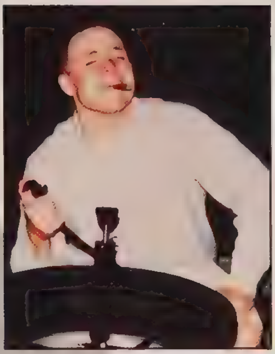
Scott Alan Gunderson
Superior, WI
Navy Pilot

What can you say about someone who owns the Beast, a dog named Jake and who brews his own beer. Scott got here after "put'n in time" at that ever so prestigious school in Newport R.I. Thinking we left the best days behind we soon learned to adapt: honored thrones at Buddy's & Lil' C., spring break (Winn Dixie, Jungle Golf, USNA vs. Notre Dame), tailgaters by the blue Beast, Irish Times. Even times in the hall were interesting (Stoggies and cards, ethnic night, & the ledge). Times at the Academy most of the time just suck it's the camaraderie of friends that keep us here and gets us through. Good luck at flight school Scott (aka The Angel of Death).
TPG

Brian Wendell Hawkins
Hobbs, NM
Navy NFO

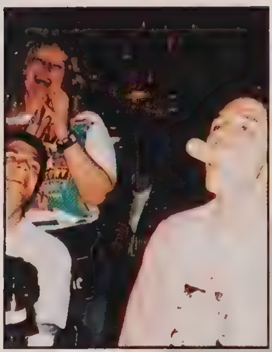


HAWK, Mac Daddy...Whoooa! She's beautiful! Oooooh! She's HOT! Honey, you look finer than a new set of snow tires! Hey Baby, I could do things for you....I'm in love....she's not THAT young....O.K., enough praises about Angie....The New Mexico Cowboy, Hawk came to us plebe summer (I'm lost in space, sir!...Hawk, this is not rocket science!) wanting to be in the front seat. Back seat will have to do though...must have been those prescription beer goggles he wore too much. She's got a Mercedes!...She let me drive the Mercedes!...Duuude, I wrecked the Mercedes. Geography Trivia - I...don...knooow. Sports and Business pages every morning. Calling Angie (again!) every night! When's her ring coming? Hawk will be up there protecting our skies soon (Too bad bulls can't fly, huh Hawk?). He's always there when we need him....Good luck, Hawk! -WSM

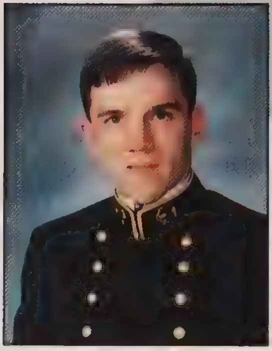


Kevin John Massett
Centereach, NY
Marine Corps Pilot

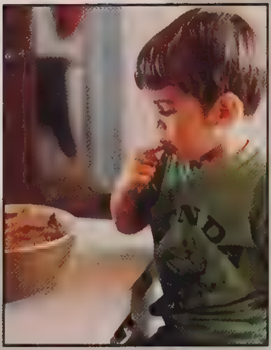
Kevin came to Annapolis with his thick accent from Long Gile-land. You had most everybody fooled that first year about your level of professionalism. (Company Commander?) But then your true colors came shining through. As a 2/c, you burst through the ranks of relative obscurity on the lacrosse field and made Varsity. Then you were with a bunch in which you could relate to: white work wearing, gray leather having, locked on professionals. You would have even grown your hair long if it wasn't for that dreaded gene which all men fear. Your selection of Marine-Air surprised many, even though that's what you wanted all along. Your extreme love of USNA slang should prepare to love the Corps. In any case, good luck in whatever you do and thanks for making this place as fun as it could be. I'll miss you and keep in touch. GJD



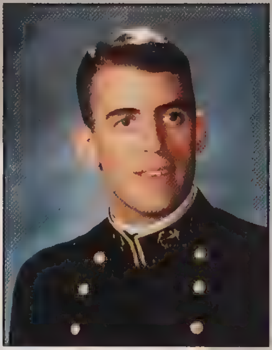
Terrence John McCollom
Western Springs, IL
Surface Warfare



This Midshipman came to grace the halls of Mother B from the windy city of Chicago, via an extended stay at that resort in Newport: Naps. Through his years here both the credit card and telephone people were able to report to their shareholders a marked increase in profits. He toed the line over his four years--a fine line it was. He was not the captain of the Smoke Hall squad, but he did make varsity. If wine, women and song are the highlights of a Midshipmans career, Terry's could be characterized as a high plateau split by one deep, dark valley. If Terry sat down to make a list of his 10 favorite things, there might be a spot or two left over after Michael Jordan and the rest of the Chicago Bulls. Those two spots, of course, would vary by the hour. Good luck and smooth seas, JCE.



Donald C. McCranie
Jacksonville, FL
Marine Corps



The Don/Lurch/MacDaddy, the "stereotypical" Floridian came to Annapolis with USMC dreams. Plebe year was not uneventful for this PT stud as he bet (and lost) his classmates' hair and stole his upperclass' squeeze with his captivating smack letter- the beginnings of a Bull Major? Yes- he quickly learned the value of the rack sleeping through fire drills and even a youngster Nav exam. The Recon King always kept busy: Newspapering COs office, 9-stripe rubber boat raid, painting, washing & repainting the Supe's cannon, & flying the Stars-N-Stripes over the German Naval Academy. As we Trace his Naval Academy career we find many leadership challenges, especially 2/C yr. Chris was always ready, willing and able to go to a USNA formal. Too bad Kristi couldn't make it. Wrongfully overpassed for BC, he accepted 4 stripes and whole-heartedly Maintained the Brigade. Chris, your unfailing integrity and dedication will take you a long way. PAC, JRPIV

Ward Norwood Miller
Ione, WA
Surface Warfare

When I heard the learned astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself,
In the mystical moist night air, and from time to time,
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

W. W.

William Scott Myers
Austin, TX
Surface Warfare

TEX, PACO wasn't satisfied with one plebe summer, so he returned for another. "Bill" prepared for his comeback with intensive tolerance training at UT. His first Christmas as a Midshipman almost brought him a new car and arrest record. He was always dazed and confused; on CSTS in Bermuda, terrorizing private yachts on Long Island, or passing out on laundry. Youngster year brought him a girlfriend who shows steers. After 2/C year, his ring was followed by hers. And if you're going to spew, spew into Julie's car. The potential Maverick didn't see eye-to-eye with medical and is now a Gladiator instead. Which is fine, since Kendra's leash only reaches into the waters off Ingleside. He's going from four years of prison to a lifetime of intensive care. Non sibi, sed patriae from head to toe, we'll always remember Scott as a friend and brother. DCM, PAC, HAWK

Michael Todd Nelms
Midland, TX
Marine Corps

Michael Todd Nelms came to us from Texas, California, BOOST, DLI, NAPS, and any other place that MIDDIES come from. At least you made it-nothing else matters. God knows you have had your share of struggles here, probably other people's too. Going from ducketts to dimes sure put a screamin' halt to your mackin' days. But as we became firsties it all started to come back. I'm glad you're still a bachelor-I hated that WOOP anyway! Remember the bottle of Cisco behind the bushes! That stuff can kill you! The weekend in G-town? AHHHH-free beer!. Youngsters with wheels!!! If the USMC doesn't get you, I think they're missing a great opportunity. Thanks for all of the memories: hard to believe we made it 4 years and never beat each other up. Knock the socks off of the SWO bubbas. See you at 40,000! Peace out yo! JMS

James Robert Parker
Odenton, MD
Marine Corps Pilot

The Amazing Spiderman, a local from Odenton- "If you Parker your car..." Plebe year memories include Kentucky Fried Chicken and "studying" through noon meal. The upperclass believe that. But, nothing keeps a good Marine down, especially off the gymnastics apparatus. 2/C year began high phone bills to Pensacola--checking out future real estate? Jimmy always made time for his professional duties, romancing ladies, and his beloved gymnastics (not necessarily in that order). Too bad House of Freaks had to fit in. That summer was the ultimate - a ring dance with Susan followed by some good Marine training. Firstie year, Spidey kept busy with a myriad of responsibilities to include Little Campus. Countless hours of dedication and hard work culminated in success for our nationally prominent Ringmaster, gymnastics captain, photo guy, and and finally, Marine pilot. We'll miss Spidey; a fine man and great friend with an innate sense of duty. PAC, DCM

Christopher Miguel Reyes
Phoenix, AZ
Submarines

Ray-azz...The Utz-pretzel-eatin', full-uniform-rackin', no-car-havin', kool-aid-drinkin', butt-tight-sweats-wearin', Browns fanatic. He came from Zoner-land with a Kodak duffel bag and said that his nickname was "Books," but we discovered there's more to him than that. This Mech-E major will go far in life, "and I'll tell ya why brother!"; sometimes it takes him a little longer (20 year old with a learner's permit), but he's bound to succeed "by any means possible" (oops!). In fact, I wrote a song about it... like to hear it?...here it go........thank you very much. Though they may be buried under the crap on his rack, Chris' insight and compassion are certainly there. Thanks for being there and for keeping us laughing throughout our four years together. Don't ever change....we fear change. Siempre somos amigos. Vaya con Dios. GMC/RCS.

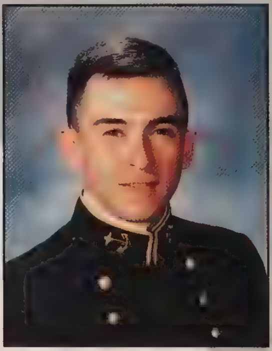
Juliana Frances Rosati
Reading, PA
Surface Warfare

The Bobbsey twins- Who's who I-day '90! Rosati, Rosati, Rosati mmmmm.... You Taste Good! D.R. "Did you pledge this deck?!?!" Exotic Dancing, It's 0300 do you know where your roomie is? Plebes at Restriction Muster (BLACK N)! Wasn't UNC the school of choice? The Spook who knows EVERY-BODY (resident Admirals included!) Jules settled into the routine of Acting in the fall (doesn't she play the maid well) and singing and dancing in the winter. too many initials to record or even remember (the annual saga with TL, the KAYDET on NATS, and many more!) Finally she found PA, who took long enough to figure it all out! Army-Navy '94-1, the big screen (I missed it!), 5 diamonds and happily ever after! "Where's your other roommate (JA)?" You've been my friend, confidant, champion and sister. I'll never forget you, want to split a pizza? I'll Miss you. I Love You! LAB (Tinkerbell)

Aaron Paul Rouland
Crownsville, MD
Navy Pilot

Advanced Placement Rouland came from nearby Crownsville. Aaron spent so much of his time at home he could have completed his last three years at the academy through a correspondence course. Always one to brag about his personal hygiene, during plebe summer he boasted, "I haven't taken a shower in three days!" (Never forget, they can always take your oral hygiene, nothing is safe) Since he was always a couple degrees out of phase while marching, I thought he would be a PE negat, but he ended up validating enough PE tests to slag off for most of the year. Aaron has latent submariner tendencies, but he chose to be like Mike and become Air Rouland. Aaron admirably volunteered for P-100 so he can mooch VHA, BAS and BAQ from the government while living at home. He's probably the only person in the United States who drives a Mustang 5.0 that claims he is below the poverty line. The original proctor of geography trivia. (The candle was a good idea) Best wishes partner and always keep those doggies rollin', rollin', rollin'.

Joseph Michael Silver
Orlando, FL
Navy Pilot



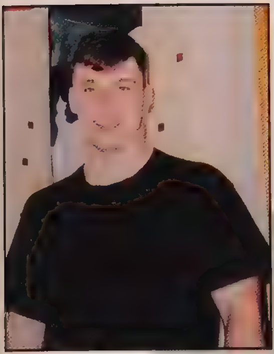
J.S. AKA EL HEFE, GARTH BROOKS, $#!%KICKER--WHATEVER U WANT 2 CALL HIM CAME TO US FROM GOD'S COUNTRY-TEXAS. PLEBE SUMMER SAW HIM IN DIAPERS & SHAVING CREAM AND ATTEMPTING TO "FLY AWAY". CAN YOU SAY LAST MINUTE DASHES BACK TO USNA FROM JP'S HOUSE! YOUNGSTER YEAR JOE LEARNED THAT THERE'S MORE 2 LIFE THAN MM'S. HELP! I'VE FALLEN DOWN IN MY SHOWER & I CAN'T GET UP! "FRENCH PASTRY" CURED HIM OF HIS MM BLUES. WHAT WAS THE POOR WANNABE GENTLEMAN TURNED MAC 2 DO? BETWEEN FLOWIN', RACKING(HEY JOE! IT'S TIME TO GET UP!) AND GETTING PAID, TEX FOUND ENOUGH TIME 2 STUDY 2 NAIL DOWN THE LAST NAVY PILOT BILLET! WE STARTED TOGETHER AND FINISHED TOGETHER. THANKS FOR 4 YEARS OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD MEMORIES. GET SOME IN P-COLA! MTN

Randy Carl Stoker
National City, CA
Navy Pilot

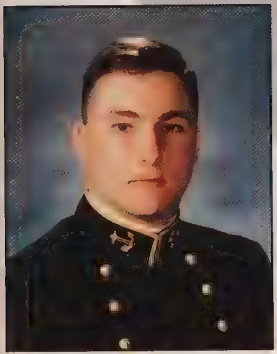
Ran-man ventured from Sandy ready to hit the sky for Navy. Four years and many cups o' java later (No Caffeine, No Peace mon!), his quest for flight was fulfilled. In between, such challenges as 12 hour semesters and "optional independent research" allowed him to excel in academics. The quintessential athlete, Randol claims he dunked once in MacDonough.....shuh, as if! During plebe year, Friday was joke day (I wuv you!) and ended with the mandatory Pizza Express feast. Winter break of 3/C year held trips to TJ ending in USMC cadences and other surprises. 2/C summer brought the 3000 mile odyssey, complete with Grand Canyon sunlight race and Memphis (that's two m's, but not right next to each other) during Elvis Week celebration. Always professional, he never let an old friendship get in the way of a good plebe summer flame session. Thurgood would be proud... Hasta Rasta. GMC/CMR

Scott Anthony Suozzi
Pleasaantville, NY
Surface Warfare

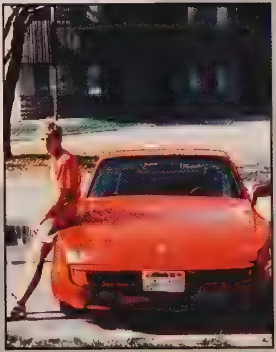
The SWOZ, from da' burbs of New Yawk, schmoozer of Admirals and Babes alike, made lots of friends but also loved stepping on toes. Scottie's motto: "If you want to make an omelette, you have to break a few eggs". Persistent like none other, "Where's my five bucks?" X 50, SAS always got the job done. Mr. Matchmaker made many connections and even dabbled in the dark, only to be lost to a cute King Hall worker named Micky. From birthday extractions-"I..need..a....doctor", to 8429 AOs and moral policies-"It's different for me", and always "Charming" ol' Norwood, the geographical bachelor developed from the non-column-marchin' pleber to a fine ensign-to-be. YP Honcho; Jedi mind tricks; Sweet Briar Strike Mission. We love ya man; Go get the gouge everybody wants, I promise to keep it compartmentalized. And yes...I'll let you play with my toys. - DAE, WNM



Derek Matthew Teff
South Milwaukee, WI
Surface Warfare



Derek Teff came to us from Milwaukee, leaving love and family behind to embark upon the career of a Naval Officer. After a brief hiatus in Newport for NAPS football and a conference championship, Derek arrived at Mother B...Marty P.Fine. What a fine fun year, the best out of these five years. 2-a-days, Satan, 110's, crawling through window on Herndon. "C'Mon Baby." Ring Dance. Mr. Doesn't say anything in the morning, the Ranch- outrageous. Your extra effort in everything you did was always an inspiration to me. Catch you on the rebound, Hoopster.--Zu. Da' Bulls in Chicago, 3-peat! Planet Hollywood, Pegasus. Most Importantly, Rachel. RLC. You have been a great friend over the years. Stay cool, have fun, May you always have fair winds and following seas, and may the Force be with you always. RLC JOZ JCE TJM



Robert E. Wittmaack
Easton, PA
Submarines

Witt, the best Husker. Arrived at Canoe U summer of 90 with mile high dreams. Fusco veteran. I-Day baggit. Shelf-Clip Gatherer. Chow-call Traveler. Super-Man. Ac-Year saw the room from hell (4-man). Janie Mac. 150's baggit, almost. Zurzolo fixed that. Kliewer. Airborne buckets and Army Week blunders made for some fun. Herndon watch followed by lovely Seattle tobacco-users. Comp Sci buddies with Tippy. Kalme. Hall annoyers. Metal Thanksgiving. Spring Break Madness. Nanny-sitting. Gazebo fun. Club Sub partying (little did he know!) The B-girl hooks him with the hot wheels. Chauffeur to Army. Party with minors in pool. Give him a ten. 5-Striper problems lead to 45 big ones and a missed date with Floppers. Summer school/golf after the big hook to Key West. Medical disappointments. Nuke Power Bubba. My best friend. My best man. Run Silent, and Run Deep. Fair winds and following seas.

34th
COMPANY
BANCF

Craig Rubidge Beal
Wayzata, MN
Submarines

Excuse me, where's Dada?
One out. Two strikes on the batt...
Wait, I can think of something better.
Ground ball to third. No, no, not that either.

Craig, a man of perpetual efficient motion to rival Lester Smith, never stopped. He was in complete and unequivocal flux for at least eighteen hours a day. This guy could CLEAN--especially, human teeth.

I guess Craig really made his mark being Craig. "Jerry" Beal, our pasty-white Aryan friend, had his own way of entertaining everyone. There were yea-sayers, and there were nay-sayers to the incessant antics of this quirky court jester. "Who's court?" might you ask. Why Jerry's! Jerry's was always the home court. His elegant audacity was paralleled by few, scorned by even fewer, not noticed by resident corpses, and absolutely loved by everyone with a jovial pulse.

Craig loves Kay. I love Craig. I love Marina.

KBW

Dominic S. Caronello
New Hope, PA
Navy Pilot

Dom came here from busy, downtown New Hope Pennsylvania where enunciation has never been stressed. Apparently, he has a BMW M3, and apparently, idling to wait for a parking space is widely accepted there. There's no sense going to any evolutions, because apparently, when you're batt. drill, you don't need to do anything. No one else could bodily injure himself cleaning a shower, but that's just apparent. After picking aviation, Dom will apparently move on to Pensacola and pray to keep away the dreaded P-3. Wouldn't it be something to work at his Fotomat? The clerks fight to develop his film (apparently). Not known for his "liberal" knowledge of Poli. Sci. Dom apparently knew every rumor to know, and some that didn't exist to be known. Good luck Dom, we hope jets are apparent. Oh yeah, it appears as if his house is also a restaurant. JCD et al.

Steve Chuhwan Chung
Hayward, CA
Surface Warfare

'Yung! Man who call self Chung! Stevie C.! Chungster the youngster! What did you do with that prize-winning fish? Do they teach cow milking in Northern California? You did it all, from resident 1st platoon bluesman to brigade winning artist along with Lemont. After plebe year room wrestling led to a bright career on the USNA Karate Team, those trash cans never stood a chance against red-faced Steve and his nunchakus. Those late night Chemistry study sessions prepared you well for all night cleaning if not for medical school. For one who came to us so pure, you sure leave us awfully corrupted. Who knows, maybe someday luck will shine upon you and you will become Publisher's Clearing House's newest millionaire. Thanks for the memories, Steve. By the way, you don't have to beat up a woman to break her heart. RMO/JHH/CRB

Jonathan C. Duffy
Towson, MD
Surface Warfare

PFC Duffy arrived at Fort Severn squared away and rock hard. Fresh out of army prep, Steve chose his profession based on USNA's proximity to the O's. Always positive and never the cynic, Duff saw his share of roommates and brightened their day with his morning cheer. From Lamont to Horhey, he endured them all. The in-grown toenail from hell could not discourage Jonn from realizing his RPOM dream. Duff turned around youngster year donning whiteworks and began the easy life. Recognizing the err of his ways, Jaun, the pugilist, fought back into good standing 2/c year. John fooled enough people to obtain three stripes and command the best (36th in color points) company. Fluff fulfilled the highest ideals of TQL (Total Quality Liberty), with frequent trips to Fredericksburg. Long live "DEAD SQUIRREL." May you have fair waves and following seas. Good Luck! FDH/SBJ/GAG/DSC

Eric Van Duke
Fallbrook, CA
Surface Warfare

Trent Ronald Gooding
Carson City, MI
Special Operations

Believe it or not, T.R. "Gooking" is not the sweet innocent Mr. Nice Guy everyone makes him out to be. After three years of pleasing everyone but himself I can understand his frequent streetfighter like behavior on Hospital Point and weeknight women chasing escapades out in crabtown. JUST KIDDING STACEY! I have never known anyone to plan their wedding down to the nickel and dime (including inflation) before graduating from high school. And then Trent finally cut loose on Lake Minnetonka, Mn. on July 4th 1993 when he bravely drank and drank and drank and drank.... until two beers coursed their way through his blood stream, knowing that his Sugar Pie would surely be checking up on him promptly at 2400:00. I really have to hand it to the family man though, I don't think anyone else could have taken my "#@$%" for four years in a row. Best of luck in Spec. Ops. See ya around. WHM

Greggory Allan Gray
Bellaire, TX
Navy Pilot

Gregggg arrived from Houston, full of flying dreams and a haircut fit for a Marine. (hmmm?) Abandoned at the end of plebe year, he found a couple friends who would stick by him, no matter how much he acted like a dipsomaniac. A member of the "Tool Box", GAG soon found his true colors, perfecting his act on Halloween and for eighth wing players. Homewrecking (38), using the head on 6-1 (finding her double), and cavorting around Europe made him famous in the Club. "Hey, it's not working... boom!" GAY spent most of his time in dental. Strength and courage abounded late weekend nights, just ask WHM. He had the senior ranking and friendliest RD date. Ever the dancing fool, he was relentless (13) at clubs. On his way to Pensacola G. will unfortunately spend basket leave in Quantico. We've shared a lot and have many great memories. Best of luck- JHH/ROD

Keith Alan Hash
Rowlett, TX
Navy NFO

Keith, middle buddy, Jabba, after four years of marriage, I know things about you that would make your mother cringe. I don't know how you do it, but any one who dresses like a twelve year old and can have any woman he wants makes me wonder. It is a true irony of life that the one girl you desired could not commit - so deal with it. We are all sick of your complaining and sorry that your grades sucked so bad, but I guess being in the top 30 is just not good enough. Another irony of life is that once you got good with the sword, your sport got cut. I think that you are a true Texan (the boots, the truck), but you must loose the Indi hat and the leather jacket. We are, especially Scott, sorry about those picture of your sister, but you can always get new ones. We all love you and continue you quest for stuff. DT

Jason Hugh Hoeppner
Ludlow, MA
Nuclear Surface

Hoeppner...Hop-ner...Hope-ner...whatever. SigmaPiSigma, Karate Club, FMC President, "I'm just filling out." He hails from Ludlow, MASS, where women are fast and pizza is faster. Pizza Express, Papa John's, Sal's, Big J loves variety. Slaughter, Metallica, Tool, Candlebox, this connoisseur of aesthetic pleasures listens to all kinds of music. Could it be that this cacophony of volatile sound spawned his angry disposition? "What the...Cut the...That's bull-...!" Three years of hard work and dedication earned him his coveted striper status-just in time for JH to revel in nocturnal bliss through reveille, defy the Whiteworks shoe conformity, and abandon his "true" roommate. His demonic alarm and handy snooze conspired to keep Sweatner in dreamland. And we've greatly appreciated the hours of nine-minute naps. Computer games, touring sedan, guido-wear...Jason will never be far from our fondest memories (thank God, at a distance). ROD/GAY

Frankie D. Hutchison
Jay, OK
Surface Warfare

Son of Hutchi traveled from metropolitan Jay, Oklahoma. Appointed a week before I-day, Hutchiswo (fit and trim) came ready to attack the physical rigors of plebedom. He quickly decided the physical rigors of Surface Line were more his speed. 2/c summer "darkened" his horizons while completing the "hat trick." (roommates share all) With "liberal" wit and no end of sports trivia, the converted O's fan learned to love his new home (Maryland) & is even taking one of the natives when he leaves. Knowing everything (just ask him), Frank took over the billet of USNA Croquet captain & company XO. He wasn't hard to find, just listen for political orations and Ozzie's latest average. If he had $, we weren't stopping. It's not easy to live with a flying squirrel, maybe a dead one will suit him better. Fair winds and following seas, Frankie. PAC fleet doesn't know what's coming. JCD/SBJ

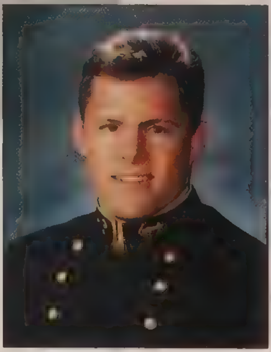
Joe Daniel Islas
Amarillo, TX
Marine Corps

"You'll never be a Marine Useless...Stop barking!"-Ramassini BARK! Naysayers have abounded but Angel has survived. "Sir, the P-3C can land on carriers!" Whether he's covered with beer, blood, grape juice, bruises, scars, or scratches, he always managed to make it back from liberty; not necessarily to his own room and never in uniform. "I-I-It don't f---in' matter!" Library rumbles, broken windows, the Mexican-American War, 30 seconds in the head, U of M parties, Porsches in Pensacola, blood and beer at Ring Dance. "That street sign mugged me!" From high-n-tights to chewing his bangs. From lowly and humble cabbage picker to the Emperor of the Dark Side (Mike Barry would be proud), Angel is a man on the move. With lady luck and a lot of faith, he might even get a star. Semper Fidelis! SCC/CRB

Scott Brandon Josselyn
Mission Viejo, CA
Navy NFO

The mole burrowed his way from California. Armed with pictures of Kuye (Hoy shie) and a language all his own, Jossel-P's naval history recital floored us all. He prepared for the social rigors of youngster year by writing video games most of plebe year. Scott's first trip home plebe year, brought his greatest disappointment. Gone was Kuye, but a new lifestyle had emerged. MOW was born, and a new Emperor ruled the Darkside. His pastimes included roller-blading, hockey, and the guitar. Scottie was always entertained with his face in the computer. Actively participating in the 4/c development system, the Strolling Minstrel extended his training to a good 9% of the brigade. With a sports car to prove his manhood, and a guitar slung over his shoulder, the uniformed women in P-cola await his arrival. Fly high, FLYING SQUIRREL. FDH/JCD/DSC/JHH/RAR

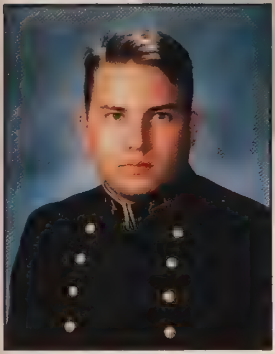
William H. Mallory
Southport, FL
Navy Pilot



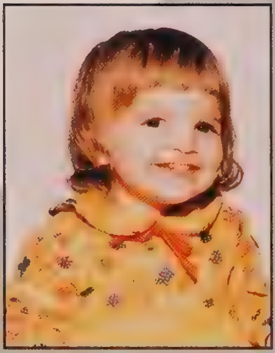
A notorious year at NAPS and four years by the bay set the scene for The Adventures of Big Bad Bill. Plebe year: the "Attitude Room", 10-meter swan dives, and the Mexican-American War. Youngster year (time to rebuild the reputation): *wrestling* practice (in our room?), chipped teeth (ouch!), and two tickets in 7 miles. Maybe I'll play *baseball*. Second Class year: Bill's liberty policy - last one in: covered with mud, blood, and beer. Mid Store Mistress (oops-Madness), keg in 8th Wing parking lot. Don't let that marine turn in his list! The Battle of MacNamar. Maybe I'll play *football*, besides, I might have something in common with Joe Montana. Firstie year: a few fist fights (with good friends), the human air-exchanger, the inferno, more tickets, handcuffs and mace. I'm playing *rugby*. Valerie Mallory? Overnight, Big Bad Bill becomes Sweet William. You're one in a million, bud!

TRG

Michael G. McCarthy
Mobile, AL
Marine Corps



Mike, Little Buddy, Yoda, Man w/o butt, rebel w/o a clue, cancerman, Wa-Kueenm, Dock worker, Axe Murderer, most likely not to get caught breaking regs. Every order from the Dant was a personal insult, and C-Sorm was written to be violated. The search for romance was a continuous quest, and each success was marred by some flaw ie. psycho, big nose, 17, those who called you Wa-Kueenm... Other joys were pool, cancer, guns, and Biker Mice from Mars. What about that John-boat? Don't forget that you are now an Officer and a Gentleman by an act of Congress so 1/2 your age plus 7 still applies, even if you are a Marine. When you leave, who can you strangle and perform the 'Y' on? Hell, who will rub your belly for luck? La La La Story of Mike's ... DT & KAH



Jana Alyn Null
Jonesville, MI
Surface Warfare

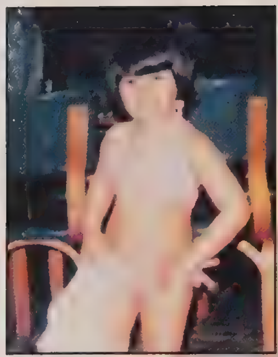
Jana left Jonesville (2 stoplights & population dominated by Nulls) with starched, white, regulation undies in hand, looking for adventure. Little did she know, she had much to learn about the birds and the bees. Starting with x-country, she worked her way through more sports (and subsequently, more injuries) than any mid ever at USNA. Unsatisfied by sports alone, J. eventually slipped to the dark side. We only hope their love is strong enough to stand her nighttime oddities (charmingly loud snoring, conversations she won't recall in the morning). Though still in the habit of wearing guy's clothes, she manages to don her feminine wiles for special occasions with D. A motivated SWO-Mama, she'll overwhelm the crew of the Moosbrugger with nautical prowess. No longer naive, J. maintains a sweetness which will make her loved in the fleet as she was here. Good luck, Rox. BS/CAT

Rudolph Martin Ohme
Pike Road, AL
Navy Pilot

What do you mean I have to have a bio?? "...Sleeps with one eye open..." Too much starch in your collar?? "Can you tape me off??" "What do you mean too much starch in my collar??" "Aren't you guys going to get up? The LT is going to be walking around." (at 0530?) "What do you mean I failed?? JN should have failed!!" Youngster year proved he was a survivor. "I love SERE. I ate the eye of a rabbit don't you know??" "How's my tuck, do you have an iron??" "My eyes, my eyes!! Strip the floor, clean the shower, clean the sink, dust the blinds, wax the floor - CHUNGDERELLA!!... Let's go to Sizzler!" Give a little whistle - Jimminy Cricket- NOT! How's the car running? Broken axle, dead battery, bad alternator! "What do you mean a dead battery??" "I'm going to be a pilot, oops- sorry Corn Beef." SCC/JHH

Rafael A. Rodriguez
Orange, CA
Surface Warfare

Frank Sinatra's only Mexican relative, Rafael migrated to the tropical climes of the East coast from SoCal. With music, song and a little whiskey to boot, Ralph never had problems wooing women. However, it took a fellow "musician" & "The Force" to guide him in his grandest performance. The life of luxury did not always follow Rod. Tormented by Gordo and the Liberator, 4/C SWOdriguez savored Herndon and 3/C year in the "Tool Box." Ac boards and chow calls behind him, RAR soon transformed into the epitome of leadership. Ralph's progress came to a screeching halt at the end of 2/C year. It was a hard lesson learned, but after a $500 weekend and the "L" word, Ralph experienced first-hand the complexities of WOMEN. With S. gone, Ralph honed his leadership tools (hairdryer?) and vaulted to three striper status. Good luck and long live the West coast Navy. GAY/JHH/FDH



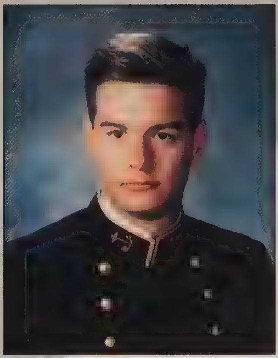
Brenda Sasso
Brockton, MA
Surface Warfare

"If you don't look good, we don't look good, Vidal Sasso, sir," came from Brockton, Mass. Spending most of plebe summer coverless, she knew how to make a medicine cabinet shine. Grades and rates lost importance plebe year as Cupid's arrow struck and the plebe from Down Under stole her heart (and her end-of-semester leave, the first of us to stand restriction.) Ever since, she's been a member of two companies (his/hers.) Playing Buffy-the-Jeopardy-girl in eighth wing players, it was a toss up which role she played better, Buffy or LT P. "I'm not going to drink" became a most common Wed H.O. (strangely, her Spanish vocab was directly proportional to her BAC.) Good luck aerobicizing on Peleliu, you're all D's now (couldn't be in better hands.) Four years by the bay wouldn't have been the same without you. CAT/JAN/JCD

Cheryl Anne Thompson
Bremerton, WA
Surface Warfare

Harlequin, afghan, & Diet Coke in hand, Cheryl cheerfully left Bremerton, & her hair, to spend four glorious years on the beautiful Cheasapeake shores. "Rack hard, rack fast, rack often," CAT's rallying cry, she brilliantly turned four years into two. Though her only friends were thought to be Fabio and her blue magnet, Shirley burst onto the social scene leaving behind more than a memory in various ports-o-call. Eventually Cheryl became very close to her classmates (G) at many social gatherings. Known locally for her balloon-animal prowess, Griffin's was the only substitute for her dimly-lit cave. Seeking local entertainment, Cheryl appreciated the true value of her 2/C loan (a new yard-gouge inclusion.) Not only intelligent, but well-informed, Cheryl WAS rumor control (fiction and fact were the same.) Your rack and the Club will all miss you--beware of men bearing six-packs. JAN/BS/JHH

Douglas Timothy Wahl
Atlanta, GA
Surface Warfare



The last Four Years by the Bay living with Douglas included interesting times and colorful phrases (Suck it up, Deal with it). People say that we squabbled like we are married, but these four years have been great. BIG BUDDY started with a rough plebe year ("Motivated, but stupid", brain-meter). He survived plebe year and continued to survive the rest of his Academy career. He tried studying hard and not studying at all, but he was cursed with the constant 2.17. (I guess this wasn't a curse every semester) BB loved to play hard on all arenas: Rugby to Boxing to Karate, "You can sleep when you are dead!", SERE, Seal PT, rock climbing. (Remember dropping me off the cliff?) BB got to know many women during his career at USNA, but they all turned out to be PSYCHO. BB, have a great journey driving your SUV on your sacred quest for STUFF. KAH

Kenneth Carl Weller
Orofino, ID
Navy Pilot

Daniel A. Westenberger
Mesquite, Tx
Surface Warfare

Westenberger, cheezburger, Dan the Man, the Jawa, the missing link. He set out to prove that if you slept 12 hours a day you would only be here for 2 years. Long showers, D&B, D&D, his computer, coke, and more coke filled up the remaining 2 years. If he had a real major he would have had homework to fill his time. He subsisted on Steerage food until we moved and his interests changed to KFC. Blue and gold and a bruised head. Did you ever return those crutches from plebe year? Sorry about that non-bonding proof knee even though it has a good story behind it. The man who can get to first base, but always gets tagged out at second. Bella's, pool, and Kamikazes. We think its time to call off the $50 bet. DT & KAH

Kenneth Brian Wilson
Abbevelle, GA
Submarines

This man bats 1,000 in campus jackets, a small performance for a class president, 3/C brigade commander, regimental plebe of the month, and one time husband. Things change and campus jackets disappear. That's Ken; no title or honor can elude him. He is truly a man emerging, a mustang of sorts. Well, I lived through youngster year with him and can attest that TH's memory is certainly drowned. For finals on the sixth of May, don't forget your calculator and alarm clock. Naval Officers don't miss ship's movements either, thanks Brian Johnson (I mean it). Go Braves and Redskins, or should I say Cowboys? Advice: don't start any class bravo fires - you can't spray them out with water. Brother (in law), you can come visit your sister and I any time, you are truly the greatest of friends (next to Jack Shaefer). Blip Blip Blip Blip Blip Blip.
CRB

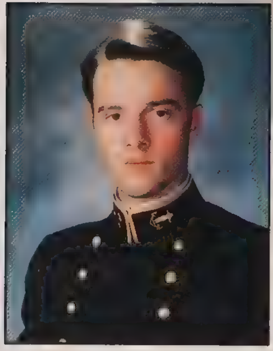
35th
COMPANY
STRIBLING WALK

Jason Charles Adler
Indianapolis, IN
Surface Warfare

"Hi, I'm Jason Adler." If you've heard this line before, I bet your life has never been the same. I know of 25 who'll agree (and the number's growing). Jay may not be smart, but he can lift heavy things. He's touched our lives like no other. Who else would kiss Bill, Ricky, and Friday? He's the life of the party who really parties till he drops. He's gotten deep inside the news many times, especially in Charleston, to find out just what newscasters wear underneath. His life is full of gunfire, high speed chases, and hi-jackings that should put him behind bars. Like the ones under BWI. Speaking of bars, there was the Shiner Bock earring courtesy of "Nanook". Jay's tolerance was never very high.

From Plebe Summer to Graduation, we did it together. Where one is, you'll find the other. Who else could put up with us? PV

Gregory Brian Ames
Bangor, ME
Civil Engineering Corps



Greg, I think its rosatia, tell medical, breath! What does it mean to be All-Bangor anyway? First it was Smith, seven letters, and tons of J Crew stuff, don't worry Greg "that really does nothing for me". Be sure and get back the Chronological tape. Halloween was great, I think, get off the roof "I'm smoothing things over." Many have entered our room few have left the same. WVU, cartwheel in the river, quick grab the knife, get in the tent, she's coming! Aikido, uchi deishi, Yojimbo, Shogun wanna-be. Let me borrow the Tamborito I'm making a pie crust. I hope you get to the Hombu someday. Better luck with your next Banzai. 10,000 Maniacs and the 21 yr old or was it 19 or 18? Better check her I.D. next time. Greg you've been a great roommate and a great friend. See you tomorrow. Go Subs!

-EPS

Joseph Stoddard Bell
Hopkinton, NH
Submarines

The Knothead from Hopkinton, N.H., who graced us Southern folk with his Northern dispostion and wonderful accent (especially when he says Concord). After first set plebe summer was over we all thought Joe had it together like his brother Jim, that lasted for about a week. He then started one of several of his true talents...picking women. We went through this too many times much to ALL our travail. After his latest escapade with a woman, he was labelled (in jest) as a "sell-out", all the while he was steady hollering "I have always LOVED The Cure." Well, we just know how much you used to like Bell Biv Devoe. For the Econ major who never thought he'd become a Nuke, good luck in Orlando but forget about the dream woman. She really likes another guy. DMP.

With the strength and goodness of the person that is you, good luck in all you endeavor. Keep smiling! me :)

Michael Anthony Bellotti
Harpersfield, NY
Submarines

Mike, in a frantic search for his papers, ran smack dab into Annapolis, by accident we think--all the way from New York, deep in Yankeeland. That ain't too far-fetched considering he has a sense of direction worse than a deaf bat. Anyhow, they wound up shaving his head and, tragically, stopped at the neck. When he wasn't growing fur, he could be found crooning show tunes in Alumni or Mahan. (This didn't leave much time for crooning). Bellinis also moon-lighted as a Mech E, in which he cleaned up many a project partner, and flat out dared many a teacher. By firstie year, this had left him a real deep cream-color at best. The ladies all seemed to "hate" him until play or musical season. Then his stock rose considerably. We all liked to watch him do his thing on the stage. Maybe that Oscar will shine in Mahan someday. KNG.

Eric John Bower
Berwick, PA
Surface Warfare

Well Berwick, it looks like your plebe year fraught with pro knowledge and football wasn't enough to scare you away. Now it looks like you'll be a genuine U.S. Naval Academy graduate, complete with ring.

For something that many people will look upon to figure out what kind of a guy you were and what you did here, this writeup might be a little lacking. The truth is that no one really knows the true Berwick, A.K.A. Bowers, Birdman, and occasionally Eric. You never forgot the cosmopolitan Berwick, Pa. and were always ready to argue about the Berwick Bulldogs. Over this last year you've been a great friend and the best room mate I've ever had, but still a Pennsylvania weirdo.

Remember the nuclear Tomcat, too bad they're decommissioning those hellacious planes but maybe you can get a Hornet someday.

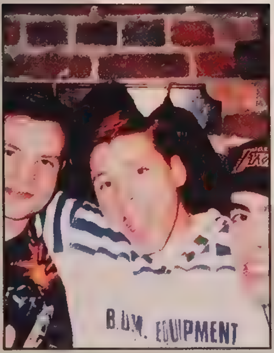
Michael Ryan Bruneau
Monterey, CA
Navy NFO

Well Mike, you wretch, from plebe year to graduation you've always been on top of things. With your well phrased sayings such as "Fourth Class, Fall Out", "Dude", and "Groovy" you'll be a man to remember. A good trait that I'll remember is your physical and raw talent to do things. Beginning in plebe year with Lax, later excelling in rugby, and then most of all your talented party trick with dog tag chains. Your talent will definitely always precede you.

I guess what I'll always remember you as is one of my best friends and a great roommate whom I've only really gotten to know this past year. With your Billy Idol looking mug, weird Californian charm, and your love of humongous watermelons I'm sure you'll get along great in the brown shoe Navy. And I want you to always remember, I could have stuck you on an oiler. EJB

Brian Allan Campbell
Mobile, AL
Surface Warfare

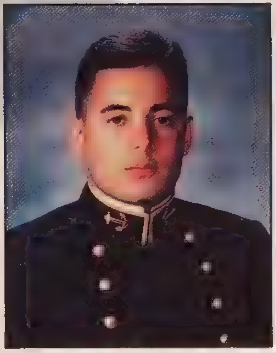
Brian came to this place along the Severn just a little to knowledgeable for his own good. Seeing how he had just spent two years trying to get into this place. But despite all conflicts during plebe summer, he learned to wear ice skates through plebe years. Youngster year brought new hopes with new stripes, however a dark outlook with Halls Mentholyptus brought him to his senses. Second Class year was full of down hill grade skiing and wine toasting with no luck in sight. First Class year helped him rekindle old flames and drive him into debt. He made an outstanding Brigade Janitor (aka Brigade Super, Head NoSlot). My hat is off to him because he has finally made it. Have fun in Japan!



James Theodore Corlis
Beaumont, CA

Teddy, from sunny Southern California, brought a laid back attitude, love for the Lakers and Metallica, and half an ear. Plebe summer was entertaining with NAVY AIR, all those questions, and infuriating 2/c Dreyfuss. Plebe year saw Ted become drinking buddies with Bobby and his famous quote "I'm peeing on the Soviets". 3/c year was hacky-sack, sweat rings, Battalion football, parties at Berger's, and that miraculous C in Calculus III. 2/c year, after Diana, was drinking at tailgaters, "Oh my, look at A. King", the Handi-Dance at Frani O's, everyone asking him "You like to lick what?", and quite a few different women. 1/c year started off great with him meeting Noelle and falling in love but whatever happened to that car loan? Despite all the many troubles present, you've shown us to be the most reliable and truthful person around here and we're truly gonna miss you. CF, CC

Christopher R Courtright
Carson City, NV
Supply Corps



Chris came to USNA from NAPS with a serious girlfriend and the determination to stand out amongst his classmates. Plebe year was hard academically but you stood out performance wise (Forever color man). Battalion football was a great time to let off steam (Brigade Champs plebe year). Youngster summer was tough after losing Lisa but then you went on to meet your future wife (Dielle) soon afterwards. 3/c year was a lot of fun with hacky sack, Albert Swietzer, turds, double farts, and Ted sleepwalking. What about Kammeyer?(What a !#*?!*) Second class year(after almost quitting) "Whose Mamma?", Originator of the finger game, 2/c Company Commander. 1/c year started with big headaches(Co. Cdr, the IG,"I hate my major") but hey, we made it through. I'll miss all the times laughing for minutes at absolutely nothing. Good luck, buddy, with supply. I'm sure we'll meet up once again. CMF

Christopher Mark Frey
Washington D.C.
Marine Corps

They shaved the Wilson QB's head and sent him home to D.C. but he came back. Gimme an H. O. T. E. What's that spell?? Roomed with Stinky and Freak til their hygiene made him move. Snow Football = broken nose. Batt Football = broken Rodney. SISSY. You shave what!? Studying Late under the pretty sky blue lamp, 8 minute naps with open eyes. Who's Mama? The only vending machine addict without love handles. Rock Hudson. The mysterious singing Skins cup in '91. Herndon--knocked him off his shoulders. Not Looking! @#!*, my computer Froze. Shared the big girl at Yang's with Teddy and Bobby. Plock! Hold on, somebody stole my... Always devouring the food he hates. Attention to announcements. @#!*. Chokeholds, whoops did he tap out? Don't touch me Ken. Fell in love with Amy. Lost your best friend from home, but you gained two forever friends. We won't forget you. Ted & Chris

Kenneth Nolen Graves
Silver Creek, GA
Navy NFO

The Gravy Train prides himself as a Georgian rebel whose state patriotism is exceeded only by his dedication to flight simulations and a comfortable mattress. His four, well maybe three, years of USNA sentencing has filled his mind with country tunes, his heart with industrial engineers and his stomach with a Quackentuckussful O' Taco Bell. His extraordinary ability to make the full use of his time and his command of "the finger game" make Kenny G a prime candidate for political office. I love yvonne Gravuss, we all do! What's up, dude! Through many an ear..uhhhh!...I mean year we have moled, I mean molded what have become truly warped personalities. May Pensacola answer your prayers and put you where you feel you belong. You'ze just a gitar strummin', prof darin', creme hued, Denny's man. It won't be the same without ya, ya freak...uhhh!...MAB

Russell Ernest Hardy
North Pole, AK
Surface Warfare

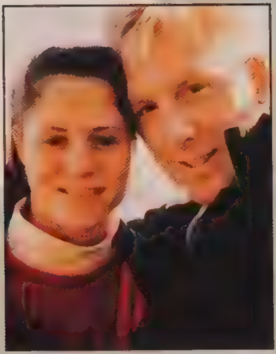
STINKY HARDY - Knowing & living with you was enlightening! BS-ing @ 3:00 A.M...takin' cereal from King Hall ("was that a Jimmy Leg or a giant RAT?!")...6 stories up - WITH AN AUDIENCE!...DONT FEED THE ANIMALS!-or give the natives alcohol ("I think I'm gonna puke!")...Scotch..."Check out my UNBREAKABLE fishing rod - oops"..."UM, Russ, we kinda got your truck stuck in the mud"..."You did WHAT to that J.O.'s stateroom?!"...Stinky hockey gear...Why is that magazine on your rack?...Freezin our butts of huntin' (& getting skunked!)...Thanks for the ride to BWI - YOUR BAD LUCK! - Not to mention your ear-piercing ability..."you paid $150 and got NOTHING?!?!"..."What pageant is this?!"..."What does this button do??"..."DONT do that when I'm eating ice cream!"..."I WANT ACDC!!!"..nice splits off the table...TACT was never one of your faults...from unsat to Supt's in one semester...Be careful of those tiny 'nipper ladies - or their SUMO boyfriends!

William Terrel Hoover
Chester, NY
Navy Pilot

Bill came straight from Lejeune, "dude, you did it the hard way." Beer Can, Golf Ball, whatever you compare HIM to he's one of a kind. Lincoln Tunnel, no pushups, basically plebe year with an attitude, make that 4 years. Youngster year he was the antichrist, just ask his roommate. Nuf said. No food and 8 days later we had us a bear, never mind the tactics involved. 2/C year they met, thru a bit of a 3rd party...where we're you that year anyway? Liz and Jerry's, hunting in NY and AK, we did it all and I don't know what was tougher. 1/c year and stripes, still gone. Got the ring, the car and trying to think if I own anything else? Definitely know "who's side" your on now though. Wish you and Sandy nothing but the best in P-Cola and beyond. A true friend 'til the end. LCS

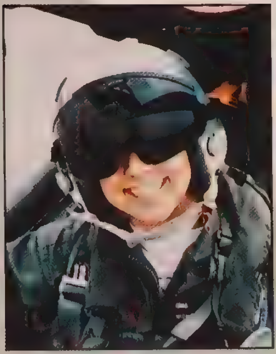
Robert Edward Hughes
Fort Worth, TX
Submarines

It is a distinct possibility! These words were uttered by the Texan who showed up plebe summer with a tennis racket in hand and without a clue. Bob turned into a nerd plebe year and devoted all free time to academics. He didn't watch the Super Bowl or participate in room 7151 outings, why was your stomach growling? 3/c year Bra emerged and Bob became obsolete. He still studied a lot, but he loved his rack (freak). 2/c year, Bra traded studying on Fridays for vodka at Buddy's (it wasn't water). Bra's "wild" side had emerged. Rumor has it that alcohol makes him swim naked, hurl in the sink and sleep in his roommate's bed. He broke one roommate's flojos (you know why) and his other roommate's speaker. During this year we finally realized Bra's true ethnic decent, somewhere near Israel we believe. Senior year Bra became a true liberty hound and still managed to make the elusive Supt's list for the first time (the PRT sure is tough). Brahini Santini truly is one of a kind. We love ya Bra, and stay away from Norfolk. Ricky and Kooze (RHM, CTK)



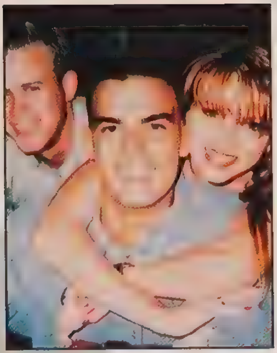
Christopher Kuzniewski
Havelock, NC
Medical Corps

"We call everybody THAT in Norfolk!" Our first impression of our new roommate was shocking to say the least. "What kind of doctor do you want to be?" Kooze arrived late on I-Day which seemed to set the tone for his four years. Even though he tried to bribe us with sandwiches Plebe Summer, we will never forget his hidden dirty underwear or the big move. Kooze would have been eaten alive without us. 3/c cruise wasn't much better, you big crybaby! He managed to make it through 3/c year despite an additional hole in the head and the added stress of SGTMAJ wake-up calls. "You didn't have to hit me in the eye!" Kooze, always considerate of others, enjoyed Bra's bed and making Ricky walk around outside the BOQ. 2/c year emerged Mr. Sweat Studier himself, except on Friday nights at Buddy's and at the Ryatts "John, check me out!" 1/c year gave us an avid duck hunter that could "break" a tough horse, but Kuz still has trouble with the lawn at his own house. Let us know when hell freezes over so we can rent our tuxes. Bra and Ricky (REH, RHM)



Gina Marie Martyn
Chicago RIdge, IL
Navy NFO

Gina brought her disgusting morning cheerfulness to us from the windy city, and the adventure began. Her exploits plebe year included tactical recons of Youngster ladders, climbing in people's windows, and poinking, but eventually she got the anchor to match the attitude. Youngster summer sent her to SERE school, cursing her friends to innumerable "I ate a buttercup" stories. More adventures across the globe (Silly Youngster, cars are for firsties! I thought you spoke French? Miss America, do some pooshups...) and a perfect second class summer made life sweet, but snare drum and strengths dragged her back to reality (until she played set in fishnet stockings in front of God and everybody). After wearing flight suits to work in Oceana as a firstie, she came back as chief toilet fixer and operations officer extraordinaire. Gold wings, golden memories, and that drummer attitude will carry you to the stars, tomodachi! -AML



Richard Holmes Mosley
Nashville, TN
Supply Corps

It will all get better once PEP starts! The immortal words of Dickey will never be forgotten. Who can blame him, though. Poor Ricky inherited two clueless roommates straight from high school. Being the experienced seaman, Ricky took us under his wing and molded us into what we are today. Even though we broke his beloved speaker, endured four years of Manheim Steamroller and that stupid little Christmas tree, Rickey has always been one of our favorite roommates. He was the best studier with the exception of youngster year, where this budding young Naval Architect decided to join the ranks of the GE's with Russ and A-boo. GE paid off, as Dickey went straight from the AC-board to the Supt's list. Pretty good for a valedictorian from Nashville, who, by the way, tried to start a Native American Club just so he could get a phone. Oh Ricky you stop. We're going to miss all those conversations about Betty (the waitress, that is!). We wish you the best of luck in the Corps. We'll miss you, Dickey. Love,Bra and Kooze

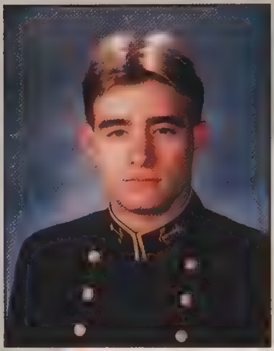
Damien Marcellus Parker
Annapolis, MD
Surface Warfare

Damien came to the Academy from that endearing place we all love...? Annapolis. Mature beyond his years and a mastermind of electronic genius, never outspoken yet was always willing to lend an experienced ear to the bemoanings of love-sick roommates (that and your stereo were the only reasons I roomed with you, you realize), he truly is a great friend. Never ever one to pass up the opportunity to throw back a few, it took the love of a local beauty to finally mend his raucous ways, aging him well beyond his maturity, even. A little more seriously, Damien, you have always been a great friend and great roommate. Your words of advise have gotten me through more than a few messes and I wish you the best of luck. JSB

Jason David Peek
Birmingham, AL
Surface Warfare

Ahh Jason, wherever shall I begin? You joined us Plebe Summer as that gangly kid from Alabama with the twangy voice to prove it. You were an integral part of our Plebe Year memories, providing entertainment on a regular basis, developing catch phrases like "I can't perform" and "You caught me;" you kept smiles on us all. Youngster year and Second Class year passed by with you excelling at those musical interests, becoming our resident guitar expert and instructor, and busily earning the right to wear that smelly "Woofer" t-shirt. Finally, Firstie year you got to room with Schue and Me, a test worthy of even the most stubborn of ISBOs, you Drug Dog...Aura of Femininism, yeah, whatever. Oh, and by the way, when the Gate's closed, that means it's CLOSED, you dummy. Best Wishes on that non-gas-turbine-havin'-ship-outta-Norfolk. Stay in touch. Greg

Christopher Louis Pesile
West Milford, NJ
Navy Pilot



Born to ride a duck; unsatisfied as a chandelier Tarzan; tamed by a woman met during a wild drunken vacation; unsuccessful woman chasing, beer drinking hellion gone religious; head in the clouds-feet on the ground (and all in a 5 foot nine inch frame); 'hates-to-run' marathon runner (she's still up by one), with all this...still a good friend. Congratulations on following a dream (that includes Wendy). Fly Navy....was that a certain transport out of Hong Kong? When you going to buy the darn ring???
MAT

Anthony Allen Roach
Show Low, AZ
Surface Warfare

Where on Earth is Show Low, Arizona and why in the world do I want to know? Those were the questions going through my mind after seeing Tony for the first time during plebe summer. Many of his friends would say that Tony has a unique humor that can be quite annoying at times. However, if you look beyond the goofy image you can't miss the honorable, dependable, and loyal friend that is Tony Roach.

After living with Tony for a short time, you can clearly see the important things in his life like his dedication to family, his duty to the Navy, his love of History and his itch to debate anything at the drop of a hat.

Tony, Best of Luck to you in the Fleet. I'm privileged to have known you and glad to be serving with you and you'll always be in my prayers.

-CLP

Robert Michael Roberts
Burton, WV
Surface Warfare

Bob Bob found his way to the Naval Academy via a stint at WVU and Marshall, a true Back Road Scholar. Plebe year: Play liberty with Teddy, financial aid from Mikey, Power Blonde, Sizzler. Youngster Year: Bye Rick, laundry truck, the punch, trips back home, Miller Lite. Second Class Year: Beer Truck, Dant's List, Effects of old age (ankle), Bon Jovi (SoCo)? First Class: One tragedy after another: Mile and half, EE, 4/C Roberts, insomnia (not). Women: To be or not to be, Kristy, PatDawn, Angie, AnneMarie (Inga from Sweden), Lori, College Park Amazon, Boo, Allison, Michelle (2), Megan, Nannies, Laura. Never Mrs. Right, sorry Casanova. Maybe in Newport or Norfolk you'll find her. For four years you've kept me in line and I guess you'll be doing that for another five. Strong headed, speaking your mind, home in five, behind your friends, you've always been the best and don't ever change buddy. KSY

Eric Paul Schuette
Pinole, CA
Submarines

Four years is a long time to room with anyone, how we made it, I'll never understand. With memories like The Gauntlet, Essex St. Hill, Hampden Prom ("Hey Missy, let's go play volleyball"), your 7th wing ladder fall, camping in West Virginia ("Oh my God, where's the knife?"), Halloween in Georgetown ("I can't believe you spit on her! I was hooking up!"), Massa-nothin' Weekend ("Think of the opportunity we're about to pass up..."), and Ram's Head with Rolf ("Evic, he's not human!") it's hard to imagine we survived alone, much less together. Your wild displays of utter animalism and zest for life were tamed by Abby the Temptress. This, combined with your experimental knee surgery made you a real lame noodle, wet blanket, stick in the mud, etc. Others have said that it's because we've got complementary personalities, but I don't think so. We're just idiots, that's all. Greg

Jayson W. Schwantes
Salt Lake City, UT
Nuclear Surface

Jayson Warren Schwantes, a name to conjure with. Last Thanksgiving, I was wishing it would conjure up a new engine for the home-made VW that broke down in the middle of scenic Lowell, Indiana. Still, we did make it to Karen's in time for turkey tetrazzini. Anyway, once you get over the VW fetish, he's really a great guy to be around; besides, it isn't everyone who can legitimately write in "Pagan/ Druid" under religion in all those personnel forms. Of course, his last year at USNA was really spent at UMCP, which offered a change of scenery, and new chemistry labs to blow up -- when he wasn't playing computer games. In fact, the best way to sum Jayson up is to look at his computer. Yes, he wrote a program which displayed a green, CIC-style radar scope, complete with illuminated sweep, on his screen at night . . . KAH

Elissa Janena Smith
Roanoke, VA

XO, 'Lissa, Lis, Janena, Nena, Stringbeanhead. She came here from little Roanoake (smaller than Bowling Green?) & gave so much of herself (even to GKD, TJT, ELP & FJH). With God & Lisa to guide her, this Wondertwin stayed out of trouble (usually). From tears in Pensacola while the ceiling fell 2 tears of anger with lessons about prejudice & love learned from Lisa in Atlanta 2 tears of laughter on the WASHINGTON, she developed that LOPSIDED dimpled smile & got her way (and ours). We watched her grow strong that long week in December of '93 and saw her hold up others while on the verge of falling. Fleetmamma's shower is the HOT one, why? Let's toast with a Cinnabonn, but let Fleet sleep- to the people that don't make 180's. You've come a long way, Baby (and even had the nerve 2 take the longer route-**94.5**). But you made it! To God be the glory. **NETWORK**. ETH & KCH-R

Mark Alan Tinder
Centerpoint, TX
Special Operations

An old man in the company (25 years, let's be candid), phenomenal runner (but no marathons yet: WHIMP!), goofball from Hell (helium balloons, we'll stop there), NFO gone DIE HARD SPEC OPS (barely, thanks DOC) and a good friend (and roommate, lucky Cyndi).

Cheerfulness has to be the word to describe this guy. Even during plebe summer he was able to muster that cackling laugh of his, almost to his peril at times. (from his OWN classmates) This story wouldn't be complete; however, without mentioning his better part. (I say that seriously and I know Mark would agree) The Drum and Bugle Corps served as "The Love Connection" for Mark and his fiance Cyndi. And now here we are 3 years later on the eve of their May marriage. Best of Luck to both of you, in your careers and life together, you'll always be in my prayers.

-CLP

Philbert V. Ventura
Rodeo, CA
Surface Warfare

"THE BODY", my lifelong non-roommate-helpin' flip-flop roommate! Plebe year - LIL...AIRBORNE - fireman's carry..."look at me - I'm GODZILLA!" You were gonna hook up till you puked in the nachos! Youngster year we realized it didn't get better & we had to stick tight. Bench, bench, bench..."Why is there tape on that dollar bill?!"...Smokin-n-dippin (DONT SWALLOW IT!) with Russ @ 3:00 A.M...takin' cereal from King Hall ("was that a Jimmy Leg or a giant RAT?!")..Just one question - Why do you mousse your hair at bedtime? Gimme a no shtr, WHO IS YOUR GIRLFRIEND?? Speaking of which, who was that chick passed out in the ditch at Ring Dance?...2/c year: LIVIN WITH RUSS!! ("I think I'm gonna puke!"), ANOTHER all-niter, want another pot-o-coffee? FIRSTIES AT LAST!!! What do you mean 4/C FIRSTIES!- For HOW LONG?! "Have I told you yet today @?!" By the way, CAN I BORROW YOUR CAR?!?! I love ya, bro. JCA

Kwang Su Yang
Sykesville, MD
Surface Warfare

Mike came to us from Old Mill High about 20 minutes north on route 2. We made that drive a weekly ritual during plebe year. Your dad taking me, you, & Rick to Sizzler and buying us refreshments for later in the evening. Who needed a sponsor? Spending $100 a week plebe year on wings & pizza. You buy, I'll fly. Your mom's famous bul-go-gee. One youngster memory--sorry about that punch. You still owe me one. October, 2/C year you went to a conference at Yale and came back with Lisa on the brain. How do you go from a 1.9 to a 3.2? How much money did you spend in tolls going to Smith? Did you ever make it out of bed at 0630? A 4 year roomie, soon to become a 9 year roomie. Thanks for everything buddy and I'll meet you in Newport when I get off restriction. RMR

36th
COMPANY

Abdullah Z.B. Ab Azizis
Melaka, Malaysia
Foreign National

The CRRRAZZZZY MALAYSIAN!! "If Columbus was wrong then the world is flat!!!" "Good day for you might be bad day for someone else - oooraaahh!!" With a name like AbdullazahriabdullahAZIZIS it is easy to see why we called you AB (a bee).

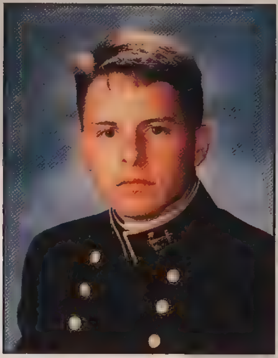
AB came to the U.S. from Malaysia looking for education, adventure, and harassment. Although highly misunderstood (esp. plebe summer), AB slowly learned the finer details of American culture and customs. Not even a culture gap could hide that unique (peculiar) sense of humor!! "Wilma, where's my dinna?" During AB's great adventure, he got to see much of the landscape (esp. Iowa and PITTSBURGH!!!). Where's Hood? Just calm down before you get home...

But, AB, through your whirlwind of trials here, you have become a great friend and I look forward to setting my feet on your home turf someday.

best wishes - bwm

AYCOCK
ENCE COMPA

Adam McGregor Aycock
Rock Island, TN
Surface Warfare



From Ram's Head to the icy waters of Pre-miniBUD/s, you've always been a true swimbuddy-- it seems we carried each other more than once. "YAR!" became the battlecry during the summer, and soon we were all POWERCHOPPING through 3-3 breaking deck plates. The carrier landings and "the bowling cam" made their debut as your video camera followed us EVERYWHERE (heads too). Those videos will be priceless. Youngster year we almost lost you when medical diagnosed your appendicitis as cramps, but you drank your way back to health. 2/C year brought Hood College, fence climbing, porch sitting, long cold nights on the transom, and a "bump" or two. I wouldn't trade them for all the tea in China (or is it Japan?). "If the Navy don't issue it, you don't need it" soon faded as the Colonel's daughter calmed rough seas. Good luck - see you on the TEAMS - Rob

Gregory Martin Blake
Bel Air, MD
Civil Engineering Corps

HEAVY G. --- "Meat" welcomed us to MD, despite being color blind and a second year freshman. Member of the Mitscher and Century Clubs, a fellow Tongue Brother, and an aspiring World Beer Club member. Too bad you spent all your money (you didn't have) on a ring... G had a tough time resisting the force and hangin' with his buddies (I mean upperclass) during plebe year. Youngster year... B&M Boatbuilders - we build better boats - thanks for saving Adam (what about the 4.0?) - your form fitted rack - late night requested recons. Didn't you get your best grades that year? Second class year, Narc had lost its luster but soon forgotten for a certain Hoodlum (what's the count now?). A veteran detailer and Smoke Hall resident, G always let his best side show. Firstie year, in debt, engaged, and in hack, Heavy traded his Blazer for a Bulldozer. Have fun as a Navy engineer, we'll miss ya!
IDM AMA PRS RSC DDL DJW

Katherine Ann Carter
MacClenny, FL
Surface Warfare

Four years together - full of learning, growing, successes, failures, boyfriends, breaking-up, finally, the ONE; hopes and dreams, those reached and those never to be attained, 1 1/2 mile, surprise B-day parties, the Mansion; 4/c - skits, Finals Week, Poe, WSS, first snow, pink and yellow sweats; 3/c - Army Week "Our door, our racks!", late nights/long talks, Craig & Nathan; 2/c - "Get some", T-giving in Florida, "Merry Christmas" at 0700?, D&B CDR!!; 1/c-a semester apart and we realize all we took for granted, "Let's see the ring!", counting days, wedding bells...You loved everybody, listened to everyone's problems, esp. mine. Your smile brightened the worst of days. Your friendship is invaluable. As I will stand beside you on the 27th as Matron of Honor, best friend, & roommate, I will be beside you in all things, as you have been for me. I love you, Kat! -SCG(P)

Robert Shane Colvin
Simpsonville, SC
Surface Warfare

JITTER -- Shane came to us from the hills of Simpsonville (or Simpleville) SC. This good old boy made it through plebe year on care packages, sing-alongs, hugs (yeah Mac), and multiple roommates (all despite the Nose). He could usually be found on stage and in the spotlight winning awards and capturing everyone's attention. A veteran of summer school and AC boards, Shane could sweet talk the Admirals better than anyone. Road trips home, disc games, country music, hyperactivity, water skiing, and poppy seed bread (its amazing the whole company didn't pop pos.) were his trade marks. Spring break trips to SC, Cancun, and Colorado would never have happened without his persuasive enthusiasm. Firstie year, he became one of the Boot Scootin' Boys and learned "a lot about livin' and a little 'bout love." Then Katelyn called and nothing would ever be the same. Go SWO...Don't give up the ship...Study hard...Get HO. PRS GMB DDL DJW REW AMA

Frank E. Gianocaro
San Jose, CA
Navy Pilot

For four years, TauBagel lived by the saying "high speed, low drag". As a plebe, Gino set world speed records for turning off his monitor and catapulting certain classmates (with a little help). With youngster year, came his mastery of luck. While his peers burned for their sleeping habits, The Marauder would wake up at lunchtime to discover classes were canceled that day. Second class year introduced the car loan, or MEGA-computer loan, and the BLIND Ring Dance. What was her name again? As firsties, SpacedOut and I attempted to single-handedly consume all the MGD at Shooters. We didn't succeed, but we assumed part ownership in the process. Frank has always had the incredible knack of keeping the highest grades while studying the least. Seriously, Frank has been 'the best friend a guy could have' --ohh! Just don't forget to pay back that nickel plus interest within 24 hrs. STONER

Brian Matthew Goebel
Huntington, NY
Navy Pilot

Goebs came to USNA from Long Island with a lot of other 5-foot-7 and under club members. Plebe year was very interesting with tennis taking a lot of time. By the end of Plebe year he realized he hated the game and hated the coach and switched to 150-lb football. The reason he kept playing tennis was to keep Coster company, and to earn the letter that was taken from him his plebe year. Youngster year was a blur, as well as 2/c year now that he was of age. Richmond with Bronco, Coster, and Quinner. Summer Seminar was great with no liberty? (yeah, right!). The Soccer House, The Oriole game, the brawl, Fat Tuesdays, Hooters, Soccer Game, Soccer House (again), and McGarvey's with Coster, Grimey, Wags. Firstie year saw unlimited potential since the 5-foot-7 and under club was complete (Armas, Acosta, Goebel, Roszko, Stepanic, Whiting, and HS Olivera) AFA

Shannon Cherie Guthrie
Tigard, OR
Surface Warfare

Sweet Shannon Cherie, "Short Sheet", came to us from Tigard, Oregon, determined to be a member of the 2% Club, and ready to change the Academy, the Navy, and the world! She was the only one happy when we had dreary, drizzly days because it reminded her of home. Her brains put her into Astro and her LEGS into track, until she decided to whip into shape those who were not as gifted as she. It was a chore keeping her sane, but from barn dancing at WSS to high swingin' times and Marines, I think she loosened up A BIT. The kicker - toasting the LAST FINAL 2/C year. Or do you remember? Now longing for the great outdoors and a new life with Grandpa - the one who made her a member of the 98% club, she still strives for perfection. Shannon, you may not have changed the world, but you've touched many lives - especially mine. Thanx Roomie! KAC

Todd C. Hughes
Moorestown, NJ
Surface Warfare

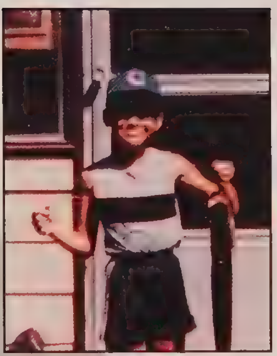
Todd, T.C., HUGE, HUGGIES. Whatever we call you, it is said with respect. Two and a half years as roomies, we accomplished a lot together. From weekend trips to Villanova, PSU, and UVA, to nightly excursions to local drinking and dancing establishments, we and the boys of 36 left a definite impression on the world. 2nd semester firstie year, Todd could be found "El-pasoing" at the Line or "Apple-jacking" at the Cantina until the final minutes of our precious cinderella libos. For four years by the bay, Hughes was always the ladies man. Through all the women, however, you remained faithful to your true love-- the weight room. You aren't HUGE for nothing! The only man I know who was hard-core SWO from I-day. You are the messiest person I've ever seen. 6248 (6264) signing off. Good luck, my friend. You are a hell of a guy. BA

Stanley Marshall Lauck
Roanoke, VA
Marine Corps

Stanley, 'Who's your daddy?...','CHECK!', the Punisher, the ultimate in high speed... and belligerency A door full of name-plates... ATU, VGEP, PDQ, AMY, PAV, QPR, TNG, CJS. etc. Skydiving, cycling, karate, triathalons, bull-racing, bungie-jumping, concertina wire, claymores, black talons, willy pete...Willy Curtis ...illegally concealed weapons, CODE RED,...DEAN!...'kill 'em all, let God sort 'em out'...the next Colonel Jessup? 'You want me on that wall! You need me on that wall!...' 'Of all people!', Known by the company he keeps....Evenings with the L'il WEED, PAV, CARO, GORMAN ... nothing happened, strictly the purest intentions...uh-huh, sure. 'You rate that you know!?'...PAV...the ROARK...KALME. I'm brilliant, high speed, 3.99995(truncated) CQPR, VGEP, next commandant of the USMC...life still sucks! To hell with Molly, Sally, Polly and Betsy!..PAV! Good piece of gear! Laminate it and take it to the field! Get some...despite the fact that you're "so tired...so tired!"mhm

Thomas A. Lenhardt
Justice, IL
Marine Corps

Crrrrrraaaazzy LENNY!!!!! Tom's World!! Party Time!! EXCELLENT!! - you make the rules and you're always right - what an idea!!
Tom came to us from the Marine Corps much to his dismay at joining the ranks of the NAVY. Despite concerns over the sudden change of uniform, Tom quickly made friends with his big heart and quick smile. His devotion to the LORD shined through when he helped those around him. And this heart slowly conquered the almost impossible tasks of surviving a new set of challenges in the classroom. Gold wings, two marathons, and some wild summers helped to balance it all out. Just be careful around those girls - okay? Tom, I've never met a harder worker. Your heart for people and drive to do the right thing will be a tremendous asset to the Corps - they're really lucky to have you - best wishes, roomie, and Semper Fi. bwm



Daniel Dennis Liebmann
Schaumburg, IL
Navy Pilot

DANIMAL, DANNO, connie chung, PLEBEMAN, SUCKA -- From the Windy City, came the man with no rhythm. "Liebmann, call cadence! (short pause) Shut up, Liebmann." The Mad Juggler could always be found in the rack or on the disc field. His interest in aviation led him to become an Aero major (surviving every bone prof at the academy). Dan's personal behavior surpassed us all, however he was nickel-and-dimed by the conduct system and ended up standing more restriction than the rest of us. An avid hockey player, he could be found playing pick-up games in Dahlgren (and even once in the 8th wing tennis courts). His relaxed attitude toward life should fair him well in his future as a Naval Aviator. Get HO or go home. GMB PSM PRS DJW

Ian Donald MacDiarmid
West Bloomfield, MI
Submarines

MAC -- Ian came to us from Michigan after one year of ROTC at that party school... WPI?! After a brief stint with D&B, he settled for late night performances in goat court. Although never afraid to show his affection (thanks for the hugs), he was a tough competitor on the disc field. After a small detour on a pre-airborne run, he put his knees in the breeze and went golden. As a motivated NARC (B&M), the whole Brigade knew he was going for supe stars. This salty dog was never happier than when smoking a pipe, listening to Buffett, and sailing to Bermuda. He did time for being a NATS Pirate, but survived to earn a room on 8-0 as the damn XO. Firstie year Mac went from mood swings to the East Coast Swing (thanks to Dixie). He was not only a member, he was the president of SNAME (or was it that hair club). The Sub community got a good one, and Mac got the money. Best of luck. PRS GMB DDL JLM RSC

Elizabeth Anne Malecha
Addison, IL
Navy NFO

Beth, are you done with that? You came to us from Chicago... and when you got here you got some! Plebe year in the barn was never boring - head races, toppling over on your chair ("Don't worry about her, she always does that"). Varsity crew for 4 years took most of your time, but the golds at nationals made up for it. Still, it's not like it was difficult to twist your arm to go out. Trips to Brickskellers were always entertaining, as was molesting Barney after hanging with Bob Marley at the beach. Second class summer was BTS -failing room inspections, tanning outside gate 8, the 4 outs, Death Woman, Lushtramid, we love your hat, and get some at Hooyah. Questions for me? Drink One Wear Ones, shop til you die, and car buying were cool, but turning 21 over finals of firstie year - that's killer. Best of luck to you. CMW

Patrick Stephen Martin
Eden, NC
Navy Pilot

Hey Cro-Mag! Who's your daddy! Patty joined us from Eden, NC and after a three-year hiatus finally found his roots and proved that he's still a country boy at heart. $harp hat! A diehard D.R.U.Z.Y and Rush worshiper, Softness always was truly 'running things,' whether behind the wheel of the stomper bully or catching Zs in the Pat Cave. Torn between being 'mean and green' or Top Gun, Cro-Mag chose to 'get some' in the air and fulfill his life-long dream. Way to go bud. Here's to remembering our many drawn out debates, the Doors, 'carve me some wings!', Myrtle Beach, the 250 Club, M.F. Please! and the T-Shirt trick, Swivelhead, Aladdin, Andy, waxin' Cassie, Giblets, two-steppin round our desk, gold wings and a green face, P-Cola's mermaid - 'wish I was that popsicle', 'so tired, so tired', and our times with 'Smooth talkin' Robbie and Stan the Man. Feed the eagle my friend, KEV

Kevin Agyenim Mays
Montgomery, AL
Surface Warfare

We are now on our way
Recalling every second of the day.

The friends we made, the dreams we had.
Remembering all parts: some happy, some sad.

But things are not over and done,
We know the best is yet to come.

Brian Wade Mecklenburg
Rockford, IL
Medical Corps

What's up Doc? If you are not in the rack by 2330 you are wrong! Set light condition Zulu. Drop all homework, it's time for personal reading. Don't forget the infamous writing in Memorial Hall. Help, we are being bombarded by care packages!

An adjutant's job is never done. Maybe if you close your eyes, and scream reeaall loud, all the messages on your desk will disappear. I wonder how many ingenious ways there are to dismember the adjutant.

Seriously though, Brian came here with high ideals and goals. He was following his dream, and he shall continue on all the way to Med School and then beyond. He never failed to put down his assignments to help another person if need be. He set his standards high, but most important of all Brian never forgot that he couldn't do anything without God in his life.

Best of Luck, Brian! (Crazy Lenny)

Marc Herman Morgan
Chicago, IL
Marine Corps

Of all people... Have you no shame! NO, you can't use the phone while I'm asleep! Hypocricy, weakness, and fiances beware. Marc came and went from Annapolis without ever line dancing, getting engaged, or accidentally discharging a weapon. A native of the windy city, this harasser of pogues refused to tolerate fraternizers, engaged classmates, lack of identity, or the Allman Bros. Never a shortage of New Order, Depeche Mode, structure vests, weights- or weakness...guess he was trying! Yes, he does have time to build all of those models, so pound sand! From Penn State, Georgetown, Q-town, Lejeune, and Benning, we got some, got pumped, and "did it again, Navy!" Fishing in Halsey, or was that 96ing? Infatuation, obsession (Lopez, BO-man) "You WANT me on that wall, you NEED me on that wall! Whose going to do it, you Gino, you Meck?" WHO'S RUNNIN THANGS? WHO'S YOUR DADDY? SML,PSM

Jerry Lee Myers
Savannah, GA
Surface Warfare

GUNNY -- Jerry came to us from NAPS fired up and ready to square the rest of us away. Known to flame on himself for the good of the company, he was always selfless. He was the only guy in the company who gave himself his own nickname and had it stick. Whether he was sleeping (VERY LOUDLY), getting horizontal, working out, or studying - he always went all out. A detailer from the "old school," this FPC gave new meaning to the word attrition. Who would have thought he would leave company for a staffer job, but we forgave him. Though he never qualified for the Indy 500, he established numerous land speed records in the Annapolis area. Despite his nickname and hardcore attitude, he followed his heart and chose SWO. Remember Jerry --- COMPLACENCY KILLS. GMB DDL PRS DJW

Michael William Oldman
Lockport, NY
Surface Warfare

Mike began his career on a J-24 but moved on to greater things. After setting his mind straight, he skippered the best 44-"Flirt." A dedicated sailor, even in winter with a snowman on his bow, you could find him on the Bay. This 'prior' was always calm and rarely needed his Geritol. As Gib's adopted, he lived it up in every port and took over Oxford. His inexpensive "gocart on steroids" allowed him to invest the majority of his loan on more important expenditures (beer in Newport, rum in Bermuda,...) You can always find the 'old man' discussing the meaning of life propped in the window, puffing away by our palm tree, listening to the latest progressive tunes. While rooming together, Mike and I combined our bad habits, created some new ones, and the semester before service selection studied 10 hours for 11 finals (if that).
MJS,AMA,TDW,WCS

Chanel Christa Ray
McAllen, TX
Supply Corps

Chanel likes buttons. She likes them because Chanel likes to play. Without laughter, Dark Ages just become darker and sunny days go unappreciated. On occasion, one needs to throw a little food in a chinese restaurant, just to provide that chuckle that brightens a bad day.

Chanel likes the mountains. She likes them because Chanel sees beauty in the world. Willing to take a swim in a frigid stream or camp in the cold of January, Chanel likes sharing herself with nature.

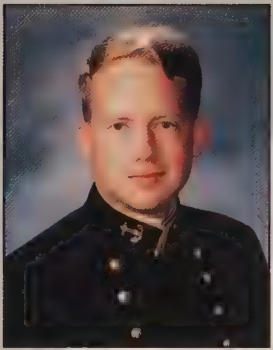
Chanel is a friend. She is there for those who she knows well and those she does not. Chanel listens, she advises and she comforts. Living her life by her own values, she asks only that people live their lives by theirs. She influences those around her, and makes us better people for it.

Brian Anthony Ross
Anchorage, AK
Marine Corps

B.A. came from the Last Frontier ready to be a Marine. His Alaskan wilderness experiences had not prepared him for the voices, smells, noises and inspections(what's in the sink?). His very impressive rifle scores were topped only by his grades (yes he did go Marine Corps?!). No test was important enough to keep BA from exploring. There was always some college he was willing to visit. We had worried at first because BA seemed a little too fond of caribou. But as he expanded his horizons he discovered, pitchers, shrubbery, dancing and then was on to greater things. As a gold winger, rigger, team captain and battalion commander, he tried to look busy and keep his "nose clean". Second semester no one saw BA, he was busy employing new hunting and dancing skills in a New Frontier. However, he was the one who wound up getting snared.

SELSOR WC
996048

William Charles Selsor
Raleigh, NC
Surface Warfare



Chuck always knew where his towel was, as every good hitchhiker does. You could blindfold Chuck, tie his arms behind his back, spin him around a hundred times, and he could still find the shortest route to Ram's Head. He came to the Academy with power saw in hand, destined to take command of the Masquerader's stage crew. Beyond that, he developed his powers of procrastination to overcome even the biggest assignment that was due. His friendly attitude and timid manner was enough to scare away even the most available women. Charles will always succeed, no matter what he does. It is in his nature not to lie down and take the 'status quo'. "School is just another step towards knowing everything about absolutely nothing." How many days left?
TDW, MWO, MJS.

Kevin Philip Schaeffer
Bridgeville, PA
Surface Warfare

KEV came to us from Pittsburgh- a blue chip from PETERSTOWNSHIP. Plebe year saw this soccer star get his big day vs. WVA-and KP rose to the occasion! He conquered CALC (finally), Cancun, and Army week caused a show-down with Naley and some Coke cans. Youngster year brought Kev some keys, train tickets to Jeff's, and a ride to his favorite spot: D.C.! (ah-the homeland?!) FLAMER year formed THESQUAD with Cocker, dinners at Union Station, G-town (careful parking!), and Ms. T's. From third, eighth, and sixth wings, we all learned about Kev and the three Bravo's: black, bourgeois, and "B"! As a firstie, the stripes kept him busy, but duty called. (Had to feed the EAGLE!) Now, it's haze-gray with your long-lost brother, the Stoner. Be careful, look after Joey, and (like your parents surely are), be proud of what you've done, I am!(psm)

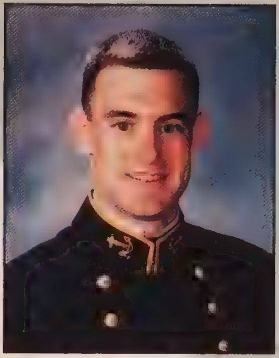
Duane Fitzgerald Smile
Bronx, NY
Marine Corps

Duane Smile (b.k.a. Heavy D or Have a Coke and a), What's up baby? Oh, and don't try to get by, because I have lived with you for four years and I can read you, son!

I know you've been a busy man since we've been here. Whether it was an unauthorized (read STUPID) date plebe year, going to an ill-advised (read STUPID) party 3/C year, plotting death to The Man 2/C year, or getting some (HOOYAH!) 1/C year, you've always come through with a (what else?) smile.

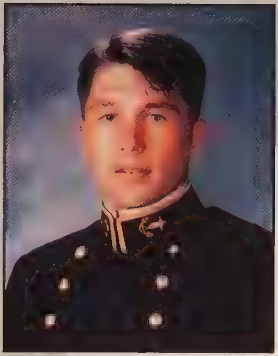
I could always look to you to bring the sun to a rainy day, even when you didn't feel great yourself- and as a Physics major there were plenty of those days! I can't think of a better man to lead the Corps into the 21st Century. Go forth and GET SOME, BABY!!!!! -Kev

Paul Read Steier
Omaha, NE
Nuclear Surface



P.R., STEER -- This husker came to us from the golden cornfields of Nebraska (isn't that a land-locked state?). If Poe didn't fry his brain enough plebe year (cross-dressing, Paulina?), surely his motivational 94 second keg stand did. Paul was a true lady's man .. NE .. SC .. GA .. MD .. "She's not my girlfriend!" Too bad keg stands weren't as appreciated at the 5th Company party. After a stint as second class CO, Paul went on to bigger, better, and easier jobs as a four striper .. REG XO .. twice!? (how were you ranked plebe summer?). Second semester he returned to company area barking drill commands as the "most professional person I know." The search for a unique stereo design didn't detain him from boot scootin' with the rest of the gang. "Let's do the Dance Ranch Romp!" The NUKE SURFACE NAVY is definitely getting the best. Roomie, you'll always be a loyal friend. GO HUSKERS!
RSC DJW IDM GMB DDL

Mark John Stephens
Orangeburg, SC
Navy Pilot



1000 things I would rather be doing than homework. That question was always formost in Mark's mind. He started off a fifth class midshipman having to greet the coke machine with a salute ended up as a firstie making frequent trips to Fairfax. His leathers made amazing progress his 4 years here, they have gone from well shined, to "my snow and salt shoes". He always meant well by saying that he would get up at 2am, 30 snooze hits later, the reveille bell finally got him out of bed. There are few people that anyone would rather have in their corner than Mark when things get tough, and no one I would rather have as a roommate (Those snooze nights are questionable). He was right when he said "There were better men than you, There were better men than I, but will never be better men than us." MWO, TCB, WCS, TDW.

Christopher Don Stone
Wichita, KS
Surface Warfare

Stoner proved that a mid could actually marry his high school sweetheart. 'Course he also proved you could do it without ever once writing a letter. Finished with frolicking in the fields, Chris jumped, or should I say fell, right into plebe year. Stone, why aren't you dinging? After a fun-filled year with 'ole Hank and Ron and a memorable Halifax cruise, Stonehead embarked on his great sleep-in. Why work on an assignment when you could do it at 0200 the morning before it's due? Whenever the stereo was jammin' at oh dark thirty, you always knew who it was. With upperclass status came darts, monkeys, pool, Shooters and monster road trips. Second Class Thanksgiving brought THE RING and turned Chris into the perennial pauper. Firstie year...SWO ho! Just remember, you wanted Admin. It's been a great four and I wish you the best with Jenni! - Stuco

Mark Brendan Sucato
Houston, TX
Navy Pilot

Crash!! Boats, planes, cars, buses -- I'll wreck 'em all!! And to think, they're going to give you a multi-million dollar plane. You're NOT DRIVING when we move to Florida. How about Spring Break -- shuffleboard, The Cooler, passing out. It was a great week, even if you can only remember half of it. "The Card" is done and now its time to start on the home brew. We lost the bet with Stoner -- who would've thunk it would last? Just keep an updated list of current love interests by the phone so I don't get confused (what's the record now, six at once or did you get seven?). Sailing and Bermuda -- I feel like I've been there myself with all the stories from OldMan, Dan, and you. It was a great four years, and here's to the future -- may you fly high and land soft. -- Gino

Donald James West
Harrison, AR
Navy NFO

DJ -- Jay (Donald) came to us from the great state of Arkansas (or so he thought). After a stealth plebe year, he soon gained recognition as a power racker. Making it seem so easy, DJ bounded his way to the top of the class where he stayed. Escaping restriction with the rest of us on a legal technicality, he managed to keep a squeaky clean record. Even after the pain of his first marathon, he could not resist the glory of the finish and ended up running it again. A true sports fan, DJ tried 'em all and watched even more in the wardroom (his office). He was a true trip planner, all of which ended up costing more than he had promised. Spring break in Breckenridge - we're going, no we're not going, okay we're going. We'll never forget your sporty socks, faithful car?, mirror gazing, extensive wardrobe, and useless trivia (Westisms). Your "future" as an NFO is sure to soar. A TRUE friend - Good luck in the Windy City.
PRS DDL RSC GMB

Robert Earl White
Woodbridge, VA
Surface Warfare

Roberto Whiteboy of the Wetsuit Clan came from Cali with grandiose dreams. He was double trouble from the start and spent his days teaching black belts what a yellow sash KAJU student could do. He was humbled by the Hickmeister and his sacrifices to the weather gods, but it couldn't stop him from busting case and causing a rucus during the morning pain sessions. Carrying the 'toothpick' and blowing bubbles in the mud with his swimbuddy will leave its scar, but the puddle will always be his. Highspeed pursuits led him to fatties on the transom and the rooftop of Mitscher. He spent his money on a 'trusty' steed that carried him on chases from Hood to Ohio. A SWO at heart and faithful swimbuddy, he'll make it to the TEAMS or Ram's Head. Either way, he'll be doing the pain. Stay hard...see you there..the Admiral.

Todd David Wilson
Beaumont, TX
Surface Warfare

Willy always knew where Chuck's towel was...his own ran off to join the Hare Krishnas plebe year. It had something to do with the Severn water(?) that still clung to his body after sailing practice. If he ever had the right crew he would be an "All American" sailor. Soon to be Doc Willy will be given a scalpel and a tongue depressor, that is if he can ever finish his med school applications. Fathers, your daughters will be safe with Willy, unless he wakes up. Striving for perfection in every aspect of his life was his main drive, although the job was never done until it was half started. (He could always finish the rest another time.... after all you can't rush perfection). Todd Wilson....More fun than mortal man deserves.
WCS.MWO.MJS

Salutations

1st COMPANY

Matthew Rick: What a fast four years at the "Yard." 1st year you wanted out; all the phone calls home. 2nd year fewer phone calls; grades better. 3rd year Karman Ghia finished. Matt is known as Mr. V.W. You made us proud. Love Dad & Mom

2nd COMPANY

To Vic Vale From Mom & Dad with Love. Since voyage to the bottom of the sea, a submarine captain you've wanted to be.
With that goal in mind for a score, you're on your way in '94!

MRC - You and the Lord have done it - Isaiah 40:31 - Together you will accomplish your goals. Love Mom & Dad

3rd COMPANY

Congratulations to 2ndLT Doug Glover, USMC & Class of 94 - Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plans will succeed - Proverbs 16:3 Semper Fi, Doug & Karen

4th COMPANY

Thanks 4th Co. for a great tean effort! It's been a memorable four years. Our home is always open to you. We are so proud of you, Tom. God's peace always to the 4th! The Lazos

To Adam and the entire 4th Company. Congratulations to a very special bunch. Semper Fi! Go Navy! Love!
Mom, Dad, Jay, Scott & Cindy

5th COMPANY

Congratulations! Mr. & Mrs. Dennis E. Wissel

Safe flying, awesome son - Tim McDougall
Silent dreams - quiet successes.
Our love & pride, Mom, Dad & Dan

6th COMPANY

Congratulations to Brent West. Your course was planned thru '94 -
Now ocean depths you will explore. Godspeed.
Love - Mom & Dad

7th COMPANY

To the Class of 1994, 7th Company "May your ccourse be blessed with Fair Winds and Following Seas, and may you always find Safe Harbor in a Storm." Mr. & Mrs. R.B. Reeves

8th COMPANY

Congratulatiuons Chris Hannan and the 8th Company! Thanks for many wonderful memories. With love and pride, Dad, Mom, Tracey, Kelley & Jodi

Congratulations Class of 94. From minnow to Ensign. We're proud of you! Love Mom, Dadand the family. Snoopy too!

9th COMPANY

Matthew - You'll still be a part of that hopeful place I call my heart. Hopeless is a word I never learned. With much love and pride, Mom, Dad, Liza

10th COMPANY

Ryan Charles Murphy, NFO. May a blue sky always smile above you!

11th COMPANY

Ed, we hope all your wishes and dreams com true.

Heroism is endurance for one moment more. Ed, we love you. Mom, Dad and Karen

Good luck to all! Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Cronin, West Hartford, Conn.

We are proud. God Bless you, Paul. Mom, Dad and Cis

12th COMPANY

Congratulations and wish you the best, son. We are very proud of you, Edward, for a job well done. Love, Dad and Mom.
Congratulations, Edward. We all love you! La Mely, The Varcases and The Sirioses

14th COMPANY

Clay: How can I convey how much I love you or how incredibly proud I am of all you've accomplished? I can't. Go with God. Love. Mom James 1:12

Ensign Michael Balow: Mom would have been so very proud. Congratulations and Good Luck. Love, Dad and Paula

15th COMPANY

Congratulations, Andrew C. Eanniello, 2ndLT, USMC. "As the ripples follow the waves to the sea, So may God's Blessings follow thee." We are very proud of you -
Love, Mom and Dad

Mike, we are so very proud of you. God Bless you and the Class of '94.
Love, Mom, Dad and Michelle

16th COMPANY

Congratulations USNA Class of 1994 - We salute you! Paul, Crystal and Beth Kochendorfer

17th COMPANY

Great Job, Nail - We love you - Mom & Dad

19th COMPANY

Congratulations Ensign Anthony F. Acosta. With love and pride, we salute you. Love, Mom, Dad, Miriam, Yo and Dan, Christine, Grandpa, Grandma

21st COMPANY

Way to go! Matty O! Parents crow! Now for SWO!

Congrats MH on your graduation - on to P-cola for your nexxt challenge! We are so proud of your accomplishments. Never change the way you are - the best!! Luv ya, Mom, Pops, Bill, Kellee, and all the Family.

Congratulations, Sean Fahey. We hope your career is as successful as your years at the Academy. Love, Mom and Dad

22nd COMPANY

Congratulations Sean - and the Class of 1994! God Bless you all. Love, Mom, Dad, Amanda, Danielle, Samantha and Elizabeth

Jeff M. Success comes to the kid at the end of the bench. With love, Mom, Dad & Lori

24th COMPANY

Congratulations Scott, from a very proud family! God speed in your new endeavors. We love you always. Our love, Mom and Dad.

26th COMPANY

Congratulations and blessings to you, Katie Pruitt, with our love and smiles always! Mom, Dad and Kevin

Richard, you're the measure of greatness. Congratulations! Love, Mom, Dad, Andrew

We salute you - 26th Co. - Class of '94
Charlie - You aimed high and achieved much. Semper Fi! Love, Mom and Dad

27th COMPANY

Congratulations, Patt Donahue and grads of the great 27th Co. Love, Mom & Dad

Congratulations! Hank & Joan Pallotta Family

28th COMPANY

Go '94! We're impressed and proud to have known you. Fair sailing to all. Adam, we love you. Mom & Dad, KJSLC&?

29th COMPANY

Congratulations BK. Fly high & may all your dreams come true. Love, Dad, Mom & Chris

Well Done, Matt Reimann. "The end of practical wisdom is not to know that which exists, but to cause to exist what is not yet." - Mauritain. With love from Mom and Dad

31st COMPANY

Congratulations to Bob McGunnigle and the entire 31st Co. You've accomplished a lot. Best wishes and all our love, Mom, Dad, Leah, John, Lori

32nd COMPANY

"Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind." - Gibran. Safe journey, 2ndLT Jason A. Gordon. Beat Army! Love, Mom & Dad & Becki

33rd COMPANY

DEAR JASON - '67 wishes a great son in '94 the best of luck. Congratulations - We are very proud of you! Love, Mom and Rene

Way to go, Tip; we're proud of you! Mom & Dad

34th COMPANY

Jana - You made it! Grandpa Null is so proud - so are we. Love, Dad, Mom, Alyssa & Kelsey

35th COMPANY

Congratulations to Christopher Pesile... our pride, our hopes, our dreams come true. Fly High and God Bless!! Love, Mom, Dad and Jason

Congratulations Rick Mosley & 35th Co. We are proud of the way you hung in there. You made it! Love, Mom, Dad, Tammy, Barry, E.O. & Uncle Ray

Lisa Marie Winslow
Class of 1994

In Memoriam

"In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your
silent knowledge of the beyond;
And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your
heart dreams of spring.
Trust your dreams, for in them is hidden the gate
to eternity."

Kahlil Gibran

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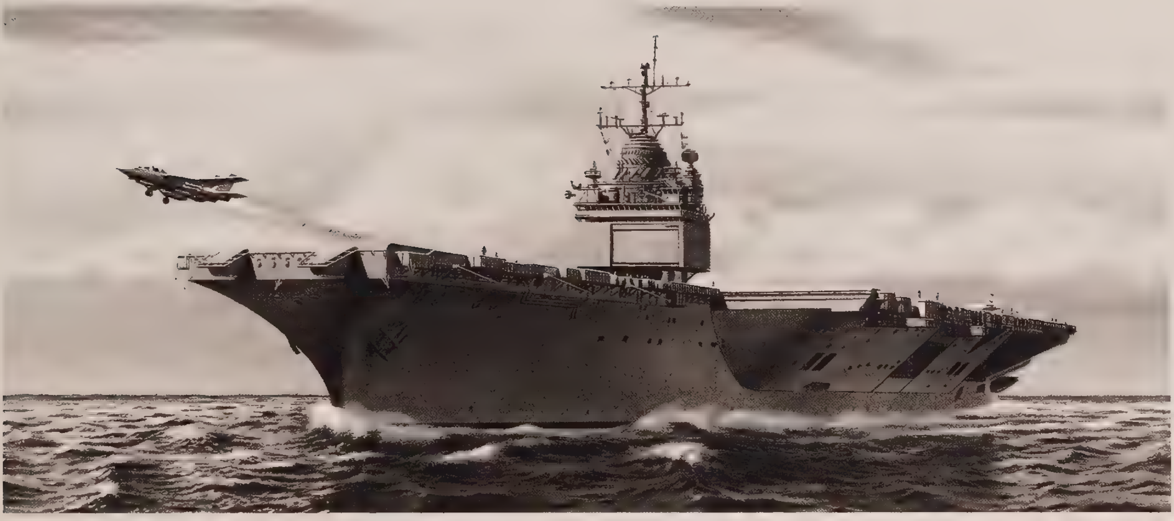

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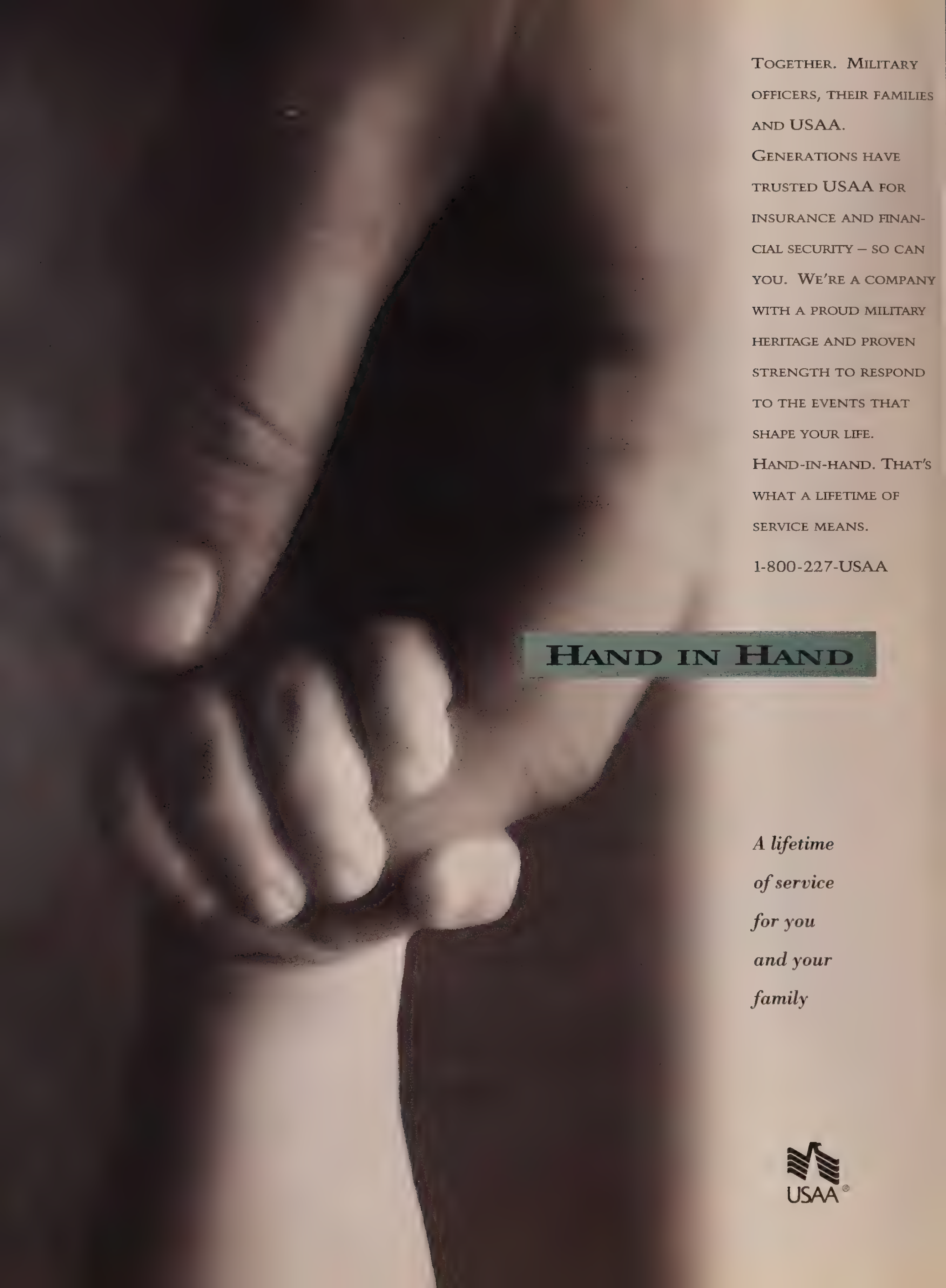

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Lucky Bag

The *Lucky Bag* proudly presents the 1994 Yearbook to the Brigade of Midshipmen. As the largest, full-color annual in the country, it serves as a tribute to a year in the life at USNA. From the midst of Friday night meetings, computer glitches, and frantic schedules, the Midshipmen staff manages to produce an award-winning book. We, the staff of the 1994 *Lucky Bag*, invite you to puruse and treasure the memories stored in these pages. By Midshipmen, for Midshipmen, we hope we succeeded in capturing our past year in Mother B.

Above: Organizations Editor James Morgan pretending that he really does know what he is doing.

Right: 1993-94 *Lucky Bag:* Back: Bill Wilhelm, Kathy Schulz, Gerry Berghardt, Ed Groth, Mauricio Perez. Front: Andrea Myers, Katie Pruitt, Raissa Wilson.

Below: Editor-in-Chief Katie Pruitt tries to bring reason to the madness.

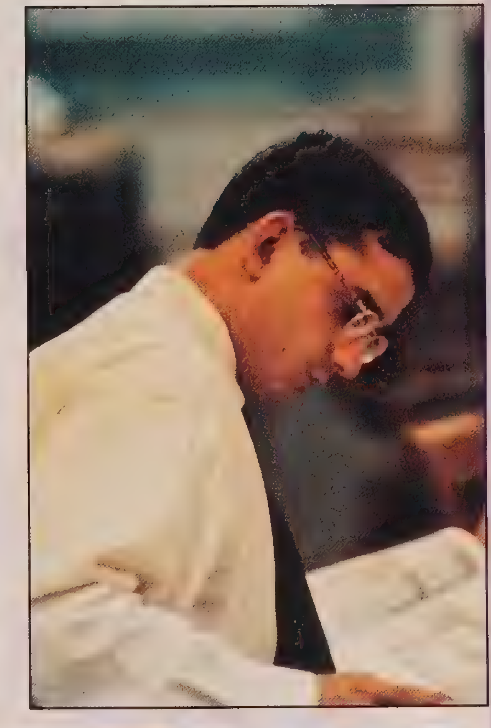
Above left: Jimmy Parker gets the shot.

Above right: Potts captures another parade on film.

Below: Year Editor Kathy Schulz ~~hard~~ at work.

Right: Brigade Editor Bill Wilhelm and Assistant Editor Andrea Myers rushing to meet deadlines.

Right: Herff Jones Rep Michael Harris looks over some proposed spreaads.



Below Right: James Morgan gets a little guidance from Herff Jones Rep Tom Tanton.

Left: A *Lucky Bag* Photographer pauses for a moment to be on the receiving end of a photo.

In Closing...

1994 Lucky Bag Staff

Editor-in-Chief....................Katherine E. Pruitt, '94

Assistant Editor...............Andrea J. Myers, '94
Photography Editor...............James R. Parker, '94

Sales Manager...............Raissa Wilson, '94
Business Manager..........Molly J. Boron, '95

Section Editors

The Year...............Kathryn M. Schulz, '96

CofC/Faculty.....Gerald J. Burghardt, '94

The Brigade...............William A. Wilhelm, '96

Sports...............Mauricio Perez, '96

Organizations...............James D. Morgan, '94

Class of 1994...............Edward T. Groth, '95

Officer Representative

CAPT Robbie L. Williams, USN

From the Editor...

For those wondering, the theme of this book consists not of one stylish phrase, one flashy graphic. Instead, wisdom from muses past speaks of issues present. Timeless passions such as frustration, brotherhood, pride, scandal prove this changing world may not be as altered as we believe.

I am an English major, the first Group Three editor in a great while. I am a collector of quotations. I love fingering the aged pages of old books. I am an optimist who treasures laughter. I vainly endeavored within the bindings of this publication to add a little of myself to its usual pattern.

The staff of this Lucky Bag faced many adversaries beyond the dreaded deadline. We finished a book before we even had the chance to start our own, and listened to hundreds of phone calls from "well-wishers." The insturments of our labor, our computers, were taken from their home in the catacombs; weeks of an empty office and NIS investigation followed. Lack of funds and bankruptcy from various organizations left us wondering if this book would ever come to fruition the way we wanted it. But, alas, as midshipmen tend to do, this staff persevered, and produced a yearbook of unequaled quality. Maybe my opinion is jaded because I witnessed these talented and dedicated hands working... I don't think so.

To **Kathy**: Never have I seen such a driven spirit, in every facet of your life, yet you have that marvelous cynical sense of humor to balance it all out. SMILE! To **Gerry**: Your computer knowledge saved us. You are a man from Deutschland with a plethora of interests, and I appreciate the time you gave to the book... hope I finished up everything to your liking! To **Bill**: When I felt like the world was on my shoulders, you simply put your hand on my shoulder and the load felt much lighter. Thank you, for that and for bringing life to the perennially boring section! To **Mauricio**: Our veteran even though you were only a youngster. You always had something nice to say with your velvet voice. Good luck to you! To **James**: My clean-up man! You stepped into chaos and formed it into one classy section! Thanks for sweating it out with me up in the office, and congratulations on being free from the chains. To **Ed**: E-mail talks, quote exchanges. You put up with us geezers and created a fantastic section. I have few words of wisdom for you, next in this motley chain of editors. Ask for help, listen, have courage, laugh. Best of luck, Ed. To **Rai**: Thanks for doing the ranting and raving for me. To one of the old Lucky Bag guard, good luck in the Corps and keep that sensitive side alive! To **Molly**: "Who's Molly?" Our stealth member, resident volleyball captain, pretty blonde with a smile... take care and good luck! To my highly organized, well-muscled, warped-sense-of-humored photo editor, **Jimmy**: You cared so much about this book, and you and your staff brought the unique images of the Academy to life. I enjoyed your company immensely, and working with you was one of my joys with this book. Congratulations on all that you've achieved, and my Irish luck goes out to you in the Marine Corps and in your future. What am I going to do without your marathon specially-made answering machine messages?!?!? To my dear friend and sharer of the same soul, **Ann**: You ARE this book, more than any of us. Thank you from the bottom of my little heart for a very special gift... you. On to the next roller-coaster! :)

My hat goes off to all of editors, staff, workers and photographers, and I thank them for making my job so easy.

Now for my business side: Thank you to **Mike Favetti** for getting me involved way back when I still called him sir, and for having the faith in me to get this job done. Thanks also to **CAPT Williams** for your support, for your managerial advice, and for putting up with the public at large. At least you know you have a job in the phone-answering service in case the Navy doesn't work out, sir! To **Pat DiGregorio**: What would I and this book have done without your financial savvy! You are a wonderful woman, and a million thank you's go to you. I'm going to come back to gossip about Melrose, manicures, pinky rings, and everyone in the universe besides us! Thank you, **Edward "Potts" Potskowski** for AGAIN saving this book in a pinch. Your help and kind words made this hot summer more bearable! To **George Rosa** and all at YBA: another year, another book. Thanks for all you do! Finally, to our crew at **Herff Jones**: Mike Harris, Coy Harris, Tom Tanton, Joyce Spenla, Joe Olnick, and Bill Nimtz. You have far exceeded our expectations and it has truly been a pleasure working with you!

Being editor gives me a few perks... the most important being my personal thank you's to some special people. First, I must thank my friend **Marcus Startzel** for using his 3-stripes to get me my phone, and for being my stepping-out partner while our friend was incarcerated. You and Michele are in my thoughts and I'll miss your daily Marcus-isms. To my oldest and dearest friend, **Erin McLaughlin**, you helped me through yet another phase in my life. Congratulations to my All-American Air-Bear, and for being the beautiful woman you are. To **Mike Harris**, our Herff Jones rep... you have become my friend, you put up with me and my quirks, and I thank you for all of the hours you gave and sacrifices you made (including melting up in the office this summer!) to make this book a reality. To **Todd Brill**, It's been quite a year for us partners in crime, more than can be captured in a yearbook. Here's to Halloween, the office, red-beet eggs, Yuengling, the apt., the swings, our favorite street, etc. "For without words, in friendship, all thoughts, all desires, all expectations are born and shared, with joy that is unacclaimed." -Gibran. And, finally, to **Lou, Margie, and Kevin Pruitt**... the fam! Love, support, laughter, plane tickets, phone bills, anguish, hugs... you three gave your all to me when I didn't quite have enough to make it myself. I dedicate this book to you in thanks for being my strength and relief these four years, and as a tribute to the special love that makes us inseparable. God Bless and I love you! To the rest of my family, and all those who gave me a hand along the way (ask my Mom, she knows who you are!), you have all touched me and I carry you with me in my heart.

If this book, the 1994 Lucky Bag, brings you a chuckle, a pondering thought, a remembrance, I have done my job. I now retire myself humbly to the bookshelf up in the Office in the Catacombs, next to decades of midshipmen past and present...

Take care and keep smiling,

Katie

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94NAVY
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NAVY 94
LOCKPORT NISSAN
WISCONSIN
94USNA
America's Dairyland
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WALLINGFORD, CT.

"Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with
sails full set awaits the wind.
Only another breath will I breathe in
this still air, only another loving look cast
backward,
And then I shall stand among you,
a seafarer among seafarers."

Kahlil Gibran

Colophon

The 1994 Lucky Bag was printed in offset lithography by Herff Jones Yearbooks, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The trim size of the Lucky Bag is 9 x 12, and it has a smythe sewn binding. It contains 752 pages and has a press run of 5000 copies.

Cover: Cover Design was drawn to specifications of the Editor by Scott Cool of Herff Jones. It is rounded and backed with headbands. Dark Green Skivertex 5136 Ashai is the cover material. Custom embossed using a special patterned die designed by Editor-in-Chief Katie Pruitt and Herff Jones artist Scott Cool. Gold foil was applied to design with a Spanish grain application to cover material.

Endsheet: Natural FC05 heavy weight stock with standard design.

Photographs: Midshipmen portraits were taken by Yearbook Associates of Miller Falls Massachusetts.

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